. Walter Wilson.)

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Carver.

THE

HISTORY of the HOLY BIBLE,

From the

REVOLT of the TEN TRIBES

to the END of the

PROPHETS,

with Sculptures.

Written by
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THE HISTORY OF THE Holy Bible,

In Verse, with Sculptures.

VOL. II.

CLXV.

Solomon *dies.* *The ten Tribes revolt from* Rehoboam. Hadoram *ston'd.*

IMpair'd in *Body* and in *Strength* of *Mind*,
When *Solomon* for neither *Cure* cou'd find,
To him that *ſpares not Kings* his *Breath's* at length *reſign'd.*
His *Folly* and his *Wiſdom* ne're ſhall *die*,
Immortal both in *Fame* and *Infamy.*
Roboam next ſupports the *tott'ring State*,
How *weak* his *Shoulders* for ſo vaſt a *Weight!*
With *Taxes gaul'd* th' *aſſembled People* preſs'd
To have their weighty *Grievances* redreſs'd;
Bold *Jeroboam* at their *Head* appear'd,
And mutually *ſecur'd* they nothing *fear'd*:
Th' *unſettled Monarch* for the *Council* ſends,
Hoary and *Wiſe*, his *Father's* conſtant *Friends*,
Well vers'd in deep *Emergencies* of *State*,
And 'twas by all *reſolv'd on the Debate*,
With *gentle Words* 'twas fitteſt to aſſwage
Uneaſie Minds, and calm the *Peoples Rage*:
Their *firſt Requeſt* 'twas fatal to deny,
Which *granted*, would confirm their *Loyalty.*

Nor ſoõner this agreed, the *Council* roſe,
When all that paſs'd the King his *Equals* ſhows:
Warm *unexperienc'd Nobles*, empty *Peers*,
Companions of his *Pleaſures* and his *Years*:
His *unfledg'd Politicians* him adviſe,
He ſhou'd thoſe *doting Counſellors* deſpiſe,
Who only for their *Beards* were counted Wiſe:
A *factious People* ſomething ſtill require,
The more you *give* the more they ſtill *deſire*,
Favours, like *Oyl*, inflame ſeditious *Fire*:
Muſt they uncall'd their Princes *Counſels* ſhare?
Muſt they preſume to *feel*, who born to *bear*?
Exert the *Monarch*, Sir! and let them know,
You *are* their *Sovereign* and you *will* be ſo!
The *worſe Advice* prevails, for God deſign'd
Whom he had *mark'd* for Ruin, firſt to *Blind*:
His *Equals Counſel* the *raſh Youth* purſues,
With *aukward Majeſty* the *King* indues;
And with *ill-tim'd Reſentment* in his Eyes,
He to his *ſuppliant People* thus replies:

Whence this *audacious Madneſs*, to abuſe
Our *Lenity*, and all *Diſtinctions* loſe?
Too *mild* my *Father*, his *indulgent Reign*
Unjuſtly made your *pamper'd Tribes* complain:
His *eaſie Yoke*, and *gentle Rods* deſpis'd,
But I'll with *Scorpions* ſee my *Slaves* chaſtis'd.

Pleas'd and *displeas'd* at once the *Faction* rose,
Treason unmask'd her ugly *Visage* shows;
What only *grumbled* in the *Clouds* before,
Now bursts enlarg'd away with *Thunder's Roar*:
All *Interest* they in *David's Line* disclaim,
And *Jesse's Son* is but a *vulgar Name*:
Hence *Israel* to your *Tents!* *desert* his *Throne*,
And leave the *childish Prince* to reign alone!
Thus all enrag'd; 'tis *done* as soon as *spoke*,
And in *Confusion*, thence th' *Assembly* broke:
Too late the King his *Folly* did *repent*,
And to the *People* old *Hadoram* sent:
Amid the Crowd in *luckless Hour* he came,
His *hateful Sight* did more their Rage enflame;
For none in *Ways* or *Means* was deeplier skill'd,
More dext'rously the *Subjects fleec'd* and *pill'd*,
Their Coffers *empti'd*, while his *own* he *fill'd*:
A *Show'r* of *Stones* around his *Temples* flies;
Rebels! you shall for this--- He *says* and *dies*:
Swift as his *Fears* the *Monarch* drives away,
And him his *foaming Steeds*, to *Salem's* Walls convey.

CLXV.

CLXV.

1 KINGS, Chap. XII. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 19.

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Ver. 16. *When all* Israel *saw that the king hearkned not to them, the people answered the king, saying, What portion have we in* David? *neither have we inheritance in the son of* Jesse: *to your tents, O* Israel: *now see to thine own house,* David. *So* Israel *departed unto their tents.*

17. *But as for the children of* Israel *which dwelt in the cities of* Judah, Rehoboam *reigned over them.*

18. *Then king* Rehoboam *sent* Adoram, *who was over the tribute; and all* Israel *stoned him with stones, that he died: therefore king* Rehoboam *made speed to get him up to his chariot, to flee to* Jerusalem.

CLXVI.

Jeroboam *made King of* Israel. *His Idolatry. A Prophet propheſies againſt his Altar: Diſobeys God's Command: Is ſlain by a Lion.*

WIth eaſe th' *Aſſembly Nebat*'s Son perſuades,
Th' Ambitious *Chief* his Maſter's Throne invades:
To his *new Governments new Gods* he makes,
For Prieſts the *meaneſt of the People* takes:
A *King's Religion* ſeldom fails to pleaſe,
When back'd with *Int'reſt*, *Novelty* and *Eaſe*:
Yet to his *golden Calves*, *Preſcription* He
Pretends, and *Primitive Idolatry*:
The ſame their *Fathers* had in *Horeb* ſought,
The ſame their *Anceſtors* from *Egypt* brought.
Their *Holy Sees* at *Dan* and *Bethel* plac'd,
Tho' *Bethel* with the *Royal Preſence* grac'd:
While there the *King* himſelf the *Pontiff* turns,
And *Incenſe* at his *Idol-Altar* burns,
A *Man of God* inſpir'd from *Judah* came,
And boldly thus his Meſſage did *proclaim*:

O *Altar!* tho' thy *Horns* are rais'd on *high*,
And dare with that in God's own *Temple* vie;

A

A *Royal Youth* from *David*'s Line shall rise,
Tho' *Israel David*'s *Linage* now *despise!*
Who in thy *Fire* thy *Priests* shall sacrifice;
Thy *Groves* destroy'd, and thou with *Bones* defil'd,
JOSIAH shall they call the *wond'rous Child:*
Nor *uncommanded* this, nor wants a *Sign*,
To prove my *Mission* and my *Words* divine:
Behold th' *unhallow'd Altar* soon shall rend,
Its scatter'd *Ashes* to the Dust descend!

Seize, seize the *Wretch*, enrag'd, the *Tyrant* cries,
Who dares at once my *Gods* and *me despise!*
By *Dan*'s and *Bethel*'s *holy Calves* he *dies*;
With *out-stretch'd Hand* the Prophet strives to take,
But feels the *vital Warmth* his Hand forsake,
Sere, as the *Branch* of some old *Monarch-Oak*,
Blasted like him by Heaven's resistless *Stroke:*
With *Thunder* long in *Nature's Caverns* pent,
Bellowing beneath, till now it forc'd a *Vent*,
His *Altar's* from its firm *Foundations* rent:
A *Show'r* of *Ashes* thence is scatter'd round,
And fills the troubled *Air*, and hides the *Ground.*

How weak are *mortal Gods*, when they pretend,
With him who *made* 'em vainly to *contend!*
The *Monarch* at the *Prophet's Feet* did fall,
And begs he wou'd to *Heav'n* for *Mercy call:*

Mildly he grants, and *prays*, nor prays in vain,
For God his *wither'd Hand* restores again;
He feels the chearful *Blood* shoot warm through ev'ry *Vein*;
Then this kind *Healer* did to *Court* invite,
And wou'd with *Royal Bounty* him requite.

Not if I *half* the *Palace* might receive,
So strict a *Charge* did he who sent me give:
Nor *Bread* nor *Water* must I dare to taste,
But from this Place *profan'd* with *Idols* haste:
Thus he, and *happy* had he thus remain'd,
But by an *hospitable Fraud* detain'd,
Too long in those *forbidden Walls* he stays,
And dearly for his *Disobedience* pays:
A *dreadful Messenger* obstructs his way,
Who *better* did the *Will* of *Heav'n* obey.
Behold him there the *Kingly Lion's* Prey!
Nor further his *Commission* gave him *Pow'r*,
He dar'd not *seize* his *Beast*, nor dar'd the *Man devour*.

CLXVI.

1 KINGS, Chap. XII. Ver. 20. and 27. to the End. Chap. XIII. Ver. 23, 24, 25.

Chap. XIII. Ver. 23. *And it came to pass, after he had eaten bread, and after he had drunk, that he saddled for him the ass, to wit, for the prophet whom he had brought back.*

24. *And when he was gone, a lion met him by the way, and slew him: and his carcass was cast in the way, and the ass stood by it, the lion also stood by the carcass.*

25. *And behold, men passed by, and saw the carcass cast in the way, and the lion standing by the carcass: and they came and told it in the city where the old prophet dwelt.*

CLXVII.

1 KINGS, Ch. XIII. to V. 25. Ch. XIV. and Ch. XV. from V. 25. to 29.

Jeroboam *persists in his Idolatry. His Son falls sick and dies*; Israel *mourns for him. His Family destroy'd by* Baasha.

FRom sacred *Truth* 'tis *easie* to decline,
When *Error* does with pow'rful *Int'rest* joyn;
But, oh! how *hard* against the *Hill* to rise,
And reassume the *Path* that leads us to the *Skies?*
The *brightest Miracles* no *Credence* gain,
And *Nature's* stedfast *Laws* are *broke* in vain:
This *Jeroboam's Crimes* and *Fate* attest,
Tho' *warn'd*, and *plagu'd*, and *heal'd*, he still *transgres's'd*:
Nor this that *injur'd Pow'r* to whom alone,
Th' ungrateful *owes* his *Life* and *owes* his *Throne*:
A *Son* he had, the *best* of all his *Blood*,
For such a *House* and *Father* far too *Good*:
With *pious Vows* he *Israel's* God implor'd,
Non ever *Dan's* or *Bethel's Calves* ador'd:
Yet he, alas! his *Parents Sins* must bear,
O righteous Heav'n! how *Just*, yet how *severe!*
Snatch'd from the *Plagues* that must his *House* destroy,
He'll his *short Pains* exchange for *endless Joy*.
Death-struck, he neither *murmur'd* nor *repin'd*,
But on a *brighter Crown* he fix'd his Mind;
Then that he now must *lose*--- his *Father* hears,
His *guilty Mind* is seiz'd with *anxious Fears*:

His

His *Wife diſguis'd* he to *Abijah* ſent,
With *Preſents* to the *Man of God* ſhe went,
Too ſoon, of his *Diſeaſe* to know th' *Event*:
Nor this cou'd *Bethel*'s *Gods* or *Prieſts* reveal,
Nor cou'd ſhe from the *Seer* herſelf conceal:
Tho' his *corporeal Eyes* with *Age* were *blind*,
How clear the *Sight* of his *inlighten'd Mind*?
He bids the *Mother*, *yet* a Mother, come,
As firſt her *trembling Feet* approach'd the room:
Vainly diſguis'd, unhappy *Queen*! draw near,
The Prophet ſays, and *heavy Tidings* hear!
Unto thy *Lord* this *dreadful Meſſage* bring,
From *Iſrael*'s God, from him who make him King.
---And did I thee my Peoples *Captain* make,
For *this*--- the Crown *for this* from *David* take!
O how *unlike*! ---For me *he ſerv'd* and *fear'd*,
Obey'd my *Precepts*, and my *Laws rever'd*:
Thy *Faults* have drown'd their *Crimes* that reign'd *before*,
Thou and thy *Land* new *golden Gods* adore:
Nor *unreveng'd* ſhall thy *Tranſgreſſion* go,
Soon will I *thee* and all thy *Houſe* o'rethrow;
Like *Dung* remov'd from *Earth's* polluted Face;
By him whom I'll exalt to fill thy Place:
Already is the kindled *Wrath* begun,
Already has it ſeiz'd thy *darling Son*,
No longer *yours*, he *dies* at thy *Return*,
And *Iſrael* his *untimely Fate* ſhall mourn:
He only to the *Grave* in *Peace* deſcends,
A *happy Death* his pious Life attends,
The reſt, as fits their *Crimes*, reſerv'd for *dreadful Ends*.
He ſaid, nor were their *Fates* denounc'd in vain,
Her *Son* and *Husband* die, and *Nadab*'s ſlain,
Nor did one *Branch* of all their *impious Houſe* remain.

CLXVIII.

Baasha's *Reign and Death.* Elah *succeeds him, and is slain by* Zimri, *who kills himself.*

When *Baasha* thus the *Crown* by *Murther* gain'd,
As he began, in *War* and *Blood* he *reign'd.*
On *Jeroboam's House* did *Vengeance* take,
But cou'd not his *convenient Gods* forsake:
The *Grave* at length the mighty Chief receives,
To *Elah* he his *Crimes* and *Kingdom* leaves;
Who swiftly with his *Father's House* declines,
Unkingly Luxury to Idols joyns:
To *Arzah's Seat* he from the Court retires,
And there his *Blood* with *potent Liquor* fires:
Arzah, with richest *Wines* profusely stor'd,
A *drunken Steward*, worthy such a *Lord.*
The *Royal Debauchee* the *Goblet* plies,
His Face a *Flame*, and *red* his sparkling *Eyes*;
Stumbled his *Tongue* in many a fruitless *Boast*,
His *fault'ring Feet*, and delug'd *Reason* lost:
Tho' scarce *alive*, for *Death* how ill prepar'd!
When furious *Zimri*, *Captain of his Guard*
Springs in *abrupt*, his *Master* wou'd have *spoke*,
But hasty *Death* th' unfinish'd *Accents* broke,
And *Blood*, and *Brains*, and *Wine* pursu'd the fatal *Stroke.*

The

CLXVIII.

1 KINGS, Chap. XVI. from Ver. 1, to Ver. 19.

363.

Ver. 8. *In the twenty and ſixth year of* Aſa *king of* Judah, *began* Elah *the ſon of* Baaſha *to reign over* Iſrael *in* Tirzah, *two year.*

9. *And his ſervant* Zimri *(captain of half his chariots) conſpired againſt him, as he was in* Tirzah, *drinking himſelf drunk in the houſe of* Arza, *ſteward of his houſe in* Tirzah.

10. *And* Zimri *went in and ſmote him, and killed him, in the twenty and ſeventh year of* Aſa *king of* Judah, *and reigned in his ſtead.*

The

The *Crown* he seiz'd, with recent *Murther* stain'd,
Sev'n Days (an *Age* for such a *Tyrant*) reign'd.
Against strong *Gibbethon* the People fought,
When Fame the Tidings to their *Leaguer* bought,
The *Treason* they unanimous abhorr'd,
And vow'd for their *assassinated* Lord
Severe *Revenge*; to *Omri*, Firm and *Brave*,
By general *Vote* the *dubious Crown* they gave;
From *Gibbethon* he with his *Army* rose,
To *Tirzah* he by speedy *Marches* goes,
Within whose *Walls* his *Rival* they encleose:
With jealous Eyes, the *conscious Wretch* survey'd
The *Gates* and *Tow'rs*, the *Soldiers* largely paid,
Yet yet soon the *Traitor* is himself *betray'd*:
While to secure a *distant Gate* he flies,
The *Guards* admit their *friendly Enemies*:
He heard, and to the *Palace* thence retir'd,
Whose lofty *Top* above the *Town* aspir'd,
And o're his Head the *stately Building* fir'd:
Nor *Omri!* shalt thou *this enjoy*, he cries,
Amid the crackling Flames *too well* the *Traitor* dies.

CLXIX.

Ahab's *wicked Reign.* Elijah *propheſies a Drought. He is fed by Ravens.*

FRom *bad* to *worſe Apoſtate Iſrael*'s Line
Still farther from their Father's God *decline:*
Not *one* of all their Kings to make a *ſtand,*
And by *Repentance* ſave the *guilty Land:*
None cou'd but *Ahab, Omri* have *out-done,*
An impious *Father,* and a *viler Son:*
Of *vulgar Wickedneſs* he's weary grown,
And wants ſome *new Damnation,* all his *own;*
Tho' ſoon his *Wants* by *Jezebel* ſupply'd,
Enough enrich'd by his fair *Tyrian Bride,*
Her *Dowry* was *Idolatry* and *Pride;*
Her Country's *Manufacture,* plenteous there,
With all the *Neigb'ring Lands* unenvy'd *ſhare;*
Baal, whom his peaceful *Bolts* and *Crown* adorns,
And fair *Aſtarte,* with her *Silver Horns.*
A *Colony* of *Prieſts* her Father gave,
(*Gods* muſt have *Prieſts,* or Prieſts *no Gods* will have)
Tho' theſe with *Jeroboam*'s ſcarce unite,
For *Bethel* pleads *Priority* of *Right,*
The *golden Calves* againſt the *Heifer* fight.

Nor

Nor did th' *All-high* without a *Witness* leave
His once-lov'd *Flock*, whom treach'rous *Guides* deceive:
The *Great Elijah*, arm'd with Zeal and Flame,
To *Shemir's* rising Walls from *Gilead* came,
And from the *Lord of Hosts* did *War* proclaim:
Not *Ahab's* self th' *undaunted Prophet* spar'd,
But to his *Face* the *hov'ring Plague* declar'd:
Lean Famine thro' th' *Apostate Land* shall pass,
And burning *Drought* devour the rising *Grass*:
Thrice shall the *Sun* his *annual Course* renew,
Nor drink one fragrant *Drop* of *morning Dew*:
No gentle *Rain* distilling from on high;
A dusky *brazen Earth*, an *Iron Sky*;
Such Judgments wait *Idolatry*--- he said,
And from the *moody Tyrant's* Vengeance fled;
To *Cherith's Silver Torrent* did repair,
At pow'rful Heav'ns *Command* sustain'd by *Ravens* there.

CLXIX.

1 KINGS, Chap. XVI. from Ver. 23. to Ver. 33. Chap. XVII. to Ver. 6.

Chap. XVII. Ver. 1. *And* Elijah *said unto* Ahab, *As the Lord God of* Israel *liveth, before whom I ſtand, there ſhall not be dew nor rain theſe years, but according to my word.*

2. *And the word of the Lord came unto him, ſaying,*

3. *Get thee hence, and turn thee eaſt-ward, and hide thy ſelf by the brook* Cherith, *that is before* Jordan.

4. *And it ſhall be, that thou ſhalt drink of the brook, and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there.*

5. *And the raven brought him bread and fleſh in the morning, and bread and fleſh in the evening: and he drank of the brook.*

CLXX.

CLXX.

Elijah *reliev'd by a Widow: Her Barrel of Meal and Cruse of Oyl multiplied.*

THE *Drought* begins, the *Streams* and watry Store
Are *vaniſh'd* now, and *Cherith* is no more:
If *Heav'n* th' exhauſted *Fountains* not ſupply,
How ſoon are all our mortal *Comforts* dry!
Yet where the *Event* by Providence decreed,
The moſt unlikely *means* ſhall oft ſucceed;
And a *poor Widow* muſt *Elijah* feed.
At Heaven's command he to *Sarepta* goes,
And does in the broad *Gates* himſelf repoſe:
The Widow came by whom he muſt be fed,
And in her careful *Hand* her *Son* ſhe led,
O happy *Age!* How free from *Sins* and *Cares!*
He *ſmiles*, and neither *Drought* nor *Famine* fears.
The thirſty *Prophet* calls, and begs ſhe'd bring
A *Draught* of *War* from the neighb'ring *Spring*;
Which under *hoary Libanus* did riſe,
Whoſe ample *Caverns* yet afford *Supplies*:
With courteous *Haſte* to his Relief ſhe fled,
Agen the Prophet calls and asks for *Bread*;

CLXX.

1 KINGS, Chap. XVII. from Ver. 7. to Ver. 16.

369

Ver. 8. *And the word of the Lord came unto* Elijah, *saying,*

9. *Arise, get thee to* Zarephath, *which belongeth to* Zidon, *and dwell there: behold, I have commanded a widow woman there to sustain thee.*

10. *So he arose, and went to* Zarephath: *and when he came to the gate of the city, behold, the widow woman was there gathering of sticks: and he called to her, and said, Fetch me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink.*

11. *And as she was going to fetch it, he called to her, and said, Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand,* &c.

She heard ; for *him* and for herſelf did *grieve*,
As *gen'rous Minds* that *wou'd*, but *can't relieve* :
A little *Oyl* and *Meal* was all her *Store*,
A *poor Reſerve*, nor cou'd ſhe hope for more :
She this prepares to *dreſs*, when this was done,
Herſelf a *Prey* to *Famine*, and her *Son* :
Give to the Winds thy Fears the Prophet ſaid,
The *lib'ral Soul* was ne're in *want of Bread* :
The *Meal* ſhall ſtill afford mirac'lous *Food*,
The *Cruſe* of *Oyl* from ſecret Springs renew'd ;
Till *Heav'n* appeas'd, with large and bounteous Hand,
Shall *Rains* beſtow to ſate the *thirſty Land* :
He ſaid, and ſhe her ready *Faith* affords,
The great Event fulfill'd the *Prophet's* words :
Thus was her *hoſpitable Bounty* bleſs'd,
And thus the more ſhe *gave*, the more ſhe ſtill *poſſeſs'd*.

CLXXI.

Elijah *restores the Widow's Son to Life.*

THus liv'd the *Widow*, free from *Cares*; How bleſs'd
Her *humble Roof* in ſo *divine* a *Gueſt*!
With ſuch a *Guard* can ſhe have ought to *fear*,
Or can *Misfortune* dare to *enter* here?
Virtue by *Suff'rings* muſt her *Trophies* gain,
But to a *better World* reſerves her *Reign*;
Tho' from the *Duſt* ſhe often takes her riſe,
Still circling nearer to her *native Skies*;
By an *Eclipſe* more *Venerable* made,
More bright *emerges* from an *envious Shade*.

The *Widow's Son*, by ſome *Diſeaſes* ſtroke
Is ſnatch'd away; her *Ages Staff* is broke;
With loud *Complaints* ſhe to the Prophet ran,
And thus ſhe with a *burſt of Tears* began;
Why haſt thou call'd to mind thoſe Ills I've done,
And why juſt Heav'n provok'd to ſlay my Son?
His Heart was touch'd with *ſympathetic Grief*,
But Pray'r for both their Sorrows finds Relief;
To Heav'n he flies, and thus his *Suit* preferr'd,
---Alrighteous *Judge*, whoſe *Sentence* never *err'd*!
If ſinful *Duſt* and *Aſhes* may preſume,
Why meets this *Innocent* ſo harſh a *Doom*?

When *hospitable Kindness* thus is paid,
What must be *theirs* who *Friendships* Laws invade?
What *Punishment* for him who has his *Guest* betray'd?
O rather boundless *Pity*, boundless *Pow'r*,
The *Soul* which thou hast call'd, agen *restore!*

While this *below*, those *glorious Forms above*,
Mild *Mercy*, sweet *Compassion*, radiant *Love*,
Who helpless *Widows* and poor *Orphans* aid,
Besieg'd the *Throne*, and to the *Father* pray'd:
He yields, and calls the *Soul* but new *undress'd*,
And scarcely *seated* yet among the *bless'd*;
Bids it to *Life* and *mortal Cares* return,
Nor let th' *afflicted Mother* longer mourn:
With longing Eyes those *happy Seats* survey'd,
It *bow'd*, and then *unwillingly* obey'd;
Descending did with *Horror* first Survey
That Lump of cold *disanimated Clay*;
It must agen, at Heav'ns Command, inform,
Re-entring slow, the *Limbs* agen grew *warm*,
The chearful *Blood* its wonted *Channels* found,
---He *sigh'd* at length, and look'd *amaz'd* around;
But more his *Mother*, when the Prophet bore
The *twice-born Youth*, and did to her restore:
Wonder at once and *Terror*, *Joy* and *Fear*,
Exactly mingled in her *Face* appear;

Soon

CLXXI.

1 KINGS, Chap. XVII. from Ver. 17. to the End.

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Ver. 19. *And* Elijah *said unto the widow woman, Give me thy son. And he took him out of her bosom, and carried him up into a loft, where he abode, and laid him upon his own bed.*

20. *And he cried unto the Lord, and said, O Lord my God,* &c.

22. *And the Lord heard the voice of* Elijah, *and the soul of the child came unto him again, and he revived.*

23. *And* Elijah *took the child, and brought him down out of the chamber into the house, and delivered him unto his mother: and* Elijah *said, See, thy son liveth.*

Soon as her *crowding Thoughts* cou'd find a *Vent*,
I know, she said, that you from *Heav'n* are sent:
Your *Mission* true by this authentic *Sign*, (*vine*.
From *God*, from *God* you come, your *Words* are All *di-*

CLXXII.

Obadiah *hides the Prophets in Caves: He meets* Elijah.

THE *Famine* rag'd, but *Jezebel* accurs'd
Of all her wasted Country's *Plagues* the *worst*,
Ahab, to *Murther* and to *Mischief* prone,
She to *his Ruin* urges and her *own*:
With such a *Friend* to all her black *Designs*,
She *Persecution* to her *Idols* joyns:
Who e're the *King's Religion* dar'd oppose,
Are doom'd to *Death*, *proscrib'd* for *public Foes*:
God's *Prophets* who her *Idols* still withstand,
Pursu'd with *Fire* and *Sword* around the *Land*:
Where e're the *Heretic* is found, he *dies*,
To *Baal* and *Ashtaroth* a *Sacrifice*:
But *Virtue* ev'n in *Tyrants Courts* has *Friends*,
And pious *Obadiah* them defends;
Forc'd from their *Colleges* their *Wants* relieves,
At once *Provision* and *Protection* gives.
An *Hundred* from the gen'ral *Wreck* remain'd,
Whom he in *subterranean Vaults* sustain'd:

Behold

CLXXII.

1 KINGS, Chap. XVIII. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 16.

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Ver. 1. *And it came to pass after many days, that the word of the Lord came to* Elijah *in the third year, saying, Go shew thy self unto* Ahab; *and I will send rain upon the earth.*

2. *And* Elijah *went to shew himself unto* Ahab: *and there was sore famine in* Samaria.

3. *And* Ahab *called* Obadiah *which was the governour of his house: (now* Obadiah *feared the Lord greatly:*

4. *And it was so, when* Jezebel *cut off the prophets of the Lord, that* Obadiah *took an hundred prophets, and hid them by fifty in a cave, and fed them with bread and water.)*

Behold him ready to *forsake* the *Light*,
Whence fearless *wading* thro' the *gloomy Night*;
He tempts alone, the doubtful deep *descent*,
And to his refug'd Friends with kind *Refreshments* went.
Thro' the *blind Grott* he oft *Relief* conveys,
And oft *returns* thro' *secret winding ways*;
Thus long eludes the jealous Tyrant's Cares,
Who now a *Progress* thro' the Land prepares,
For his half-perish'd *Steeds* relief to find,
And save what *Drought* and *Famine* left behind.
A diff'rent Course he bids his *Servant* steer,
Happy, the *Tyrant* was no longer *near!*
Proceeding, soon he did *Elijah* meet,
And *prostrate* on the Ground embrac'd his *Feet*;
Who bids him to the *wand'ring Prince* repair,
And let him know *Elijah* waits him there:
He thus returns--- thro' all the *Nations* round,
Which our unhappy *famish'd Country* bound,
My Lord has *search'd* in vain, but no *Elijah* found:
If I the News of his *Arrival* bring
To our enrag'd and disappointed *King*;
While thee the *sacred Spirit* far hence shall bear
Thro' distant *Fields*, or else *sublime* in *Air*,
Thy Servant's Life th' *Inhuman* will not spare:

Nor

Nor mine a *Victim* to his Rage alone;
And was it never to *Elijah* ſhown,
(Or can there ought to him remain *unknown?*)
When *Jezebel* the Prophets did purſue,
And with *inſatiate Rage* proſcrib'd and ſlew;
How many I *preſerv'd*--- which all muſt die,
If *I am loſt* and they have no *ſupply.*
Diſmiſs thy Fears, he ſaid--- So God to me,
Unleſs this Day thy *angry Lord* I ſee:
To *Ahab* ſtrait he with the *Meſſage* went,
And brought him half *diſpleas'd*, and half *content*;
But what their *mutual Salutations* were
The *Verſe* awhile muſt *breath*, and then at large declare.

CLXXIII.

Ahab's *Diſcourſe with* Elijah. *The heavenly Fire conſumes the Prophet's Sacrifice on Mount* Carmel, *&c.*

ARriv'd, the *ſullen Tyrant* firſt ſurvey'd
The *Meſſenger of Heav'n*, and thus he ſaid;
Art thou the *Traitor*, *inſolent* and vain,
Who dar'ſt a *diff'rent God* from mine maintain,
To nouriſh *Faction*, and *diſturb* my *Reign?*

Unmov'd

Unmov'd and firm the Prophet thus replies,
With *Thunder* in his Voice, and *Lightning* in his Eyes;
'Tis thou, loſt Prince! and thy *devoted Line*,
Who from th' Almighty's ſacred *Laws* decline,
That fill with weighty *Plagues* th' *Apoſtate* Land,
Which all your *helpleſs Idols* can't withſtand:
But if thy *Prieſts* their *Worſhip* dare defend,
For all their num'rous *Seminary* ſend;
To *Carmel* let 'em with the *Tribes* repair,
Nor *ſingle* ſhall I fear to *meet* 'em *there*;
--- "He ſaid, *with ſuch a Voice and ſuch an Air*
As *ſhook* the King, his *conſcious Heart* gave way,
He own'd *Superior Pow'r*, and dar'd not but *obey*.
They came, and ſee the ſpatious *Mountain's* Head
Is with *innumerable Thouſands* ſpred;
To whom *Elijah fervent* thus apply'd.
---How long will you your *dubious Faith* divide?
If *Baal be God*, your *Father's God diſdain*,
If not, adore th' *unutterable Name!*
With *Guilt* confounded they and *ſilent* ſtood,
When thus the Prophet his *Diſcourſe purſu'd*.
I only for the *Lord of Hoſts* appear,
But *Baal* can ſhew almoſt an *Army* here.

Two free-neck'd *Bullocks* bring, the *Choice be theirs*,
T' invoke their God with *Sacrifice* and *Pray'rs!*
The ſame to *Iſrael*'s awful *Pow'r* will I,
And he who ſhall by *heavenly Fires* reply,
Be own'd of all the *true Divinity!*
The *Motion pleas'd*; who e're was in the wrong,
The *ſtiff-neck'd People* ſtill for *Wonders* long.
The *Pomp* of *Baal*'s *Proceſſion* firſt proceeds,
The *Chemarim* array'd in *Sable* Weeds:
With many a *myſtic Dream* and Paynim rite,
The *Victim* ſlay, and thund'ring *Baal* invite:
The *reſty God* did ſilent ſtill remain,
Their *barb'rous Yells* and *ſecret Names* in vain:
Louder, yet *louder*, ſays the Prophet, call!
Such *Whiſpers* ne're can reach your *ſlumb'ring Baal*:
Or in deep *Thoughts* engag'd he makes you *ſtay*,
Revolving on the *Buſ'neſs* of the *Day*;
Or of his *Fellow-Gods* he Counſel takes,
Purſues his *Foes*, or ſome long *Journey* makes.
Agen they *cry*, agen their *Throats* they ſtrain,
And *diſcipline* their *Fleſh*, but all in vain:
Like *Franticks*, on their Altar leap and bound,
Stain'd with the *Blood* that guſh'd from many a fruitleſs *Wound*:

No

No *Fire*, no *Voice*, no *Answer*, no *Regard*;
Not so when God's bless'd *Altar* now repair'd,
The *Victim* slain, the *Turf* the *Prophet press'd*,
And thus to *Israel's Fear* with fervent *Vows* address'd.

" God of our *Fathers* hear, and make it known,
" That thou art *Israel's God*, and thou alone:
" That I thy *Servant*, not in vain pretend,
" Thou me didst to thy *once lov'd People* send:
" O turn their Hearts, thy banish'd *Truth* restore,
" And in thy Seat let *Idols* reign no more.

When thrice it thunders in th' *unclouded Sky*,
And Lightnings thro' illumin'd *Ether* fly,
Shooting direct, they to the *Altar* came,
Nor *Flesh*, nor solid *Stones* resist the *Flame*;
Nor cou'd the *Water* which surrounds the *Trench*,
Lick'd up like *Dust* th' *etherial Vigour* quench:
Prostrate on Earth the *trembling People* fell,
The *Lord is God* they cry, the *God of* Israel!

CLXXIII.

1 KINGS, Chap. XVIII. from Ver. 17. to Ver. 39.

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Ver. 36. *And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that* Elijah *the prophet came near, and said; Lord God of* Abraham, Isaac, *and of* Israel, *let it be known this day that thou art God in* Israel, *and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word.*

37. *Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that thou art the Lord God, and that thou hast turned their heart back again.*

38. *Then the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the burnt-sacrifice, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench.*

CLXXIV.

Baal's *Priests are slain.* Jezebel *threatens* Elijah. *He is fed by an Angel,* &c.

THE *Prophet* his *Commission* did pursue,
And all the Idol *Priests* he *seiz'd* and *slew*:
Just Heav'n *atton'd* with such a *Sacrifice*,
Unlocks the *Winds* and spreads with *Clouds* the *Skies*,
Which *bellying* low not long their *freight* sustain,
But burst in *sounding Show'rs* of welcom *Rain*:
To *Jezreel*'s Gate the fearless *Prophet* goes,
So Heav'n commands, and *dares* his impious *Foes*:
Nor this the *Tyrant's* haughty *Consort* bore,
But by her *vanquish'd Gods* enrag'd she swore,
That he who dar'd her sacred *Priests* invade,
Shou'd soon himself *like one of them* be made,
A *lifeless Trunk*, a *fleeting empty Shade*.
So fairly *warn'd* he to *Beersheba* fled,
The way that to the *Southern Desert* led:
Beneath a *spreading Juniper* he lay, (*Day*.
To rest his fainting *Limbs*, and shun the *scorching*
With *Lives Fatigue* and *fruitless Labours* tir'd,
A kind *Dismission* he from Heav'n desir'd:
If this *short Rest* so sweet, how those are *bless'd*,
In *Abraham*'s *Bosom* who securely *rest!*
Such were his *Thoughts*, when by a kind *surprize*,
Soft balmy *Slumbers* seiz'd his *weary* Eyes:
Nor long he slept, when loe an *Angel* came,
Adorn'd in *Robes* of *Light*, and *wing'd* with *Flame*;

Whose

CLXXIV.

1 KINGS, Chap. XVIII. from Ver. 39. to the End. Chap. XIX. to Ver. 8.

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Chap. XIX. Ver. 5. *And as* Elijah *lay and slept under a juniper-tree, behold then, an angel touched him, and said unto him, Arise and eat.*

6. *And he looked, and behold, there was a cake baken on the coals, and a cruse of water at his head: and he did eat and drink, and laid him down again.*

7. *And the angel of the Lord came again the second time, and touched him, and said, Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee.*

8. *And he arose, and did eat and drink, and went in the strength of that meat forty days and forty nights, unto* Horeb *the mount of God.*

Whose

Whose *Beams* the Prophet's calm *Recess* invade,
And banish from his *Eyes* the *bashful Shade:*
Gently he rais'd, and shew'd a *Table* spread,
With *Eden's Nectar*, and *Ambrosial Bread:*
Celestial Food from mortal *Dregs* refin'd,
At once it *chears* the *Body* and the *Mind.*
He eats, but soon agen his *Head* reclin'd;
Agen the *Cherub* softly touch'd his side,
And for no *common Journey* bids provide:
He rose, and of the *heav'nly Feast* did eat,
And thence, supported by the *wond'rous Meat*,
Full *forty Days* the barren *Desert* trac'd,
Nor once did *Bread* or cooling *Water* taste;
Till *Horeb's* sacred Mount his *Sandals* press'd,
And in a shady *Grot* his weary *Limbs* did rest.

CLXXV.

God appears to Elijah, *and commands him to anoint* Hazael, Jehu *and* Elisha.

A *Hollow Wind* invades the Prophet's *Ear*;
'Twas God that call'd and said, *What dost thou here?*
He thus--- A *Loyal Zeal* did me enflame,
Dread Lord of Hosts, for thy dishonour'd *Name:*
Ungrateful

Ungrateful *Israel* does thy *Laws* disown,
Thy sacred *Altars* to the *Ground* have thrown;
Thy *Cov'nant* have they broke, thy *Prophets* slain,
And only I, unhappy I remain:
My *envy'd Life* their cruel Hands invade,
And force for Refuge to this *Desart-Shade.*
"Go forth, said God, and on the *Mount* appear,
I'll meet thee there, and thou my Will shalt hear:
When loe a *boist'rous Whirl-wind* rushes by,
And *ploughs* the *Sand*, and *drives* the troubled *Sky:*
The *Rocks* and *Mountains* by its Force are torn,
Thro' frighted *Air* like *Dust* their *Fragments* born:
Tho' loud the *Noise*, yet God himself 's not there,
The *Whirl-wind* only is his *Harbinger:*
Earth hears the *Tumult* in the ruffled *Skies*,
From her deep *Caves* imprison'd *Tempests* rise;
Nature's eternal *Gates* and *Bars* remove,
To joyn their *Fellow-Mutineers* above:
The Realms of *venerable Night* display,
And gild the brown Abyss with hateful Day:
While *Seeds of Fire* awak'd through the broad *Crater* rise,
In *Pyramids* of Flame, and sally on the *Skies:*
Nor *Fire*, nor *Earthquake*, did the God confess,
His *Pow'r*, but not his *Goodness* these express:
Calm were the Winds, and hush'd the *Thunders* noise,
When next a *gentle* and harmonious *Voice:*

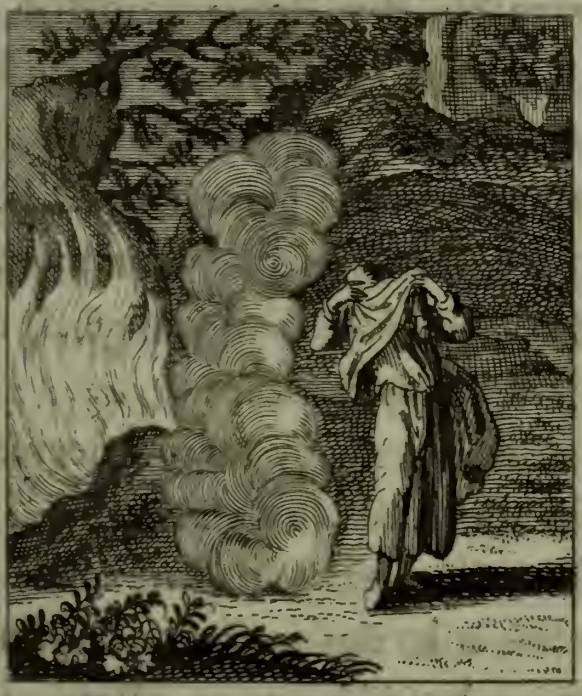
Soft-whisp'ring, fann'd the mild *Ambrosial Air*,
The trembling *Prophet* heard and did prepare,
He *veil'd* his *Face*, and knew that *God was there*.
Agen th' *Eternal* asks, from whence, and why
He came, the Prophet makes the same reply.
To whom the *Sov'reign Arbiter* rejoyn'd,
Thou shalt have *Rest*, thy Foes my *Wrath* shall find:
The *spatious Way* which will to *Syria* bring,
Pursue, and there anoint fierce *Hazael* King:
The Son of *Nimshi Israel's Captain* make,
Who just *Revenge* on *Ahab's* House shall take:
Elisha to *thy Office* shall succeed,
To wear thy *Mantle* he by *Heav'n* decreed:
By *Jehu* shall they fall who *Hazael* fly,
Who scape *his Sword* shall by *Elisha* die.
Yet have I left me, tho' to thee *unknown*,
A faithful *Few* whose Hearts are all *my own*:
Sev'n thousand Names who ne're wou'd prostrate fall,
To *Israel's Shame*, or kiss the *Lips* of *Baal*.

The *Tishbite* hears with Joy the happy News,
And Heav'ns *Instructions* he with ready *Zeal* pursues.

CLXXV.

CLXXV.

1 KINGS, Chap. XIX. from Ver. 9. to Ver. 19.



Ver. 11. ---*And behold the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake:*

12. *And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice.*

13. *And it was so, when* Elijah *heard it, that he wrapped his face in his mantle, and went out, and stood in the entring of the cave: and behold, there came a voice unto him, and said, What dost thou here,* Elijah?

CLXXVI.

1 Kings, Chap. XX.

The War with Benhadad. *The* Syrians *discomfited.*

When *Famine* can't prevail, the *Sword* is sent
To try if *Israel's Sons* wou'd yet *Repent.*
A *mighty Host* insulting *Syria* brings,
Of more than *Thirty tributary Kings:*
Samaria's Walls his num'rous Troops invest,
On ev'ry side the *Town* is closely *press'd:*
To *Ahab* he a *threatning Message* sends,
That all was *his* by *Conquest's* Right pretends:
Unsafe within his *Ill-defended Town,*
The Tyrant scarce his *Palace* calls his *own.*
The heavieſt *Tribute* not denys to pay,
Compell'd he must Superior Pow'r obey:
Nor this the *Syrian Monarch* cou'd *appease,*
He'll *ransack* all, and *plunder* where he please:
When those *unreasonable Terms* deny'd,
(*War* cou'd not worse) for *War* they both *provide:*
The *Sword* at last the *Diff'rence* must *decide.*
Enrag'd the haughty Son of *Hadad* calls,
For *Rams* and *huge Machins* to shake the *Walls.*

But

But that bleſs'd *Pow'r* who reigns *enthron'd* on high,
Reſolves once more the *gentle Paths* to try;
To try if *Mercy* were not yet in *vain*,
And cou'd *backſliding Iſrael's* Hearts regain:
Agen a *Prophet* ſent to *Omri's* Heir,
Did this glad unexpected *Meſſage* bear:
That *num'rous Hoſt* which lay *encamp'd* around,
Like *Troops* of *Locuſts*, *blackning* all the Ground;
Shou'd prove a *Prey* to *Iſrael's conqu'ring Sword*,
And let them know *Jehovah* was the *Lord*:
The *Pages* only ſhou'd *begin* the *Fight*,
And *tempt* at once, and break the *Syrian* Might:
Their ſmall Detachment ſallies not in vain,
Sev'n Thouſand harneſs'd Warriors theſe ſuſtain,
Of *Iſrael's Myriads* now no more remain.
The *Syrian Guards* attack'd, with eaſe they ſlew,
The reſt to their *diſorder'd Camps* purſue:
Confuſion, *Terror*, *Fear* they with 'em bring,
And in his *Tent* almoſt ſurpriz'd the *King*:
He *reels* to *Horſe*, which bears him ſwift away,
And helpleſs *Foot* and *Camp* the Victor's Prey:
The *vanquiſh'd always ſome Excuſe have made*,
And on the *Gods* is their *Misfortune* laid:
The *Gods* of *Iſrael* did in *Hills* delight,
(Their *Laws* declar'd on *Sinai's ſacred Height*)
The *Syrians there* with *Diſadvantage* fight:

They'll in the *Vallies* next engage, nor fear
To *tempt* their *Fortune* the *ſucceeding Year*.

This heard, not unreveng'd, that *firſt great Mind*,
By *Nature's* narrow Limits *unconfin'd*:
By *Iſrael's feeble Force* their *Troops* are ſlain,
And *Hundred-thouſand Syrians* load the Plain:
The reſt to *Aphek* fled, ſecure they lay,
Till the falſe *Walls* like *Jericho's* gave way;
With hideous *Crack* they bear 'em to the *Ground*,
And Thouſands in one *Grave* and *Death* confound.
Their King himſelf, as *Baſe* as *Proud* before,
With mean *Submiſſion* did for *Life* implore;
Which *Ahab* grants, altho' his *own* 'twill coſt,
And *Syrian Treaties gain*, what they by *War* had *loſt*.

CLXXVII.

Jezebel *murthers* Naboth *for his Vineyard*. Elijah *denounces God's Judgments againſt* Ahab *and his Houſe*. Ahab *humbles himſelf*, &c.

LEan *Avarice*, unbleſs'd amidſt her Store,
Taſts not her *own*, and yet ſtill *gapes* for *more*:
On *Naboth's* Vineyard, *Ahab* caſts his *Eye*,
And to *enlarge* his *Garden* fain wou'd *buy*:

Refus'd

Refus'd he to his Houſe diſpleas'd returns,
With *Female Grief* his *Diſappointment* mourns:
Upon his *Bed* the *wayward Tyrant* thrown,
Neglects his *Food*, and *ſees* and *ſpeaks* with none;
Till he the *weighty Cauſe* at length declares
To *Jezebel*, who ſcarce from *ſmiles* forbears,
Her *manlier Miſchief* chides the Monarch's Cares:
Art thou the King of *Iſrael?* --- thus ſhe ſaid,
I'll ſoon the *Vineyard* give, and give the *Traitor's Head:*
In *Ahab's* Name the Queen an *Order* ſends
To *Jezreel's Nobles*, her *confiding Friends*,
The Sum, that *Naboth* and his *Sons* muſt *die*,
Accus'd of *Treaſon* and of *Blaſphemy*.
Too ſoon the *Loyal Murtherers* obey,
And take at once their *Life* and *Fame* away;
Their Land *devolv'd* by *Treaſon* to the *Crown*,
The *Tyrant* ſeiz'd, and *cheaply* made his *own*.
As he with *barb'rous Joy* his *Prize* ſurvey'd,
And walk'd beneath the *Vineyards leavy Shade*,
Pale with *Suprize* he the *Great Tiſhbite* met,
And ſoon did all his *pleaſing Thoughts* forget;
When thus *Elijah--- Cruel and Profane!*
And haſt thou thus the *guiltleſs* Naboth *ſlain!*
Suborn'd his *Murther* and his *Land* poſſeſs'd!
---*Enjoy* thy *Conqueſt* then, but hear the reſt!

Thus saith the Lord-- where *murther'd Naboth* lay,
His *Limbs* expos'd to *rav'nous Hounds* a Prey,
Thy *Blood*, Yes Tyrant! *thine* for *his shall* pay.
When *Ahab* thus, confus'd with *Guilt* and *Fear*,
---O my *Ill-Genius!* hast thou *found* me here?
Yes, I have found thee, he *severe* pursu'd,
O *sold to Sin*, and *lost* to all that's *Good!*
Yet hear what farther for thy *House* design'd,
Still *deeper Woes*, and weightier *Plagues* behind!
'Tis God that says he will thy *Line* displace,
And *ease* the World of all thy *vip'rous Race:*
Thy *House* like *Jeroboam's* shall become,
Nor *Baasha's* fell by a *severer Doom:*
So high thy daring *Provocations* grown,
So *black* the *Sins* of *Israel*, and thy *own.*
---Nor shall the Wretch that shares thy *Crimes* and *Throne*,
False *Jezebel* escape, well worthy thee,
In *Pride*, in *Malice*, and in *Cruelty:*
The *Dogs* by *Jezreel's* Walls her *Flesh* shall tear,
And all thy impious *Brood* her Fate shall *share.*

He heard, and *softly* to the *Palace* went,
Trembling and *pale*; his *Royal Robes* he rent,
And *Sackcloth* wore, and did *almost Repent.*
Nor this to that *Almighty Pow'r* unknown,
Who all surveys from his *celestial Throne*;

Whose

CLXXVII.

1 Kings, Chap. XXI.

Ver. 17. *And the word of the Lord came to* Elijah *the* Tishbite, *saying,*

18. *Arise, go down to meet* Ahab *king of* Israel, *which is in* Samaria: *behold, he is in the vineyard of* Naboth, *whither he is gone down to possess it,* &c.

20. *And* Ahab *said to* Elijah, *Hast thou found me, O mine enemy? And he answered, I have found thee: because thou hast sold thy self to work evil in the sight of the Lord,*

21. *Behold, I will bring evil upon thee, and I will take away thy posterity,* &c.

27. *And it came to pass when* Ahab *heard those words, that he rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his flesh, and fasted, and lay in sackcloth, and went softly.*

Whose

Whose *equal Hand* does *equal Right* dispense,
His own lov'd People *plagues* for their *Offence*,
Rewarding ev'n *imperfect Penitence*:
For *this* to *Ahab* a *Reprieve* he gave,
And his *devoted House* to *future Reigns* did save.

CLXXVIII.

1 KINGS, Chap. XXII. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 23.

Ahab *prepares to recover* Ramoth-Gilead. *He makes an Alliance with* Jehoshaphat: *Sends for* Michaiah, *who fore-tells his Defeat and Destruction.*

THree *Years Reprieve* Apostate *Israel* gains,
Yet impious *Ahab*, *Ahab* still *remains*:
Almost *too ripe for Ruin* now he's grown,
By *Jezebel*'s *Offences* and his *own*;
Urg'd by his *Fate*, with *Syria* War declares,
And for a *vigorous Campaign* prepares;
Ramoth a *Frontier-Town*, they still retain,
The *Faith* of *Treaties Israel* pleads in vain:
The King of *Judah* in the *Quarrel* joyn'd,
Betwixt the *Rival-Crowns* a League is sign'd:

But

But *Arms* are weak, *Alliances* are vain,
Unless the *Lord of Hosts* the *Cause* maintain:
His pow'rful Aid did *Judah*'s King desire,
And e're they mov'd wou'd at his *Word* enquire:
For all his *Herd of Prophets Ahab* sends,
And *these th' Interpreters of Heav'n* pretends:
The Monarchs with their proud *Regalia* grac'd,
Before the *Gates* on *splendid Thrones* are plac'd:
The *mimic Prophets* came, a fawning Crowd,
Long live the Kings they cry'd, and at their *Foot-stools* bow'd:
Nothing but *Well* their *Auguries* declare,
The *Fates* consulted bode a *prosp'rous War*:
Nor *Asa*'s Son did their *Responses* please,
Who thro' their *fulsom Flatt'ry* saw with Ease;
And is there none, concern'd he asks, but *these?*
There is, says *Ahab*, but the *Wretch* I *hate*,
Prophet of *Ill*, he still fore-bodes my *Fate*.
Micaiah is his *Name*; for him they send,
While glorious *Triumphs* all the rest *portend*:
Amid the *shouting Crowd Micaiah* came,
And with *sarcastic Smiles* fore-told the *same*,
Till by the Great *unutterable Name*
Adjur'd, th' *ungrateful Truth* no more denies,
But to the Monarch *cautious* thus replies,
I saw all *Israel*'s *Army* scatter'd wide,
Around the *Hills*, like *Sheep* without a *Guide*,
---Sound a *Retreat*, the *God of Battles* cry'd,

Let

Let these *Return*, and their ill Fate deplore,
The *Crown is faln*, their *Master* is no more.

With *Rage* and *Spite* the short-liv'd Tyrant burns,
And thus to *Judah's thoughtful Prince* returns:
I knew before his *canker'd Heart* too well,
I knew th' *Ill-omen'd Bird* wou'd *Plagues* fore-tell.

Fuller of God the while *Micaiah* grows,
And thus in *lively Schemes* th' Event fore-shows:

High in *Mid-Heav'n* I saw th' Almighty's *Throne*:
I saw th' *Angelic Guards*, which *these* out-shone
As *Stars* to *Dust*: ---With *dazling Glories* crown'd,
Thus spake the *Lord* to those that waited round:
Is any here who *Ahab* will *persuade*,
And make him *Ramoth's fatal Walls* invade,
That his *just Doom* no longer be delaid?
When a *malignant Spirit* who slily press'd,
Disguis'd in *Seraphs Robes* among the *Bless'd*,
To Mischief prompt, the wish'd *Employment* chose,
And to the *Fane* of *Baal* the *Demon* goes;
There in his *gilded Image* safe resides,
Thence unperceiv'd amongst his *Prophets* glides:
They feel their Breasts with *furious Rapture* fir'd,
And with *Orac'lous Lies* are all inspir'd.
Thus does the *Fiend* their *venal Tongues* imploy
Their *Patron* to *deceive*, and then *destroy*;

The *Snares of Death* around thy *Feet* are ſpred,
The *Sword* of *Vengeance* hovers o're thy *Head*:
No *Force* can ſhe from Heav'ns juſt *Wrath* defend,
Prepare, *Unhappy Prince*, to meet a *dreadful End*!

CLXXIX.

Micaiah *impriſon'd.* *The War with* Syria. Jehoſhaphat *in danger.* Ahab *ſlain.*

HOW deep the *Murmur* now, how loud the *Cry*,
Hence with th' *Impoſtor*! let the *Traitor die*!
Nor *Scoffs*, nor cruel *Taunts* were wanting there,
Nor cou'd the *Zealots* ev'n their *Hands* forbear:
On his own *Ruine* obſtinately bent,
The King awards, and he's to *durance* ſent:
With *ſlender Fare* the *Prophet's* doom'd to mourn,
Till crown'd with *Laurels* he in Peace return:
He *ſtems* 'em all, and ſtands th' *impetuous Shock*,
So break the *clam'rous Waves* againſt a *Rock*.
O *Iſrael* hear, (as him they *force* away,
And to the *Dungeon* bound in Chains convey;)
Yet hear, he cries--- If e're agen he come
From *Ramoth's* Walls with *Peace* and *Triumph* home;

I'll

I'll own 'tis all *Impoſture*, nor pretend
That God did me on this *dread Meſſage* ſend:
Then to *Confinement* goes with chearful Heart,
Not ſo to *War* did *Iſrael*'s King depart:
Ill-boding Fears his conſcious Soul ſurprize,
And *Naboth*'s *Ghoſt* ſtill *ſhoots* before his Eyes:
Nor dares he at his *Armies Head* appear,
By his *ill Genius* told his Fate was near:
In *vulgar Armour* dreſs'd, the *King* denies,
Obſcurely ſculking in a mean *Diſguiſe*.
How vainly Man from *Deſtiny* wou'd run!
Fate were not *Fate*, if in our Pow'r to *ſhun*:
His *Friend* expos'd, whoſe *Kingly Mind* was clear
From treach'rous *Guilt* and from unmanly *Fear*,
And *undiſguis'd* he *plung'd* into the *War*.
But, ah! almoſt he had too dearly paid,
For his *kind League* and *unavailing Aid*;
Hemm'd in by more than *Thirty* Syrian *Lords*,
To *Heav'n*, he *cries*, which *turns* their Hearts and Swords.

Yet *Ahab lives*, but live he muſt not *long*,
As thro' the *Battel* hurry'd by the *Throng*:
From place to place he on his *Chariot* flies,
And on *Ignoble Foes* his *Javelin* tries;
A *random Shaft* his faithleſs *Armor* cleft,
Deep-buri'd in his *Breaſt* the deadly *Point* is left:

His

His *Hand* he held upon the *Wound* in vain,
And bids th' affrighted *Driver* turn the *Rein*:
Soon his *despairing Soul* reluctant fled,
Where *Kings* are number'd with the *vulgar Dead*:
Around their *Master* his *Domestics* mourn,
And with the *bleeding Body* home return;
Then to the *Crystal Stream*, his *Armour* bore,
And Chariot, both deform'd with *clotter'd Gore*,
A *Feast* for rav'nous *Hounds*, as *Naboth! thine* before.

1 KINGS, Chap. XXII. from Ver. 26. to Ver. 38.

Ver. 26. *And the king of* Israel *said, Take* Michaia, *and carry him back unto* Amon *the governour of the city, and to* Joash *the king's son:*

27. *And say, Thus saith the king, Put this fellow prison, and feed him with bread of affliction, and with water of affliction, until I come in peace.*

28. *And* Michaia *said, If thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me,* &c.

34. *And a certain man drew a bow at a venture, and smote the king of* Israel *between the joynts of the harness: wherefore he said unto the driver of his chariot, Turn thine hand, and carry me out of the host, for I am wounded.*

35. *And the battel increased that day: and the king was stayed up in his chariot against the* Syrians, *and died at even,* &c.

CLXXX.

1 KINGS, Chap. XXII. from Ver. 51. to the End; and 2 of KINGS, Chap. I.

Ahaziah's *wicked Reign.* *He falls from a Window, sends to enquire of* Beelzebub. Elijah *fore-tells his Death.* *He calls for Fire from Heaven,* &c.

THus *Ahab* fell, his *Son* supply'd his *Place,*
Who not *degen'rates* from curst *Omri's Race:*
What most *commends* his *Reign* is its *short Date,*
How *Criminal,* and how *Unfortunate!*
As *gazing* careless o're his *Palace-Walls,*
Prodigious Height! he from the *Window* falls:
His *nobler Parts* are bruis'd, *hard* comes his *Breath,*
And ev'ry *Symptom promis'd* speedy *Death:*
The *Leeches* but in vain their *Cares* apply,
Mock'd by th' increasing *stubborn Malady:*
Earth cou'd not aid, in *Heav'n* he had no *Friends,*
Despairing he to *Hell* for Counsel sends;
To *Belzebub,* whom *Ekron's* Sons adore
With *horrid Victims,* and with *human Gore:*
The breathless *Messengers Elijah* meets,
From angry *Heav'n* with dreadful Tidings greets:

"Is

" Is there *no God in Iſrael*, that you ſend
" To *Ekron*'s Temple, and conſult the *Fiend?*
" No more the *King* ſhall from his *Bed* deſcend:
" Go tell your *Lord*, a *Greater Lord* than he
" Has *ſeal'd* his *Fate* and does his Death *decree*.

Agen they to the *mournful Court* repair,
Th' unpleaſing *Tidings* to their *Maſter* bear:
A *rev'rend Sire* they met, with awful *Grace*,
And ſomething *more than human in his Face*:
His *rough* and *hairy Garment ſwept* the *Ground*,
And his *ſtrong Loins* a *leathern Girdle* bound.
Elijah by their *Character* he knew,
He *ſigh'd*, and fear'd his *Words* wou'd ſoon be *true*:
With *feeble Voice* he ſends his *Guards* away,
To bring him to the *Court* without *delay*:
They find the *Prophet* ſeated on a *Hill*,
Their *Captain* roughly tells the *Prince's Will*:
Elijah calls from Heav'n a *fiery Show'r*,
Whoſe ſcalding Drops his Troops and him devour:
A ſecond *Fifty* with their *Leader* came,
Unwarn'd by *others Harms*, their *Fate* the *ſame*:
A *Third* is on the hopeleſs *Meſſage* ſent,
Who o're his *Fellow's Aſhes* trembling went:
His *Party left*, he to the *Prophet* goes,
And only wou'd his *ſingle Life* expoſe:
Interpreter of Heav'n! he kneeling cries,
From *theſe* and *me* avert thy *angry Eyes!*

Thy *Servants ſpare*, nor take *thoſe Lives* away,
Which *loſt*, if we our *Orders* not obey!
An *Angel* whiſpers in the Prophet's Ear,
And bids him with 'em go, and nothing *fear*:
Arriv'd at *Court* he to the *Monarch* went,
Repeats the *Meſſage* he before had ſent,
Nor long his *Threatnings* did *fore-go* th' *Event*:
Th' unhappy Prince, *unbleſs'd* and *undeſir'd*
Finiſh'd his *ſhort-liv'd Reign*, and with a *Groan* expir'd.

CLXXXI.

Elijah *divides* Jordan.

FRom *His*, how diff'rent was *Elijah's Fate*,
Whom God reſolves he'll now to *Heav'n tranſlate*:
From *Gilgal* he his Steps for *Bethel* bends,
Faithful *Eliſha* at his *ſide* attends;
Both *lov'd of Heav'n, and undivided Friends*:
In vain he begs he'd there himſelf *repoſe*,
He *preſſes* on, and down to *Bethel* goes:
A num'rous *College* of the *Prophets* there;
To *thoughtful Eliſeus* they repair,
And ask him if he knew that *this the Day*,
When God his *Maſter* wou'd to *Heav'n* convey?

I

CLXXXI.

2 KINGS, Chap. II. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 8.

Ver. 6. *And* Elijah *said unto* Elisha, *Tarry, I pray thee, here: for the Lord hath sent me to* Jordan. *And he said, As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee. And they two went on.*

7. *And fifty men of the sons of the prophets went, and stood to view afar off: and they two stood by* Jordan.

8. *And* Elijah *took his mantle, and wrapt it together, and smote the waters, and they were divided hither and thither, so that they two went over on dry ground.*

I knew the *weighty Secret* long before,
Replies the *Saint*, and bids 'em ſpeak no more!
To *Jericho* their *Journey* they *purſue*,
Elijah there does his *Requeſt* renew;
Agen the *Son of Shaphat* him deny'd,
The *ſame* the *Prophets* warn, and he the *ſame reply'd*:
Forward they move to *Father-Jordan*'s Flood,
Far off the *Prophet's Sons* admiring ſtood;
When now the *riſing Waves* their *Sandals* meet,
And *crowd each other* on to touch their *Feet*,
Elijah his *Prophetic Mantle* took,
And lifting high th' *obedient Waters* ſtrook:
They knew the *Signal* and their Streams *divide*,
A *wond'rous Path* appears from ſide to ſide:
Bare on the *Sand* the *gaſping Fiſhes* lay,
Their *ſecret Beds* reveal'd to conſcious Day;
The *Friendly Pair* ſecurely haſtens o're,
And tempt a *Path* which once was only mark'd *before*,

CLXXXII.

Elijah *carry'd to Heav'n in a Chariot of Fire.*

WHen now on *Jordan's Eaſtern Banks* they tread,
To *Eliſeus*, thus *Elijah* ſaid:

True Partner of my *Cares* and *Dangers* ſay,
What ſhall I for ſo juſt a *Friendſhip* pay?
For *Heav'n* has call'd, I muſt no longer *ſtay*:
When thus to him returns his *conſtant Friend*,
O let a *double Share* on me deſcend,
Of that *prophetic Spirit* that warms thy *Breaſt!*
No low or *vulgar Favour* thy *Requeſt*,
The *Tiſhbite* anſwers; yet thou ſhalt not want,
Whatever's in *Elijah's* Pow'r to *grant*:
Thus far, at leaſt, remain *ſecure*, -- If me,
When *taken* to the *bleſs'd*, 'tis giv'n to ſee,
Thou ſhalt thy own *ambitious Wiſh* obtain,
If not, thy *Hopes* and my *Deſires* are vain.

While they on *Jordan's flowry Rivage* walk'd,
And of *celeſtial Joys* approaching talk'd;

Betwixt 'em both a *wondrous Chariot* came,
Flam'd the red *Axles*, and the *Wheels* were *Flame*;
The fiery *Courſers* of th' *etherial Breed*,
Which on the Hills of *beauteous Eden* feed:
He mounts the lofty *Seat*, nor knew to fear,
Great *Michael* was himſelf the *Charioteer*:
Around his *Feet* tempeſtuous *Whirlwinds* play,
O're *Piſgah's hoary Top* they him *convey*;
They *drive* the *Clouds* before 'em as they run,
And gazing *Mortals* ſee a *ſecond Sun*:
Eliſha view'd, with *out-ſtretched Hands* he cry'd,
Will *Heav'n* ſo *fair* a *Friendſhip* then *divide*?
O *Father*! *Father*! can you leave leave *Son*?
With you is *Iſrael's Strength* and *Glory* gone:

Behold, new *Wonders* ſtill! at length behold,
Heav'ns wide and *everlaſting Gates* unfold;
And as its *Favourite* was entring there,
While all the *bleſs'd* their tuneful *Harps* prepare,
His *Mantle* waving drops thro' yielding *Air*:
Nor needs he *that*, whom purer *Robes* adorn,
Than *ſnowy Fleeces*, or the *riſing Morn*:
His alter'd *Body* now ſo far *refin'd*,
'Twas *all-tranſparent* grown; his *God-like mind*,
Like nobleſt *Spirits* enclos'd in *Cryſtal*, ſhin'd.

One

CLXXXII.

2 KINGS, Chap. II. from Ver. 9. to Ver. 12.

Ver. 11. *And it came to pass as* Elijah *and* Elisha *still went on and talked, that behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder, and* Elijah *went up by a whirlwind into heaven.*

12. *And* Elisha *saw it, and he cried, My father, my father, the chariot of* Israel, *and the horsemen thereof. And he saw him no more: and he took hold of his own clothes, and rent them in two pieces.*

One *glimpse Elisha* saw, but cou'd no *more*,
And does his *own*, at once, and *Israel's Loss* deplore.

CLXXXIII.

Elisha *divides* Jordan. *Heals the Waters of* Jericho. *The Children who mock'd him are destroy'd by two She-Bears.*

HIS *glorious Friend* in vain *Elisha* mourn'd,
Then with his *Mantle* to the *Stream* return'd:
Where is Elijah's *God*, aloud he cry'd,
And struck the *Waves*, th' obsequious Waves *divide*,
The *Prophet's Sons* who on the distant side
Observ'd th' *Event*, their *rising Master* meet,
And own his *Mission*, prostrate at his *Feet*:
Then with *officious Kindness* needs wou'd send,
Thro' *Mountains*, *Fields* and *Plains*, to search his Friend:
In vain they search each *Mountain*, *Field* and *Plain*,
And cross well-weary'd *Jordan's Streams* again:
As o're the *Hills* they to the *College* go,
They make a *stand*, and *view* the *Plains* below:

How

How *sweet* a *Prospect* courts their *willing stay?*
In spatious *Vales* large *fleecy Households* play,
Jordan beneath cuts out his *winding way*;
Here *Rabba*'s *Tow'rs*, and there th' *Arabian* Coast,
Until th' *unbounded Sight* in pleasing *Raptures* lost.

Return'd, they shew their Lord their *happy site*,
How *bless'd*, where *Profit* mingled with *Delight!*
But curs'd by *Heav'n*, the *Soil* no Product yields,
And *brackish Streams* divide the *barren Fields*:
As forth they walk'd to the fair *City's Walls*,
And *Fountains-Head*, for *Salt* the Prophet calls;
He casts it in the *Spring*, and thus goes on,
---Thus saith the Lord, the *mighty Work is done*:
Henceforth these *Waters* I to *Health* restore,
And *Death* and *barren Land* shall be no more;
No *vain Presages* in his Words were found,
A new and sudden *Verdure* spreads the Ground:
Their *churlish Taste*, the *Waters* soon forgo,
And *soft* as *Streams* of *Milk* and *Honey* flow:
Thus, for the *Prophets*, was their *Land* restor'd,
And thus obedient *Nature* own'd her *Lord*.

To *Bethel*'s *Sister-College* thence he went,
And as *Elisha* rais'd the *steep Ascent*;
A *Crowd* of *Children* pouring from the Place,
Rude as their *faithless Sires*, and *void* of *Grace*;

The *hoary Saint* with *bitter Scoffs* engage,
And loudly mock his *venerable Age*:
He turns and views the *Rout* with Eyes severe,
And does the righteous *Doom* of Heav'n declare.

A *Wood* there was, black *Horrors* ancient *Seat*,
To *Beasts of Prey* an undisturb'd *Retreat*:
Here *Tygers* glare aloft across the Shade,
The Kingly *Lion* there his *Covert* made,
And *rugged Bears* stalk thro' the gloomy *Glade*:
Two of the *last*, of an *enormous Size*,
Rush'd from the *Thick*, and seiz'd their destin'd *Prize*,
In vain the *Children* fill'd the Air with *Cries*:
Their *tender Limbs* with ease the *Monsters* tore,
And dy'd their *Muzzles* in their reeking *Gore*;
Whence others learn what *Plagues* to those are due,
Who *Piety*, with scorn, and rev'rend *Age* pursue.

CLXXXIII.

2 KINGS, Chap. II. from Ver. 14. to the End.

Ver. 23. *And* Eliſha *went up from* Jericho *unto* Bethel: *and as he was going up by the way, there came forth little children out of the city, and mocked him, and ſaid unto him, Go up thou bald-head, go up thou bald-head.*

24. *And he turned back, and looked on them, and curſed them in the name of the* Lord: *and there came forth two ſhe bears out of the wood, and tare forty and two children of them.*

25. *And he went from thence to mount* Carmel, *and from thence he returned to* Samaria.

CLXXXIV.

CLXXXIV.

2 KINGS, Chap. III.

Jehoram *succeeds.* *The King of* Moab *revolts from* Israel. *Miraculous Water fore-told by* Elisha. *The* Moabites *destroy'd*, &c.

JEhoram next of *Omri*'s *Throne* possess'd,
Not *virtuous*, but less *wicked* than the rest:
With *Baal* a *Reformation* he *begins*,
But stops at *Jeroboam*'s *useful Sins.*

The *wealthy Prince* who now in *Moab* reigns,
Whose *Flocks* unnumber'd graze the *fertile Plains*;
And thence his *dear bought Peace* with *Israel* made,
For Tribute *twenty Myriads* yearly paid,
Shakes off the *Yoke*, and wou'd no more *obey*,
His annual *Quota* he denies to pay:
Jehoram arms, *Samaria*'s Youth he heads,
And to the *War* against his *Rebels* leads.
While *Judah*'s *facil King* too *near ally'd*,
With *dang'rous Kindness* still *espous'd* his *side*:
Nor over *Jordan* they *attempt* to go,
The *Foords* too strongly guarded by the *Foe*;

But

But more to *South* with their *united Hoſt*,
They *round* the *Salt-Sea Plain*, and *Edom*'s Coaſt;
Whoſe King their *Army* joyn'd, and on they paſs'd,
Through *burning Sands* and *Regions* wide and waſte,
Where *Iſrael* once on Wonders *drank* and *fed*,
A *Rock* their *Water* gave, and *Heav'n* their *Bread*:
But now no *cooling Streams* their *Thirſt* allay,
Panting with *Heat* thro' *Worlds unknown* they ſtray,
Expos'd the *weaker Rebels* eaſie Prey:
To *Iſrael*'s God at length *Jehoram* flies,
And has he brought *Three Monarchs* here, he cries,
And ſold 'em to ſuch *wretched Enemies*?
Nor yet wou'd *Judah*'s *pious Prince* deſpair,
So large an *Hoſt* and not *one Prophet* there,
Who might *enquire* of God in their *Diſtreſs*,
And for their *common Ills* procure *Redreſs*?
In *happy Hour* was Great *Eliſha* nigh,
To whom for help *three ſuppliant Princes* fly:
Silent awhile he *Iſrael*'s King ſurvey'd,
With *ſtern Regards*, and thus at length he ſaid;
And, *Why to me*? Can *Baalim* help no more?
Thy *Fathers* and thy *Mothers Gods* implore!
If *Judah* were not here, *ſo God to me*,
He ſtill purſues, if I thy *Face* wou'd *ſee*.

With

With *Musick's Charms* he stills his troubled *Breast*,
Then thus the *kind Resolves* of Heav'n express'd.

Thus saith the Lord--- This *Wild* and thirsty *Waste*,
Which never yet *refreshing Streams* did taste;
Scorch'd like *Gomorrah's Fields*--- this *sandy Plain*,
Without the needless help of *Clouds* or *Rain*,
With *Water* soon for all your *Camps* shall flow;
Nor only this, I'll greater *Wonders* show;
Your *Arms* shall a triumphant *Conquest* gain,
While *Moab's* Sons *resist* your *Arms* in vain:
Nor that *false Race* with *cruel Pity* spare,
Lest soon *recruited*, they *renew* the *War*:
No *Terms*, no *Truce*, no *solemn Oaths* believe,
From those who always *practis'd* to *deceive*:
Raze, raze their *Towns*, *depopulate* their *Land*,
To long *Posterity* the *faithless Nation* brand.

Th' *Event* pursues his Words, the *Morning* rose,
From *Edom*-ward *prodigious Water* flows:
The wond'ring *Sun* with his *refracted Beams*,
In lively *Sanguine* paints the *crystal Streams*:
Moab beheld th' unusual *Sight* from far,
'Twas *Blood* they cry'd, the Kings by *mutual War*
Were *slain*, and *spar'd* their *Swords* the glorious Toil;
They rose, and ran *disorder'd* on the *Spoil*;

But ſoon th' *Allies* their *ſtragling Troops* repel,
And on their *Rear* with doubled *Fury* fell:
To their defenceleſs *Barriers* them purſue,
Almoſt at once the *perjur'd Nation* ſlew:
Their Trees they *fell*, their lofty *Towns* they raze,
The Marks of *juſt Revenge* to long ſucceeding Days.

CLXXXV.

Eliſha *multiplies the Widow's Oil.*

THO' *ſcepter'd Monarch's* Heav'ns peculiar Care,
The *Poor* its Providence and *Bounty* ſhare:
Three Kings reliev'd by Great *Eliſha's* Pray'r,
A *Prophet's Widow* to the Prophet came,
Oppreſs'd at once by *Want*, and ſharper *Shame*:
While to her *pious Conſort* Life was lent,
With *mod'rate Fortunes* they remain'd content;
Their *lib'ral Hands* ſtill *open* to the *Poor*,
Who ne're without a *Bleſſing* left his *Door*:
The leſs cou'd he for his *dear Offspring* ſave,
Nor ſhall they *want* thoſe *Alms* their Father gave;
Tho' nothing cou'd the *Creditor* appeaſe,
Th' *inhuman Wretch* wou'd them for *Bondſmen* ſeize;

Already

Already they of their *poor Goods* bereft,
And one small *Pot* of *Oil* was only left:
When thus the *Man of God*--- It shall *suffice*,
And th' unexhausted *Store* afford *Supplies*:
From every *Neighbour* and from every *Friend*,
Around thy House for their *Assistance* send,
Nor *empty Vessels* they'll refuse to *lend*:
T' exclude the curious *Gazer*, close the *Door*;
Then all *replenish* from thy wond'rous Store!

At once *believing*, and at once *afraid*,
The *careful Mother* his *Commands* obey'd:
Behold her busy'd in the pleasing *Toil!*
Behold a *Spring*, almost a *Sea* of *Oil*
Incessant pouring from her frugal Store,
Till her *capacious Urns* receive no more.
The *Widow* to her *Benefactor* went,
With *Tears* of *Joy* relates the *strange Event*;
With part her *Debts* discharg'd, by what remain'd
Herself and *orphan'd Family* sustain'd.

" Tho' *Miracles* are *ceas'd*, the *virtuous Poor*
" Have still *access* to *Heav'n*, and *Faith* can find the
" *Door*.

CLXXXV.

CLXXXV.

2 KINGS, Chap. IV. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 7.

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Ver. 3. Elisha *said, Go borrow thee vessels abroad of all thy neighbours, even empty vessels, borrow not a few.*

4. *And when thou art come in, thou shalt shut the door upon thee, and upon thy sons, and shalt pour out into all those vessels, and thou shalt set aside that which is full.*

5. *So she went from him, and shut the door upon her, and upon her sons, who brought the vessels to her, and she poured out.*

6. *And it came to pass when the vessels were full, that she said unto her son, Bring me yet a vessel. And he said unto her, There is not a vessel more. And the oil stayed.*

CLXXXVI.

A Child giv'n to the Shunamite. Elisha *restores it to Life.*

HOW *comely* is it, and how *fair* a *Sight*,
When *Merit* shines in *Fortune's* golden Light!
When *Wealth* employ'd to *just* and *noble Ends*,
The *Succour* and *Reward* of virtuous *Friends!*
All is not *lost* that to their *Needs* is giv'n,
For who obliges *them*, obliges *Heaven*.
This Truth a *virtuous Pair* at *Shunem* prov'd,
Above the *worthless Crowd* as far remov'd
In *Merit* as *Estate*----
Whose kindness *Elisæus* oft did share,
And found an *hospitable Welcom* there:
Nor this enough, a *new Apartment* they
Erect and *furnish* to oblige his *Stay*:
So oft he *call'd*, yet ne're too oft did *come*,
No *Coldness* there, 'twas now *almost* his *Home*;
And to the *Lady* thus at length express'd,
The *Thoughts* that *labour'd* in his *grateful Breast*.
And must we still *receive*, and nought be paid?
For all your *Care*, must no *Return* be made?
If my *small Int'rest* can your *Suit* obtain,
In *Camp* or *Court*, you must not ask in vain:

With

With courteous Thanks the *noble Dame* replies,
Beyond theſe *Fields* we never caſt our *Eyes*;
Pleas'd with a *private Station*, and content
With what *indulgent Heav'n* has freely lent.
--- And is there nothing can *augment* your *Bliſs?*
Gehazi hears, and thus--- My Lord! there *is*.
Tho' their *paternal Fortunes* large and fair,
Their *Name* muſt with 'em *ſink*, they want an *Heir*.
Silent ſhe waits, nor dare her *Words* requeſt,
What in her *modeſt Bluſhes* ſtood *confeſs'd*:
To whom the Prophet thus--- Thy *Suit* is heard,
Nor to the *King of Kings* in vain preferr'd:
E're once the Year compleat her *circling Race*,
A ſmiling *Son* ſhall thoſe glad *Arms* embrace.
O do not my *Credulity* deceive!
How fain I'd *hope*, ſhe ſaid, but hardly dare *believe*:
But in the *Court* of *Heav'n* are no *Delays*,
And what it *Promiſes*, it always *Pays*:
Nine *wexing Moons* their *borrow'd Light* had ſpent,
When to their Houſe the *wond'rous Heir* is ſent:
What feſtal *Joys* his welcom *Birth* proclaim,
How *faſt* he grew, and *liſp'd* his *Mother's* Name,
No *Time* to *tell*, nor much *deſerves* our *Care*.
But all our *mortal Joys* are *unſincere*:
'Twas now the Time when *burning Syrius* reign'd,
And of his *Tyranny* the Fields complain'd:

The *sweating Reapers* fill their *Arms* with *Corn*,
Which thence to *crowded Granaries* is born:
The *Child* did to the neighb'ring *Fields* repair,
And finds with *Smiles* his joyful *Father* there,
Softens his *Labours*, and allays his *Care*:
But on his *Head* with fierce immod'rate *Heats*,
The *Sun* high-mounted in the *Zenith* beats:
His tender *Limbs* a burning *Feaver* fries,
His *Tongue* is *parch'd*, half-clos'd his *heavy Eyes*,
Born to his *Mother*, in her *Arms* he dies:
No wild *Complaints*, no fruitless *female Tears*,
Beneath a *Grief* and *Mind* so *Great* as *Hers*:
Till she the *Prophet* found, his *Death* conceal'd,
And then with *doubtful Words* but *half reveal'd*:
With *speed* return'd, he to his *Chamber* goes,
And found *Death's Iron-Sleep* his *Eye-lids* close:
His *Mouth* to that of the lov'd *Child* applies,
And to his *own* he joyns his *slumb'ring Eyes*;
Which wak'd from rigid *Death's* intruding Night,
Look *wond'ring* round, and feel the *chearful Light*;
To his glad Mother's *Arms* he him restor'd,
Low at his *Feet* she *bow'd*, and only *not ador'd*.

CLXXXVI.

CLXXXVI.

2 KINGS, Chap. IV. from Ver. 8. to Ver. 37.

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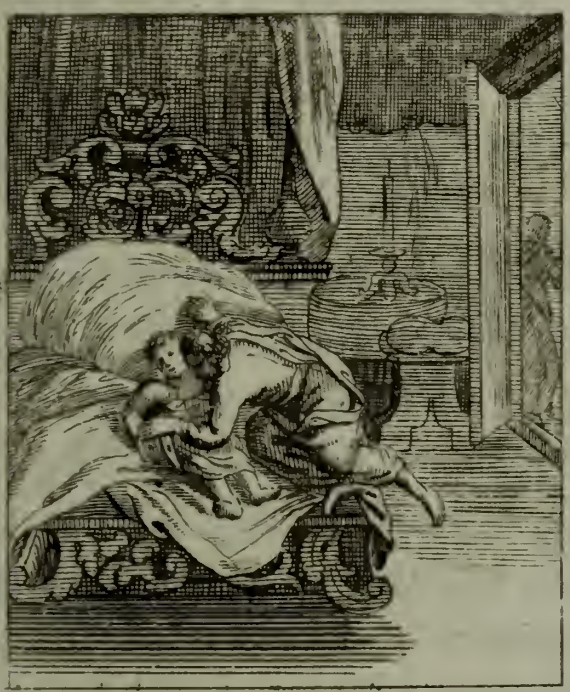

Ver. 33. Elisha *went in, and shut the door upon them twain, and prayed unto the Lord.*

34. *And he went up, and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands, and he stretched himself upon the child, and the flesh of the child waxed warm.*

35. *Then he returned and walked in the house to and fro, and went up, and stretched himself upon him: and the child nees'd seven times, and the child open'd his eyes.*

36. *And he called* Gehazi, *and said, Call this* Shunamite. *So he called her: and when she was come in unto him, he said, Take up thy son.*

CLXXXVII.

2 KINGS, Chap. IV. from Ver. 38. to the End.

Elisha *heals the Pottage. Feeds a hundred Men with twenty Loaves.*

TO *Gilgal* did the *Saint* agen repair,
The *Prophets Sons* attend their Master there:
Jehovah call'd, and loe! at his *Command*,
A *dreadful Famine* plagu'd the *guilty Land:*
Nor he who *bounteous Heav'n* so oft had try'd,
Cou'd doubt but *Heav'n* wou'd for his *Guest* provide:
The *Servants* range the *Woods* and search the *Fields*,
For what *uncultivated Nature* yields:
Herbs of *unwholsom Juices* thence they bear,
And for themselves and for the rest *prepare*,
Who urg'd by *Hunger* taste the deadly *Fare:*
Their *Error* known, they to the *Prophet* cry'd,
Who taught by *Heav'n*, did soon a *Cure* provide:
The *Flow'r of Wheat* amid the *Cauldron* throws,
And what was *Death* before, a *Banquet* grows,
Its *pois'nous Nature* alter'd and subdu'd,
A *salutary* and *delightful Food:*

Nor

Nor did their *Benefactor's Bounty* ſtay,
Their *Wants reliev'd*, 'twas now a *feſtal Day:*
From *Baal-Shaliſha's* Fields a *Stranger* ſent,
With new *Refreſhments* did the *Saint* preſent:
The *Famine* preſs'd, he wou'd not *hoard* his Store,
But dares on *Providence* rely for more:
With *Holy Fruits* he bids the *Board* be ſpread,
Nor wanted there his ſmall *Reſerve of Bread:*
His *Servitor* replies--- Alas, in vain!
Can we with theſe an *hundred Men* ſuſtain?
Diſpute not, but *obey*, his Lord replies,
It ſhall for all, with *over-plus* ſuffice:
They eat, ---Behold the *wond'rous Store* renew,
And *larger* than the *whole* the *Fragments* grew.
Thus *Hoſpitality's* the greateſt *Gain*,
And thus a *Little bleſs'd* can num'rous *Wants* ſuſtain.

CLXXXVIII.

Naaman *cur'd of his Leproſie.*

NOR only *Iſrael!* to thy *choſen Kind*,
Muſt *Heav'ns diffuſive Goodneſs* reſt confin'd:
The *Nations* round that *healing Pow'r* ſhall own,
Who has in *Salem* fix'd his *radiant Throne:*
To hoſtile *Syria's Court* his *Fame* extends,
So *ſhines* his *Sun*, his *fruitful Rain* deſcends,
Promiſcuous Gifts, on *Enemies* and *Friends:*

Naaman, tho' *Great* in *Court*, and *Great* in *Wars*,
His *Breaſt* adorn'd with *honourable Scars*;
Theſe from the fierce *Arabian* Rovers born,
And *thoſe* not *unreveng'd*, from *Iſrael* worn;
Yet a foul *Leproſie* deform'd his *Skin*,
Crept thro' his *Veins*, and *fir'd* the *Blood* within:
A *captive Maid* from *Iſrael's confines* led,
On *Naaman's Lady* waits, and thus ſhe ſaid:
Ah! wou'd my *honour'd Lord* and yours repair
To *Shemir's Walls*, a wond'rous *Prophet* there
Wou'd *heal* him ſoon: Th' important *News* they bring
To *Naaman* firſt, and then to *Syria's* King:
The haughty *Prince* to *Iſrael's Monarch* ſends,
A num'rous *Troop* his *Favourite* attends;
Vaſt *Treaſures* on their *Carriages* are laid,
O're *Lebanon* to *Iſra'l's Land* convey'd:
The *Meſſage* known which *Hadad's* Son had ſent,
Trembling with *Rage* and *Fear* his *Robes* Jehoram rent:
Am *I a God*, he to his *Nobles* ſaid,
That with a word can *kill* and raiſe the *Dead?*
Can we his *Lepers* heal! ---A *mean Pretence*,
For *Rapine*, *Blood* and *War* without *Offence*:
Diſmiſs, *Eliſha* ſays, your *groundleſs Fear*,
He ſoon ſhall know there's yet a *Prophet here*:
Before his *Gates* he drives with all his *Train*,
The *fiery Courſers* ſcarce endure the *Rein*,
They *champ* the frothy *Bit*, and *paw* the *Ground*,
His *ſplendid Equipage* wait *ſilent* round:

Unmov'd

CLXXXVIII.

2 KINGS, Chap. V. from Ver. 1. to the End.

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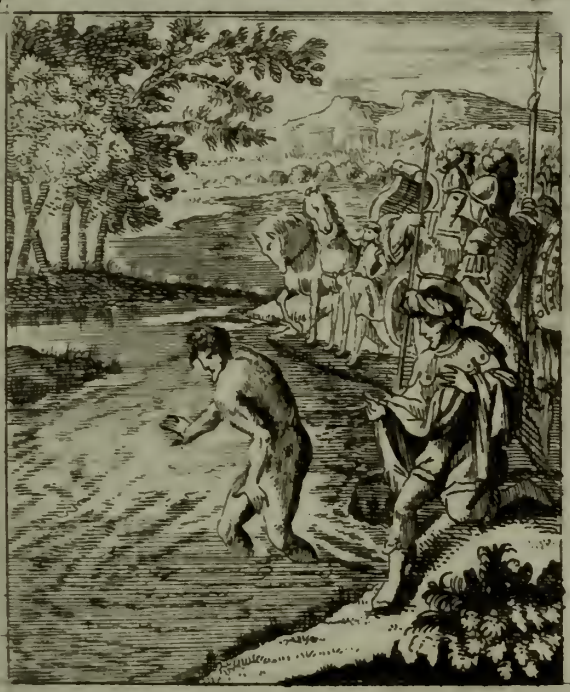

Ver. 13. Naaman's *ſervants came near, and ſpake unto him, and ſaid, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do ſome great thing, wouldſt thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he ſaith to thee, Waſh and be clean?*

14. *Then went he down, and dipped himſelf ſeven times in* Jordan, *according to the ſaying of the man of God: and his fleſh came again like unto the fleſh of a little child, and he was clean.*

Unmov'd

Unmov'd the Prophet thus his *Orders* gave,
Go *wash* thy *leprous Limbs* in *Jordan's* Wave!
Sev'n Times the *cryſtal Lavers* uſe renew,
Mirac'lous *Health* and *Eaſe* ſhall thence enſue.
The *Syrian ſtorm'd* and *rag'd* at his *Defeat*,
Is't thus my *Maſter's Friends* the *Hebrews* treat?
From *Iſrael's pow'rful God* who rules the *Sky*,
I look'd for ſomething more *auguſt* and *high*:
In his *dread Name* the *Prophet* ſhou'd attend,
And *ſtrike* the *Place*, and *Health* and *Beauty* ſend:
Ev'n *he* muſt own his *Jordan's Current* yields
To thoſe that waſh my *native happy Fields*,
Where *Pharpar's Streams* thro' *flow'ry Meadows* ſtray,
And *Abana* cuts out its *winding way*.
The *Gen'ral* thus, and thence *enrag'd* he goes,
His *wiſer Servants* mildly interpoſe;
My *Father!* had the *Prophet* deign'd to ask
For thy *Recovery* ſome *important Task*,
'T had been by thoſe *reſiſtleſs Arms atchiev'd*;
How eaſie then to *waſh* and be *reliev'd?*
A *gen'rous Mind* can never wander long,
But *Truth* and *Reaſon weighs*, when in the *Wrong*:
His *Paſſion calm'd*, to *Jordan* he deſcends,
And *Eaſe*, and *vig'rous Health* his *Faith* attends:
Return'd, vain *Idols* vows to *ſerve* no more,
But *Iſrael's* God with *Pray'rs* and *Sacrifice* adore.

CXC.

Eliſha *diſcovers the Counſels of* Syria *to the King of* Iſrael: *An Army of* Syrians *ſent to take him. He is defended with Chariots and Horſes of Fire*, &c.

A Gen with *Iſrael*, *Syria War* proclaims,
For *Glory* and for *Empire*; *mighty Names*,
Which oft have ſet the *rival World* in *Flames!*
By *frequent Spoils* the Land too well they knew,
Nor their *Advantage* wanting to purſue:
What *Poſts* to *ſeize* in *Council* they agree,
Whence they might moſt *infeſt* their *Enemy*:
To *Iſrael*'s Monarch *Eliſeus* ſent,
Who more than once *appriz'd* of their *Intent*,
The *Paſſes* ſeiz'd and did their *Spoil prevent*.
As *Waves* when with *tumultuous Waves* engag'd,
The *diſappointed Syrian* ſtorm'd and rag'd:
What *Traitor* has my *Counſels* thus reveal'd,
Or are you all *combin'd* that ſtill the *Wretch* conceal'd!
When thus his *Slaves* around him *crouching* ſay,
A *Syrian never cou'd his Lord betray*;
But 'tis *Eliſha* has his *Maſter* ſhown,
What only to *theſe Walls* before was known.
I'll have the *Wizard's Head* whate're it coſt,
The *Tyrant* cries, and ſends a *num'rous Hoſt*,

Who

Who *Dothan's Walls*, which with the Prophet bleſs'd,
By long and ſpeedy *Marches* ſoon inveſt:
As o're the *Hills* the *bluſhing Morn* aroſe,
Her *Beams* their *glitt'ring Squadrons* firſt diſcloſe,
When thro' the *Gates Eliſha* fearleſs goes,
His *faithful Servant* waiting by his *ſide*;
Nor ſooner he the *Syrian Army* ſpy'd,
Trembling and pale--, *Alas my Lord!* he cry'd,
Their *Hoſt* ſo *num'rous*, and the *Foe* ſo *nigh*,
What *Hope* to *'ſcape*, or whither muſt we *fly*?
His Maſter thus--- with *coward Fear* away,
We have a *larger Army far than they.*
He prays, thoſe *Scales* remove that *veil'd* his *Sight*,
His *Eyes* are ſtruck with *new* and *wond'rous Light*:
He ſaw the *Hills* with *fiery Chariots* ſpred,
Red were the *Steeds*, their *flaming Manes* were *Red*:
Their *deadly Scythes* of *pointed Lightnings* made,
Or borrow'd from the *Comets* threatning *Blade*:
So *cloſe* their *Ranks*, ſo *deep* their *Files* appear'd,
As their *own Heav'n* they left *without a Guard.*
Agen to Heav'n the *Man of God* preferr'd
His *fervent Pray'rs*, his *fervent Pray'rs* are *heard*:
Who the *protected Pair* did late *ſurround*,
Their *Eyes* with *Darkneſs* ſeal'd, and *Shades* profound;
Their *Army*, now a *Rout*, is ſcatter'd wide,
And whom they ſought their *Prey*, implore their *Guide*;

To

CXC.

2 KINGS, Chap. VI. from Ver. 3. to Ver. 23.

Ver. 15. *When the ſervant of the man of God was riſen early, and gone forth, behold an hoſt compaſſed the city, both with horſes and chariots: and his ſervant ſaid unto him, Alas my maſter, how ſhall we do?*

16. *And he anſwered, Fear not: for they that be with us, are mo than they that be with them.*

17. *And* Eliſha *prayed, and ſaid, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may ſee. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he ſaw: and behold, the mountain was full of horſes, and chariots of fire round about* Eliſha.

To fair *Samaria's Walls* he them convey'd,
Their *Eyes recover'd* when the Prophet pray'd.
O *What a Sight!* when *waking* first they view'd
Those *hostile Walls* so oft in *Blood* embrew'd!
The *Guards* around in *glitt'ring Armour* stand,
Each with his *Weapon* in his *strong Right-Hand*,
In *act to strike*; they thought their *Prince* too *slow*,
And wait with *Pain* the *Word* to give the *Blow*.
He asks the *Prophet*, mildly he replies,
And wou'dst thou smite thy *captive Enemies?*
Th' *ungen'rous* only with th' *unarm'd* contend,
And take a *Life* which cannot *theirs* offend:
Rather oblige, and home in safety send!
The *Not-ill-natur'd Prince* his Word obey'd,
A *Kingly Feast* he for his *Captives* made;
Then did without a *Ransom* them release,
And with his *Bounty* charm'd, to *Syria* send in *Peace*.

CXCI.

Samaria *besieg'd. The Famine there. The* Syrians *fly. The unbelieving Lord trod to Death.*

BUT *Kindnesses* are on th' *ungrateful* lost:
The *Syrian* Monarch with a num'rous *Host*
Thro' *Israel's rifled Tribes* came *pouring* down,
And with a strong *Blockade* he press'd the *Royal Town*;

An

An *obſtinate Defence Samaria* made,
Till *meagre Famine* did their *Walls* invade:
Clean and *unclean* were *loſt*, the vileſt *Meat*,
Ev'n *Excrements* they now for *Dainties* eat.
Nature's forgot, the tender *Mother's* Womb
Does her lov'd Offspring *half-alive* intomb.
Broken with Ills their *wav'ring Prince* gave way,
For *Heaven's aſſiſtance* he'll no *longer ſtay*:
So God to me and more, enrag'd, he ſaid,
Unleſs this Day the *Son* of *Shaphat's Head*
For all the *Miſchief* we endure, *attone*,
Prevent my *Peoples Ruin* and my *own*.
Nor to the *Prophet* his *Deſigns* unknown;
While *Iſrael's Elders* round attentive wait,
He thus pronounc'd the *bright Reverſe of Fate*:
" Thus ſaith the Lord-- e're the *ſucceeding Sun*
" Has reach'd his *Goal*, or *half* his *Circuit* run,
" I'll bleſs your crowded *Gates* with *wond'rous Store*,
" And *Famine* ſhall infeſt your *Walls* no more.
You muſt *excuſe my Faith*, a Lord reply'd,
Shou'd Heav'n itſelf its *Window* open wide,
And rain prodigious *Show'rs of Plenty* down,
Scarce cou'd it *thus* relieve the *famiſh'd Town*.
Yet thou thy ſelf ſhalt *ſee* it with thoſe *Eyes*,
The Prophet to the *Infidel* replies;
But *ſmall* the *Joy* thou ſhalt from thence *receive*,
Not giv'n to *taſte* what thou wilt not *believe*:
Th' *Event* fulfill'd his Words-- 'twas now the *Hour*,
When *Light* and *Shades* contend with *equal Pow'r*:

When in the the Camp the *rattling Chariots* noise,
Mix'd with the *neighing Coursers* warlike Voice
Is heard, a *panic Fear* from Heav'n is sent,
And wild *Confusion* runs thro' every *Tent*.
They *rose*, they *ran*, they *cry'd* for Life, they *fled*,
Nor look behind; their *fansi'd Foes* they dread,
And with their *Spoils* the *Road* to *Jordan* spread;
Four Lepers these surprizing *Tidings* bring,
But find no *Faith* at first with *Israel*'s King:
'Twas but a *Feint*, the *Foe* in *Ambush* laid,
Wou'd soon agen th' *unguarded Gates* invade:
Two *trusty Spies* for sure *Advice* he sends,
And with *impatience* their Success attends,
Who soon confirm the *Tidings* brought before,
The *Foe* was *fled*, *incredible* the *Store*
They left behind; th' *ungovern'd Crowd* no more
Wou'd bear *Restraint*, thro' the *broad Gates* they pour,
And what they *find*, by *Hunger* urg'd, *devour*:
Pleas'd and *displeas'd* the King attempts in vain
The *Citizens Disorders* to restrain:
Th' *incred'lous Noble* who on him did wait,
He from the *Palace* sends to guard the *Gate*:
But all *Distinctions* lost, he call'd aloud,
Unheard, or *unreguarded* of the Crowd:
Till born to *Earth* beneath their *Feet* he lies,
Fulfils the Prophet's *Words*, and vainly *threatning*, dies.

CXCI.

2 KINGS, Chap. VI. from Ver. 24. to the End; and Chap. VII.

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Chap. VII. Ver. 17. *The king appointed the lord on whose hand he leaned, to have the charge of the gate: and the people trode upon him in the gate, and he died, as the man of God had said, who spake when the king came down to him, saying,*

19. *--Behold, if the Lord should make windows in heaven, might such a thing be? And he said, Behold, thou shalt see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not eat thereof.*

20. *And so it fell out unto him: for the people trode upon him in the gate, and he died.*

CXCII.

2 KINGS, Chap. VIII. from Ver. 7. to Ver. 15.

Eliſha *fore-tells* Benhadad's *Death, and that* Hazael *ſhould be King of* Syria, *&c.*

TO *Syrian Damaſec Eliſha* goes,
And *hoſtile Fields*, ſo did *high Heav'n* diſpoſe,
His Maſter's *great Commiſſion* to fulfil,
Long ſince receiv'd on *Horeb's ſacred Hill.*
Weak on his *Couch* the Son of *Hadad* lay,
And *linger'd* with *inſenſible Decay:*
His *Robes*, his *Scepter* and his *Crown* lay by,
Thoſe *unavailing Marks of Royalty:*
Weak *Cordials*, and apply'd without *Succeſs*,
In *Mind* or *Body* not *one Pang* the *leſs:*
Of all the *ſuppliant Slaves* who him attend,
Falſe *Hazael* did he to the *Prophet* ſend,
Who *veil'd* the *Traitor* underneath the *Friend:*
Loaden with Gifts he on *Eliſha* waits,
At his *orac'lous Mouth* conſults the *Fates.*
The Son of *Shaphat* did this *Anſwer* give,
By *courſe* of *Nature* ſtill thy Lord may *live:*

But *Nature* can't contend with *Deſtiny*,
And God has ſhown me, he ſhall *ſurely die*:
He ſaid, and on the *Traitor fix'd* his *Eye*,
Thoughtful he *view'd*, on future *Ills* intent,
Till with a *Burſt* of *Tears* he gives his *Paſſion* vent.
---Why *weeps my Lord* the *wily Courtier* ſaid,
To whom the Prophet thus--- *I ſee and dread*
Th' innum'rable *Ills* the *Fates* prepare,
And my *dear Country* from thy *Hands* muſt bear:
Nor *Sex*, nor *Age* thy cruel *Hands* will *ſpare*.
Their *valiant Youth* ſhall by thy *Sword* expire,
Their *Cities* wilt thou *raze*, their *Caſtles fire*.
---Am I a *Dog*, the *Peer* incens'd replies,
To act ſuch *black*, ſuch *monſtrous Villanies*?
The Prophet wiſhes his *Preſage* were *vain*,
But God had ſaid, he ſhou'd in *Syria* reign.
With *Looks* that falſly promis'd *fair Succeſs*,
Hazael returning does his Lord *addreſs*:
His *Life*, and his *Recov'ry* both *inſur'd*,
Both by th' *unerring Prophet's* Word *ſecur'd*.
The *Morning* came, the *laſt* that e're muſt riſe
On *Hadad's* Son, who now by *Treaſon* dies:
Thus *Vengeance* came at laſt, tho' long *delaid*,
And *Cruelty* by *Cruelty* is *paid*.
The *Truth* of righteous *Heav'n* is clearly ſhown,
And on the *Tyrant's* Neck the *Traitor* mounts the *Throne*.

CXCIII.

Joram *wounded at* Ramoth-Gilead. Jehu *anointed King He kills* Joram, Ahaziah *and* Jezebel.

AND now the *Truth* and *Providence* divine,
Will pay the *Vengeance* due to *Omri*'s *Line:*
While *Joram* push'd strong *Ramoth*'s Siege, a *Place*
That still was *fatal to his impious Race,*
A *desp'rate Salley* thence the *Syrians* made,
The *wounded King* to *Jezreel* is *convey'd;*
The while his *Army* in the *Leaguer* staid.
Thither a *Prophet* by *Elisha* sent,
To *Jehu* thus disclos'd *high Heav'ns* intent:
The *Lord* has thee his *People's Captain* chose,
Thy *Hands* shall take *Revenge* on all his *Foes:*
For all his *Servant's Blood,* for those which fell
By *Ahab,* and by *faithless Jezebel:*
Their *Name* to an *entire Destruction* doom'd,
Like *Nebat*'s Son, or *Baasha*'s Line consum'd:
Nor shall unplagu'd the *Royal Murdress* stay,
Nor any shall her *Fun'ral Honours* pay,
Her *pamper'd Limbs* to rav'nous *Hounds* a *Prey.*

To *Jehu* thus, the trembling *Prophet* said,
Then thro' the *Crowd* of *Warriors* broke and *fled;*

His

His *Message* heard, they Heav'ns *Commands* obey'd,
And to their *Gen'ral Regal Honours* paid.
Nor long the *Chief* their joynt *Desires* withstood,
His own *Ambition* veil'd with *publick Good*:
To *Jezreel* he by *speedy Marches* went,
So *swift* he *drove* he did his *Fame* prevent:
A *Cloud* of *Dust* the *Centry* first espy'd,
Then in *full March* a num'rous *Troop* descry'd;
Two *Courrier*'s sent, *Intelligence* to gain,
The *Strangers* joyn, and in the *Rear* remain.
With *small Attendance* rash *Jehoram* goes,
By *Ahaziah* joyn'd, to meet his *Foes*,
And *Jehu* fac'd, in that *unhappy Field*,
Which *Naboth* only with his *Life* wou'd *yield*:
And *is it Peace* he to the *Gen'ral* cries?
What *Peace* canst thou *expect*, he, *stern* replies,
When thy lewd *Mother's Charms* the Throne disgrace,
And call for *Plagues* on *thee* and all *thy Race*?
He *heard*, his *Hand* he *turn'd*, and *fled* too late,
His *Chariot-Wheels* too *slow* for *following Fate*:
Strong *Jehu* to the *Head* an *Arrow* drew,
Pointed with *Death*, and *singing* as it *flew*:
Guided by *Heav'n* th' *inevitable Dart*
Jehoram's *Armour* pierc'd, and pierc'd his *Heart*:
Headlong he *tumbles* from his *lofty Seat*,
His *quiv'ring Feet* th' unguided *Chariot* beat.

In *Naboth's Field* the *bleeding Body* thrown,
Nor cou'd for *murther'd Naboth's* Life *attone*:
In vain unhappy *Judah's Monarch* fled,
By the *fierce Guards* purſu'd and left for *Dead*.

The Son of *Nimſhi* like a *Tempeſt* drives,
And ſoon at *Jezreel's ſpatious Gates* arrives:
As a fell *Tygreſs* when her *Whelps* are *ſlain*,
Invades the *Hunter's Spear*, and does her *Life diſdain*,
So fares *fierce Jezebel* when *Jehu* near;
Deſpair and *Rage* had left no room for *Fear*.
From the *broad Window* ſhe look'd *ſcornful* down,
As his *hot Wheels* invade th' *unguarded Town*;
---Had *trait'rous* Zimri *Peace*, aloud ſhe cry'd,
Whoſe *Hands* were in his *Maſter's Murther* dy'd?
He only thus--- Are *none on* Jehu's *ſide!*
Th' *Attendants* heard, he bid 'em *caſt her down*:
See where ſhe *head-long* falls and *drops her Crown!*
She *ſtains* the *Pavement* with a *ſanguine Show'r*,
And *Dogs*, as was *fore-told*, her *mangled Limbs* devour.

CXCIII.

CXCIII.

2 KINGS, Chap. VIII. Ver. 28, 29. and Chap. IX.

Chap. IX. Ver. 30. *When* Jehu *was come to* Jezreel, Jezebel *heard of it, and she painted her face, and tired her head, and looked out at a window.*

31. *And as* Jehu *entred in at the gate, she said, Had* Zimri *peace, who slew his master?*

32. *And he lift up his face to the window, and said, Who is on my side, who? And there looked out to him two or three eunuchs.*

33. *And he said, Throw her down. So they threw her down; and some of her blood was sprinkled on the wall, and on the horses: and he trode her under foot.*

CXCIV.

2 Kings, Chap. X.

Jehu *destroys the House of* Ahab, *and Worshippers of* Baal.

Three Kings, one haughty Queen already *lost*,
Nor *half appeas'd* was murder'd *Naboth's Ghost*;
Till *Ahab!* all thy *hateful Race* destroy'd,
And *Vengeance* with repeated *Victims cloy'd*:
Almost an Hecatomb must now succeed,
And for their *Parents Crimes* thy *seventy Sons* must *bleed.*

For angry *Jehu* to *Samaria* sends,
To *Jezreel's high Estates* and *Ahab's Friends*;
Who their *old Master's Sons*, as fits their *State*,
With *fruitless Care* and *Duty* educate:
His *Letters* this surprizing *Message* bear;
"Since you so well *appointed* for the *War*
"With *Horse* and *Arms*, a *City* wall'd and strong,
"Which to your *Master's House* and *Sons* belong,
"The *best* and *worthiest* of their *Number* chuse,
"Nor wou'd you such a *fair occasion* lose,
"To place him firmly on his *Father's Throne*,
"Your *Loyalty* at once and *Valour* shown.

Scarce

Scarce cou'd they read the *threatning Lines* for Fear,
The trembling *Burghers Jehu's Meſſage* hear;
Too *rich* to *fight*, two *prudent* to be *brave*,
Wiſely they all *reſolv'd their own* to ſave,
To *Jehu* a *ſubmiſſive Anſwer* gave.
But 'tis not *Words* but *Deeds* muſt him *content*,
With ſpeed agen he to *Samaria* ſent,
Their *Peace* muſt with the *Princes Heads* be bought,
Without delay the *bloody Preſent* brought:
'Tis *done*, they at the *Gates* in *Heaps* are laid,
Their *gaſtful Viſages* the *Chief* ſurvey'd,
And with *ungen'rous Smiles* he to the *People* ſaid:
Againſt my *Maſter I conſpir'd*, but who
With *greater Merit* theſe before us *ſlew?*
---But 'tis on *Ahab's Houſe* the *Vengeance due*;
For *righteous Naboth* who unjuſtly *ſlain*,
By Great *Elijah* not *fore-told in vain.*

Jezreel is purg'd, *Samaria!* now prepare,
The *bitter Cup* from *Jehu's Hand* to ſhare;
Furious he *drives*, the *Miniſters of Fate*,
Deſtruction, *Slaughter*, *Death* around his *Chariot* wait.
Nor cou'd the *Royal Blood* which on the way
They *met* and *drunk*, their *burning Thirſt* allay,
Tho' forc'd awhile for *Jonadab* to *ſtay*,
By *Jehu* call'd, who *plac'd* him by his *ſide*,
At once a *Witneſs* of his *Zeal* and *Pride*.

Thro'

Thro' *Shemir's Gates* their *ſmoaking Axles* haſte,
While *Baal's proud Image trembled* as they *paſt*:
What e're of *Ahab* left is now *conſum'd*,
His Houſe to an *entire Deſtruction doom'd*:
With *Juſtice* next his *helpleſs Gods* muſt fall,
Jehu proclaims a *Sacrifice* to *Baal*,
His *Prieſts* and *Servants* to the Feaſt they call;
Abſence was *Death*, their *Idols Fane* they crowd,
And ſing in *barb'rous Hymns* his praiſes loud:
Short was their *Mirth*; the fierce *Reformer* came,
And look'd around--- his *wrathful Eyes* ſhot *Flame*,
As from *black Clouds* the *flaſhing Lightning* breaks,
Yet thus, his *Wrath repreſs'd*, the *Paynim-rout* beſpeaks:
" Let none within theſe *hallow'd Walls* remain,
" Whoſe *Preſence* may our *Myſteries* profane.
And now with *Clouds* of od'rous *Incenſe* riſe,
And now the *hungry Demons* fill the *Skies*,
And *lick* the *Blood*, and *taſte* the grateful *Sacrifice*.
When *Jehu* plac'd around a *choſen Band*,
Of faithful *Guards* with this *ſevere Command*;
If any *mark'd* for *Death* eſcapes away,
Who lets him go, *his forfeit Life* ſhall pay.
The *ſignal* giv'n the *Guards* ruſh fiercely in,
And ſoon the *pious Maſſacre* begin:
The *Prieſts* to their *polluted Altars* fly,
And vainly *beg* for *Life*, and *meanly die*:

With

With *Blood* the *Temple* ſwims, not *more defil'd*,
Tho' *Bodies* are on *heaps* of *Bodies* pil'd:
Thus *Jehu's Zeal* and *Policy* were ſhown,
Who Heav'ns juſt *Doom* fulfill'd, and did *attone*
For all Idolatry--- *beſides* his *own*:
The *Golden Calves* his *Life* and *Reign* diſgrace,
And brought at length a *Curſe* on his *devoted Race*.

CXCV.

Jehoaſh *reigns.* Eliſha's *Sickneſs: He propheſies the Diſcomfiture of* Syria, *&c.*

AND now *Jehoaſh Iſrael's Scepter* gain'd,
(His *Father dead*) and in *Samaria* reign'd:
But to *his Crimes* ſucceeds as well as *Throne*,
And *Jeroboam's Idols* made his *own*:
On ev'ry ſide preſs'd by their *ancient Foes*,
Weaker and ſtill more *weak* his *Empire* grows:
Their *Guardian Prophet* too declining lay,
Thy *Strength*, *Eliſha!* and thy *Spirits* decay;
Hardly the *Twi-light* left of thy once *glorious Day!*
The *King of* Iſrael *heard*, he left his *Throne*,
And *wept* the Prophet's *Loſs*, but more his *own*:
My *Father! O my Father!* ---thus he *cry'd!*
Who ſhall the *widow'd Land defend* or *guide*,

When

When *thou no more?* --- The *Monarch* thus complain'd,
And o're his *Face* a *Show'r of Tears* he rain'd;
Nor *unconcern'd* th' *expiring Saint* remain'd.
He ſummons all his *Force*, rais'd on his *Bed*,
(The laſt *Effort* of *Life*) and thus he ſaid,

At length I feel *Death's ſhiv'ring Cold* poſſeſs'd
Of ev'ry *Avenue*, prepare to ſtorm my *Breaſt*:
Yet ſooner ſhall this *lab'ring Breath* depart,
Than my *dear Country's Love* forſake my *Heart*:
Happy in this, that I my *Life* ſhall *cloſe*,
With fair *Preſage* of *Conqueſt* o're their Foes:
A *Bow* and *Arrows* brought at his Command,
Upon the *Kings* he plac'd his *trembling Hand*:
To *Eaſt*, to *Syria*-ward, my *Liege!* he cry'd,
And *rais'd* his *Voice*, the *fatal Arrow* guide!
The *Bow-ſtring twangs*, and from the *Windows* height,
The *whizzing Shaft* purſues its *airy Flight*:
Agen the Prophet rais'd his *drooping Head*,
His *Eyes* confeſs'd *new Life*, and thus he ſaid.
Go on, *bright Meſſenger!* thy *Quarry* find,
And for long *Triumphs* mark a *Track behind!*
While *Syria's boaſted Strength* like *Duſt* before the *Wind*.
Once more his *Eyes* he on the *Monarch* caſt,
Theſe *Arrows* take and ſtrike, for *Life's in haſte!*

Strike

CXCV.

2 KINGS, Chap. XIII. from Ver. 10. to the End.

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Ver. 15. Eliſha *ſaid to* Joaſh *the king of* Iſrael, *Take bow and arrows, and he took unto him bow and arrows; and he ſaid to the king of* Iſrael, *put thine hand upon the bow, and he put his hand upon it: and* Eliſha *put his hands upon the kings hands.*

17. *And he ſaid, Open the window eaſtward: and he opened it. Then* Eliſha *ſaid, Shoot: and he ſhot. And he ſaid, The arrows of the Lord's deliverance, and the arrows of deliverance from* Syria: *for thou ſhalt ſmite the* Syrians *in* Aphek, *till thou have conſumed them,* &c.

Strike

Strike on the Ground, he cries-- the *Prince* obey'd:
And *once*, and *twice* he wond'ring *ſtruck* and *ſtaid*:
The Prophet thus--- too well the *Fate* I know
Of *Iſrael*'s *Kings*, too *eaſie* to their *Foe*.
How happy, hadſt thou dar'd *purſue thy Blow*?
So had with *eaſe* by thy *repeated Stroke*,
Beyond *Recruits* the *Syrian Arms* been broke:
The juſt *Event* his *true Preſages* found,
For *thrice* were *Iſrael*'s Sons with *Conqueſt crown'd*.

Thus he who *grieves* to *ſtrike*, delights to *ſave*;
Reprieves thoſe *Sinners* whom he not *forgave*:
The ſacred *Contract* with their Fathers ſign'd,
Tho' they *forgot*, he ſtill *retains in mind*:
For his *own Honour* their *Salvation* wrought,
Againſt *his Foes* at once, and *Iſrael*'s fought.

" O *Truth* unchangeable! O *Pow'r* divine!
" So may'ſt thou ſtill on thy *lov'd People* ſhine!
" Aſſiſt their *Arms* with undeſerv'd *Succeſs*,
" Proud *Tyrants* humble, and their *Rage* repreſs;
" So all the *groaning World* ſhall thee their *Sa-*
" *viour* bleſs.

CXCVI.

Eliſha's *Death and Burial. A dead Man rais'd by touching his Body.*

AT *length 'tis done*, the *Saint* augments the *Bleſs'd*,
And *Angels* hymn his *Soul* to *endleſs Reſt* :
How *long* a *Pomp* his *Fun'ral Rites* attends,
What *Tears* were ſhed by *his* and *Virtue's Friends*,
No *Time* to *tell*, or with what *tuneful Verſe*
The *Prophet's Sons* adorn'd their *Maſter's Hearſe* :
But with a *decent Tomb* at length they truſt,
His *lov'd*, his *dear Remains*, and *ſacred Duſt*.
The *Vulgar* and the *Great* to *Earth deſcend*;
How e're *unlike* their *Life*, in *this* the *ſame* their *End*.
Nor long before a *baſe ignoble Name*,
Who ne're was worth the *Regiſter of Fame* ;
The *many joyn'd*, and him his *Neighbors* bear
Lamenting to his *humble Sepulcher* :
When loe of *Moab's Sons* a *roving Band*,
Who *Jordan's Foords* had croſs'd, *invades* the *Land*.

The

The *People* saw, and from the *Grave* they fled,
More careful of the *Living* than the *Dead*;
But in the *Prophet's Tomb* with *happy haste*,
The *Carcass* yet *immovable* they *cast*;
Whose *Bones* no sooner toucht, to *Life* he rose,
And from his *Iron-Sleep* his *Eyes* unclos'd:
Or from the *sacred Corps* such *Virtue* spread,
As ev'n cou'd *after Death* revive the *Dead*;
Or rather *Heav'n* his *Virtues* did attest,
When his *bright Soul* was *rang'd* among the *Bless'd*.
This, as it will, the *Man* his *Life* renew'd,
And *shrouded* as he was, the Crowd *pursu'd*:
Shriek'd the *Spectators* when from *Earth* he rose,
And dread the *Living Ghost* beyond th' *invading Foes*.

CXCVI.

CXCVI.

2 KINGS, Chap. XIII. Ver. 20, 21.

Ver. 20. Eliſha *died, and they buried him: and the bands of the* Moabites *invaded the land at the coming in of the year.*

21. *And it came to paſs as they were burying a man, that behold, they ſpied a band of men, and they caſt the man into the ſepulchre of* Eliſha: *and when the man was let down, and touched the bones of* Eliſha, *he revived, and ſtood upon his feet.*

CXCVII.

2 KINGS, Chap. XVII.

Israel *carry'd Captive by* Shalmanezer: *Strange Nations sent in their rooms*, &c.

HOshea, who *Israel's* Crown by *Murther* gain'd,
Now on the Hill of ancient *Shemir* reign'd:
By *Shalmanezer* conquer'd, *Tribute* paid,
Awhile his new *Assyrian Lord* obey'd:
Weary at length he lays a *deep Design*
To *break* his *Yoke*, and does with *Egypt* joyn;
Which by *Assyria's Partizans* disclos'd,
To his *Resentments* he's agen expos'd:
What *crowding Nations* with him take the *Field*,
To whom the *Royal Towns* compell'd to *yield*;
Their *King* in *Chains* th' *Assyrian* with him bore,
Nor wou'd he trust the *pardon'd Rebel* more:
From their dear *Native Country* far away,
Degenerate Israel's *Sons* he did convey,
Whence never, never more they must *return*,
But their *lost Seats* in *endless Exile* mourn:
In *Halah* and in *Habor these* were plac'd,
These in the *Median Towns* by *Gozan's Streams* embrac'd.

What

What *Crimes* cou'd *Israel*'s God so far *provoke*,
That with his *own lov'd People* thus he *broke*
His ancient Leagues, and left 'em to their *Foe*,
For whom so oft he *Wonders* wont to *show*?
---'Twas *they* who on themselves his *Wrath* pull'd down,
And *sold* to *Ruin* their *forsaken Town*:
Incorrigibly wicked and *profane*,
His *Prophets* call'd, himself he *call'd* in vain:
On ev'ry *Hill* an *Idol-Grove* they made,
Beneath each *verdant Trees inviting Shade*,
Themselves defiling they their *Shame* ador'd,
The Heathen follow'd, and *provok'd* the *Lord*.
But *Jeroboam*'s *Calves* the *casting-weight*,
Which their *swift Ruin* brought, and *seal'd* their *Fate*:
For this the Nation long of *God belov'd*,
From their *bless'd Land*, and from his *Sight remov'd*;
While to *Samaria*'s *Regions* in their room,
Large *Colonies* of *barb'rous People* come:
From *Babel* these, and these from *Cusha* went,
From *Hamath* others, and from *Ava* sent,
Or conquer'd *Sepharvaim*'s wasted Land,
Whose *Gods* too weak th' *Assyrian* to withstand;
Like those they *follow'd*, *impious* and profane,
For this by *rav'nous Lions* justly slain;
Till their entire *Destruction* to prevent,
The King an *ancient Priest* of *Bethel* sent:

He *taught* 'em what he *cou'd*, tho' little more
Than what the *Heathens* knew themselves before,
How *richly* now is their *Pantheon* stor'd!
The *Calves*, *their Gods*, and *Israel*'s God ador'd:
A diff'rent *Pow'r* each diff'rent *Sept* maintain,
And of *divided Faith* to After-Days remain.

CXCVIII.

2 KINGS, Chap. XVIII.

Hezekiah's *Good Reign, and Prosperity.* Jerusalem *besieg'd:* Rabshakeh's *Blasphemy*, &c.

TO *Fate* victorious *Shalmanezer* yields,
And *Sanherib* th' *Assyrian Scepter* wields:
Israel his *Predecessor* Captive made,
And *Judah*'s *Sister Realm his Arms* invade:
The *same* his *Hopes*, but with unlike *Success*,
For *Hezekiah* now the *Throne* did *bless*:
To *David*, not *unworthy*, he *succeeds*,
Heir of his *Kingdoms* and his *virtuous Deeds*:
High-Places he, the *People's Snare*, removes,
Their *Images* he *breaks*, and *fells* their *Groves*:
The *brazen Serpent*, twenty Ages pass'd,
By mighty *Moses* in the Desart *cast*,

Whence

Whence those by *Serpents stung*, to Health restor'd,
With *Incense* by their *stupid Sons* ador'd,
While the *Grand Serpent hiss'd* for Joy, to see
The *Gifts* of *Heav'n* abus'd to vile *Idolatry*;
This, *humbled* from its *height*, the Prince did take,
With just and *pious Zeal* to *pieces* brake.
In *Israel's God* he *trusts*, nor trusts in vain,
His *Arms* succeed, and *Dagon's Slaves* are slain;
Nor longer wou'd he bear *proud Assur's Chain*:
Whose Host on *Judah* like a *Torrent* pours,
And *levels* with the *Dust* their *Walls* and *Tow'rs*:
With *Presents unappeas'd* he hastens on,
His *barb'rous Troops* invest the *sacred Town*:
Their Leader *Rabshakeh*, *robust* and strong,
Vast was his *Trunk*, and *valiant* was his *Tongue*:
Full of *himself* and of *gigantic Pride*,
The bold *Blasphemer Earth* and *Heav'n* defy'd;
And thus to *Hezekiah's Princes* cry'd.
With speed this *Message* to your *Master bear*,
The *King of Kings Imperial Will* declare;
Thou say'st I *Counsel* have, and *Strength* for *War*:
How vain thy *Confidence*, thy *Hopes* are vain!
Can *Egypt's feeble Succour* thee sustain?
False as the *Reeds* that on their *Nilus* stand,
At once they *break* and *wound* the *Leaner's Hand*.

But if you on your *Father's God* relie,
That *boasted Pow'r* that rules both *Earth* and *Sky*;
His *Altars* and *High-Places* are no more,
Your King has *those* destroy'd, and bids you *here* adore.
That God's Commission 'tis I with me bear,
And *War* from *him* against your *Town* declare.

He said, then to the *Garrison* address'd,
And in their *native Speech* his Blasphemies express'd.

Defend no more your *feeble Walls* in vain,
But yield, and *honourable Terms* obtain!
Trust not *your King*, tho' vainly he pretend;
Your *God* can you against *these Arms* defend?
Where are the *Gods* that *Hamath's Sons* implor'd,
That *Arpha*, *Henah*, *Ivah* once *ador'd*?
Cou'd these my *Master's* Force and *mine* withstand,
Or save their *Countries* from my *conqu'ring Hand*!
How then can *yours*, who now looks *frowning* down,
And soon must see the *Fall* of his own *sacred Town*?

CXCIX.

2 KINGS, Chap. XIX. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 34.

Sennacherib's *Letter to* Hezekiah *His Prayer in the Temple: God's Answer by the Prophet* Isaiah.

NEXT from his *Lord* a *threatning Message* came,
The *same* the *Boasts*, the *Blasphemy* the same:
Nor *this* unmov'd, the King of *Judah* read,
In *God's bless'd House* before his *Altar* spread,
When humbly *prostrate* on the *Ground* he said,

O thou who dwellest on thy *radiant Throne*,
'Tis thou O *Lord art God*, and thou *alone*;
By *all the Kingdoms of this Earth* obey'd,
By thee this *Earth* and *Heav'n* of *Heav'ns* were made:
Bow down thine Ears and let my *Pray'rs* be heard!
With *Eyes of Pity* my *Distress* regard!
Regard th' *Assyrians Blasphemy* and *Pride*,
For *thee* he has *reproach'd*, and thee *defi'd*:
His *growing Pow'r* has laid whole *Nations* waste,
Into the *Flames* their *helpless Gods* has *cast*;

But *Stocks* and *Stones* they were, and *Gods miſ-nam'd*,
By *ſtupid Mortals* who *ador'd* 'em *fram'd*:
O *hear and ſave!* ſave from the *Tyrant's Hand*,
That all the *World* may *round* with *Wonder* ſtand;
When thy *Salvation* ſeen, *compell'd* to own,
That thou *O Lord! art God, and thou alone.*

His *pure Devotions* ready *Audience* find,
Nor *loſt* in *Air*, nor *ſcatter'd* into *Wind*:
A *welcom Anſwer princely ESAY* bears,
And thus propitious Heav'ns *Reſolves* declares.

Thus ſaith the Lord--- in *vain* thou haſt not *pray'd*,
Againſt proud Aſſur thee from Heav'n I'll *aid*:
All *otherwiſe to him* the *Meſſage* ſent,
The *Truths* how *terrible!* how *near* th' *Event!*
Fair *Sion's Daughters, Aſſur!* thee deride,
And *ſcorn* alike thy threatning *Rage* and *Pride*;
Whom does thy *Mouth blaſpheme* and whom *deſpiſe*,
O wretch of *harden'd Face* and *haughty Eyes!*
Againſt what *Pow'r* doſt, thou *profane*, rebel?
Againſt the *Holy one of* Iſrael.
The *Lord* haſt thou *reproach'd*, and thus haſt ſaid,
To *Lebanon's* fair *ſides* and lofty *Head.*
Fearleſs have I my *brazen Chariots* driv'n,
And *thunder'd* in the *neighbourhood of Heav'n:*

The ſtately *Fir*, the *Plane*, the ſtubborn *Oak*,
The *Cedars* groan beneath my *Axes* ſtroak:
Thence will I with *unnumber'd Legions* go,
And waſte the fruitful *Fields* and *Plains* below;
And eaſie Conqueſt they-- Thro' *Realms* unknown,
Have my *victorious Arms* already gone,
When troubled by my *Feet* deep *Streams* grew dry,
While Earth produc'd *new Springs*, nor *dar'd* her *Lord deny*.

Aſſuming Mortal, know 'twas my *Decree*:
The Nations felt my *threaten'd Scourge* in *thee*:
Hence all *confus'd* with *Terror* and *Diſmay*,
Like *Graſs* before the *Scythe*, an *eaſie Prey*:
Yet ſtill I mark thy *Steps*, I know thy *Rage*
Againſt my *ſelf*, againſt my *Heritage*:
My *Hook*, my *Bridle* ſhall thy *Rage* reſtrain,
And fierce *Leviathan* ſhall plunge in vain;
The way he *came* he muſt *return* again:
Jeruſalem, whoſe *fair* and *lofty Tow'rs*,
Thy greedy *Eyes* and *ſavage Mind* devours,
Will I protect, my ſtrong *Salvation* ſend,
And them for *David's ſake*, and for my *own*, *defend*.

CC.

An Angel kills 184000 Assyrians, *&c.*

TH' *Assyrian* Camp before strong *Libnah* lay,
Tir'd with the *bloody Labours* of the *Day*:
The *fatal Evening* climbs the *gloomy Air*,
Dark was the *Night* as *Horror* or *Despair*:
When loe from *Heav'n* th' avenging *Angel* came,
His *Sword* a *Pestilence's* deadly Flame;
Incumbent o're the *trembling Camp* he flies,
So *glares* an *angry Comet* in the *Skies*,
And points from *East* to *West* his *length of Train*,
Fore-boding *Nations plagu'd* and *Princes slain*:
A *Viol* of *Almighty Wrath* he bore,
And *crashing* broke like *burst of Thunders Roar*,
Or *Waves* by *Whirl-winds dash'd* against the *Shoar*:
O *what a Groan!* --- as *Nature's* self *expir'd*,
Or all this *habitable Mansion fir'd*.
Awak'd by *dying Shrieks* the *Warriors* rose,
And *these* in vain their *spatious Shields* oppose;
Some *Swear*, some *Pray*, but both *alike in vain*;
Levell'd with *Earth* the *Tents confus'd* remain,
And heaps of *Myriads* lie on *Myriads slain*.
Blaspheming *Rabshakeh* among the rest,
The *Pow'r* of *Israel* now too late *confess'd*:

Transfix'd

CC.

2 KINGS, Chap. XIX. from Ver. 35. to the End.

Ver. 35. *It came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the* Assyrians, *an hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses.*

36. *So* Sennacherib *king of* Assyria *departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at* Nineveh.

37. *And it came to pass as he was worshipping in the house of* Nisroch *his god, that* Adramelech *and* Sharezer *his sons smote him with the sword,* &c.

Transfix'd

Transfix'd with many a more than *mortal Wound*,
And *nail'd* by *vengeful Thunder* to the *Ground*.
Averse at length, and *slow* the *Morning* rose,
But what a *Scene* its *sickly Beams* disclose?
'Twas *Horror*, *Horror* all--- The *Plague* was *kind*,
Paler than *Death* were those who *left behind*.
With these did *proud Sennacherib* remain,
Who *clamb'ring* o're *prodigious Hills* of slain;
Yet I have scap'd thy Bolts, blaspheming cries,
And to the *Town of ancient Ninus* flies.
---No Tyrant! no-- *Their Fate* is *mild* to *thine*,
Reserv'd the *Triumph* thou of *Wrath divine!*
Nor long delaid--- for as at *Nisroch's Fane*,
He paid his *Thanks* and pompous *Vows* in vain;
His *impious Sons* against their *Father* rise,
And to th' *infernal Demons sacrifice*.

" Nor has just Heav'n *exhausted* all its *Store*,
On those *Sennacheribs* that reign'd *before*:
Its *Plagues* and *Swords* are still for *Tyrants* meant,
And both prepar'd to *strike* unless they soon *repent*.

CCI.

CCI.

Hezekiah's *Sickneſs. The Shadow goes back on the Dial of* Ahaz. *His Recovery*, &c.

SCorch'd with a burning *Feavers* mortal *Rage*,
Too ſtrong for *Art* to *conquer* or *aſſuage*,
Good *Hezekiah* lay--- with *pious Care*,
Iſaiah bids him for his *Death* prepare:
He *heard*, but *Kings*, *tho' Saints*, *are loth to die*,
To *Heav'n* he does with *fervent Pray'rs* apply:
His *Truth* and *upright Heart* he humbly pleads,
And for his *Life* with *Tears* he *intercedes*:
Nor were his *gaſping Vows* in vain preferr'd,
But *Iſrael's* God his *own lov'd Monarch* heard:
With Words of *Health* and *Peace* the Prophet ſends,
Who gladly with this *welcom News* attends.

" Go tell the *Captain of my choſen Hoſt*,
Not one of *all* thy *Tears* or *Pray'rs* are loſt:
To my *lov'd Houſe* I'll thee agen *reſtore*,
Thy Days prolong'd *four happy Luſtres* more:
Nor ſhall a *Sign* be wanting to perſuade
The ready *Credence* of *celeſtial Aid*:

Yon ample Dial from thy *Couch* ſurvey,
Which marks the *riſing* and declining Day;
By *skilful Artiſts* from *Damaſcus* brought,
With *Royal Bounty* paid, for *Ahaz* wrought;
Say, ſhall the Shade from the *Meridian* Line
Riſe in the broad *Degrees*, or elſe *decline!*

If *humble Suitors* may ſo far *preſume*,
And *Heav'n* for *equal Choice* indulges room;
Returns the *Monarch*, let the *Shade retire*,
That all the *World* may *Iſrael's God* admire:
Enjoy thy Wiſh, the *well-born Saint* replies,
And to the *pow'rful Lord of Nature* cries:
Its *wonted Courſe* the trembling *Shade* gives o're,
And *backward* climbs, a Path *unknown* before:
The *Sun* the *Signal* ſaw, he *turns* his *Rein*,
His *Steeds* agen approach th' *Eöan Main*.
Thoſe *Sages* who that *Lamp of Heav'n* adore,
And never ſaw him *wander* thus *before*,
At this *Reverſe* of *Nature* ſtand *amaz'd*,
Now on their *Books*, and now on *Heav'n* they gaz'd;
Till *Fame* the *Tidings* from *Judea* bears,
And to the *wondring Nations* round declares:
Proud *Merodach*, who *Babel's Sceptre* ſway'd,
By many a *Tributary Prince* obey'd,
To the *recover'd King* his *Servants* ſent,
And kindly *joy'd* him of the *Great Event*:

Vain

CCI.

2 KINGS, Chap. XX. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 19.

Ver. 9. Isaiah *said to* Hezekiah, *This sign shalt thou have of the Lord, that the Lord will do the thing that he hath spoken: shall the shadow go forward ten degrees, or go back ten degrees?*

10. *And* Hezekiah *answered, It is a light thing for the shadow to go down ten degrees: nay, but let the shadow return backward ten degrees.*

11. *And* Isaiah *the prophet cried unto the Lord, and he brought the shadow ten degrees backward, by which it had gone down in the dial of* Ahaz.

Vain

Vain of his Wealth the *Hebrew* Monarch rose,
And all his *Treasure* to the *Strangers* shows:
How many a *Tear*, and what a *Heap of Woes*,
(*Fatal Civility!*) from hence shall *spring*,
The *Prophet* not *conceals* from *Judah's King*:
He thus--- What *God Decrees* must needs be best,
And since *my Days* with *Truth* and *Peace* are *bless'd*,
The *Future* is not *ours*, to *Heav'n* I leave the *Rest*.

CCII.

2 KINGS, Chap. XXI. to Ver. 16; and 2 CHRON. Chap. XXXIII. to Ver. 16.

Manasseh's *wicked Reign. His Captivity and Repentance*, &c.

MAnasseh next his *impious Reign* begun,
O how *unlike* Good *Hezekiah's Son!*
Those *Idol-Fanes* his *Father's Zeal* defac'd,
And *levell'd* with the *Ground*, agen he *rais'd*:
Baalim he serv'd and *Moloch*, *Names abhorr'd*,
And all the *glitt'ring Host of Heav'n* ador'd:
Within the *sacred Courts* did Altars rear,
Nor ev'n the *venerable Temple* spare,
But *horrid Forms* he plac'd, and monstrous Idols there:

Demons

Demons impure he worship'd *undisguis'd*,
And to th' *Infernal Pow'rs* he sacrific'd:
In all their *Superstitions* deeply read,
In all the *secret Language* of the *Dead*:
By *Charms* he knew the *servile Gods* to raise
Their *Planetary Hours* and *lucky Days*:
Himself a black *Familiar-Friend* retain'd,
By pow'rful *Words* and *mystic Numbers* chain'd;
With *Steams* of *human Sacrifices* fed,
A *Sea of Blood* around the City shed:
Ev'n *Canaan*'s Sins, when they, at Heav'ns command,
By *Israel swept* from their *polluted Land*,
When none of all their *vip'rous Race* were spar'd,
But *vulgar* Wickedness with *his* compar'd.
The *Nation leven*'d by his fatal Reign,
Incorrigibly *vitious* and *profane*,
The *Prophets* to *Repentance* call'd in vain;
In vain their *Warnings* dreadful *Threats* inforce,
No *Blushes*, no *Compunction*, no *Remorse*;
Till Heav'n did *Assur*'s *Arms* against 'em bring,
Who to proud *Babel* led their *captive King*.

And now his *Father's Pray'rs*, (tho' long deferr'd
A gracious Answer) for *Manasseh* heard:
To *God* and to *himself* at length he's brought.
His Father's God with *contrite Heart* he sought;
Nor *boundless Mercy* he in vain *implores*,
Which to his happy *Country* him restores:
He own'd the *Strength* of his *Almighty Hand*,
And seated on the *Throne* reform'd th' *Apostate Land*.

CCIII.

2 KINGS, Chap. XXI. to Ver. 19. Chap. XXII, XXIII. to Ver. 3.

Amon *succeeds.* *His wicked Reign.* Josiah *succeeds him.* *His early Piety.* *He reads the Book of the Law; sends to* Huldah *the Propheteſs.* *Renews the Covenant,* &c.

WHat moſt *Apoſtate Amon's Reign* commends,
Is that ſo *late begun,* ſo *ſoon it Ends:*
Yet *this* almoſt might for his *Crimes* attone,
That he the Nation bleſs'd with *ſuch a Son,*
Joſiah left, to *fill* and *grace* the *Throne:*
In *Childhood* he his *ſhining Race* began,
Pious when *young,* a *Saint* before a *Man:*
Nor ever did from *David's God* depart,
To whom in *Life's ſweet Dawn* he gave his *Heart.*
His *Nobles* to the *Houſe of God* he ſends,
And every *Breach* with *pious Care* amends:
Hilkiah then the ſacred *Miter* bore,
Which his Great *Anceſtors* from *Aaron* wore:
The *Lords* to him the *Peoples Offerings* bring,
He ſends a *greater Treaſure* to the King;
Th' *oraculous Volumes* which the *Law* contain,
And long ith' *Temple* had *neglected* lain;

These did learn'd *Shaphan* to the Monarch bear,
He *read* the dreadful *Plagues* and *Curses* there,
Which Heav'n did for the *sinful Land* prepare:
Josiah trembling heard, his *Robes* he *rent*,
And to *enquire of God* his *Nobles* sent,
If yet he might the *hov'ring Plague* prevent.

And now the *sacred Spirit* did only rest,
(From Men departed) in a *Female Breast*:
Wise *Huldah* she, the *College* her *abode*,
Respected there of *Men*, *belov'd* of *God*:
The *Seeds* of great *Events* he made her *see*,
When *lab'ring* yet in the *divine Decree*,
Weak *Embryo-Forms*, and *pressing* on to *Be*.
Consulted by the *Lords*, she thus replies,
While *Floods* of *boding Tears* invade her *Eyes*:
To him that sent you, *heavy Tidings* bear,
And thus from *Israel's injur'd Pow'r* declare.
---*Mischief* and *Woe* on this *devoted Place*,
On all the *Natives*, all their *impious Race*;
Thus saith *Lord*, I, I my self, will bring,
And all the *Curses* read to *Judah's* King;
Because from me th' *ungrate Apostates* turn'd,
To vain and *Idol-Gods* have *Incense* burn'd:
Full *Vials of my Wrath* I'll on them pour,
And them with *Flames unquenchable*, devour.

To *Judah's* King, *too good for such a Land*,
These *happier Tidings* bear by *Heav'ns Command*.

Becauſe thy *tender Heart* was touch'd with *Fear*,
When late thou didſt my *awful Threatnings* hear;
While *Peace remains* thou to the *Grave* ſhalt go,
Nor ſee thy *Country*'s fatal *over-throw*.

Joſiah heard, and *labour'd to prevent*
The *threaten'd Vengeance*--- he for *Judah* ſent,
To try if *yet*, if *yet* they wou'd *repent*:
To God's *high Temple* he th' *Aſſembly* leads,
And in their *Ears* the *Law* of *Moſes* reads:
The King againſt a *Marble Column* ſtood,
The *ſacred Compact* he with God renew'd:
Ah! wou'd the *faithleſs Nation this* maintain,
Jeruſalem might ſtill prolong her *Reign*,
And *Babel*'s haughty *Town* might *Arm* her *Sons* in vain.

CCIV.

Joſiah *deſtroys Idolatry.*

NOR here his *Zeal* the *brave Reformer* ſtays,
Nor longer his *important Work* delays;
But with the *Temple* wiſely he begins,
Polluted by his *Predeceſſors Sins*:
Idols accurs'd, whoſe *monſtrous Forms* invade
The ſacred *Manſion* for *Jehovah* made,

Dethron'd

Dethron'd, to *Kidron's Fields* his *Servants* bear,
And with their *ruin'd Altars* burn 'em there:
The *Chemarims*, and *Idol-Prieſts* abhorr'd,
Who *Baalim*, and the *heav'nly Hoſt* ador'd,
Extirpated by his *avenging Sword*:
He *cleans*'d the City of their *num'rous Fry*,
And did their *ſable* Cowls in *ſanguine* die.
Thoſe *holy Strumpets* who more *Converts* made,
Than cou'd *their Prieſts*, with all their juggling Trade
Of *Lying Miracles*, by Whoredom fed,
Are now *diſlodg'd* and from their *Convents* fled,
By *honeſt Labour* taught to earn their *Bread*.
Tophet and *Hinnom's Vale*, deform'd of yore,
With *impious Victims*, and with *human Gore*;
Where *Noiſe*, and *Horror*, and *Confuſion* dwell,
Or *Hell* it ſelf, or elſe the *Type of Hell*;
The King *defiles*, their *Altars* over-turns,
In his *own Fire* he monſtrous *Moloch burns*:
Thoſe *Steeds* which long had rang'd in *Paſtures* fair,
Sacred to *Heav'ns broad Eye*, and *free* as *Air*;
Obtend their ancient *Royal Grants* in vain,
Agen they *champ* the *Bit*, and *own* the *Rein*:
See their bright *Maſters* lofty *Chariots* broke,
Their *mouldring Wheels* involv'd in *Flames* and *Smoke*;
How will he now his *heav'nly Fire* convey,
Or round his ſpatious *Circle* drive the *Day*?

Chemosh and *Milcom*, who *Prescription* plead,
And by their *mighty Founder* intercede,
Tumbled from their proud *Mounts*, and with the *Blow*
To *Atoms* crush'd in *Kidron's Vale* below:
What e're their *fabling Priests* the *Poets* tell,
That *Gods* before the *Sons of Titan* fell,
Dispeopled Heav'n and crowded Earth and Hell;
Never till now so vast a *Ravage* known,
When *thund'ring Baal* drops head-long from his *Throne.*
Old *Jeroboam's Heifers* plead in vain,
Their *Trophies* won thro' many an *impious Reign*,
Their *Priests* are now *themselves* for *Victims* slain;
With *Bones* and *Carcasses* their *Altars* spread,
And to the *Dead* they *sacrifice* the *Dead.*
Among the rest, *intomb'd* the *Prophet* there,
Who long before did *these Events* declare;
The *pious Monarch* bids his Ashes *spare*:
Thence to *Samaria* he his *Progress* makes,
Their helpless *Idols* from their *Fanes* he takes;
Their *Priests*, and *Worshippers*, and *Altars* burns,
And to *Jerusalem triumphant* he returns.

CCIV.

2 KINGS, Chap. XXIII. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 20.

Ver. 11. Joash *took away the horses that the kings of* Judah *had given to the sun, and burnt the chariots of the sun with fire.*

12. *And the altars which the kings of* Judah *had made, and the altars which* Manasseh *had made in the two courts of the house of the Lord, did the king beat down, and brake them down from thence, and cast the dust of them into the brook* Kidron.

14. *And he brake in pieces the images, and cut down the groves, and filled their places with the bones of men.*

CCV.

2 KINGS, Chap. XXIII. to Ver. 23. 2 CHRON. Chap. XXXV.

Josiah's *Passover.* *He's slain by* Pharaoh-Necho. *His Death lamented.*

WIth *pure Devotion*, thus, and *ready Will*,
The *pious Prince* did Heav'ns Commands fulfil:
The *Paschal Feast* he kept with *strict Regard*,
While *Aaron*'s Sons, each in their *proper Ward*,
By *David fix'd* of old, their *Work* discharge,
His *Smiles* were *equal* and his *Bounty large*:
Nor *they alone* his *Royal Favour* share,
To *all* his *Subjects* his *paternal Care*
Extends, and bids a *Princely Feast* prepare;
Of spotless *Kids* and of unblemish'd *Lambs*,
Three Myriads, sever'd from their careful *Dams*;
Three thousand snowy Beeves with Garlands crown'd,
Their threatning *Horns* with sacred *Fillets* bound,
While with their *sounding Hoofs* they spurn the *Ground*;
From *Bashan*, and from *Sharon* he provides,
The *Princes* gave with lib'ral Hand besides;
Nor since the *First great Pasch* was e're before
Like *this* observ'd, nor ever will be *more*:

Order

Order was seen, and *Plenty* every where,
The Priests and Levites *here*, and Porters *there*;
While *Heman*'s Sons, and *Asaph*'s fill the *Quire*,
These the sweet *Psaltry* touch, and these the heav'nly *Lyre*.
---But, ah! how soon their *Mirth* to *Tears* must turn!
How soon must they their *Royal Patron* mourn.
Why was he *lent* to *Earth*, or why so soon
Did angry *Heav'n resume* the mighty *Boon*?
Too *Good* to *stay* Life's *Theatre* he *pass'd*,
And to his *native Stars* again did *haste*:
Fates cou'd not *strike* while he remain'd *below*,
But o're th' *Apostate Land suspend* their *Blow*:
---See where he *faces* his unequal *Foe*!
How dear, alas! his fatal *Courage* cost,
His useful *Life* at once, and *Judah* lost:
O *Judah* mourn! let *Salem*'s *Daughters* tear
Their *festal Robes*, and loose dishevel'd *Hair*!
Ye *Prophets*, and ye *Priests*! your *Shield* is gone,
Lament your *Country's Ruin* and *your own*!
Forgets its joyous Notes the *warbling Lyre*,
For *festal Shouts*, loud *Shrieks* to *Heav'n* aspire:
Songs are forgot--- If any still remain,
They but in *sad* and *mournful Notes* complain:
Josiah! lost *Josiah* all their *Sound*,
While *Hills* and *Dales*, and *Rocks* and *Caves* his dear-lov'd *Name* rebound.

CCVI.

The CHRONICLES.

THese *Annals* with the *Birth of Time* take Place,
And down to *Babel* bring the *choſen Race.*
From *Father Adam* they to *Noah* run,
Chap. I. And thence to *Abr'am* and his wond'rous *Son:*
II. *Iſra'l* ſucceeds, but *Iſra'l* muſt reſign
To *Twelve ſtrong Nations* branching from his *Line.*
Thence *Judah* forward ſhoots to *Jeſſe's Stem,*
And *David,* who adorn'd the *Hebrew Diadem.*
III. His *Sons* the *ſacred Pages* next rehearſe,
Whoſe *Names* refuſe the gentle *Laws of Verſe:*
Nor *Solomon!* ſhall we thy *Race* recite,
Where *Profit* will not mingle with *Delight:*
Nor what the faithful *Annaliſt* declares,
IV. *to* VIII. Of *Jacob's Sons* and their unnumber'd *HEIRS,*
Till he the *Hebrew Hiſtory* reſume,
X. Where *Saul* for his *Tranſgreſſion* found his *Doom;*
And *Jeſſe's* worthier *Son* ſupply'd his room.
From hence we learn what elſe had *ſlept unknown,*
XI, XII. The *Hoſt of God* that rais'd him to the *Throne:*
The Prieſts and *Levites* who with *ready Will,*
XIII, XV. *Convoy'd* the ſacred *Ark* to *Sion's Hill:*
The pious *King's deſign* an *Houſe* to frame,
In Honour of the Great *Jehovah's* Name;
The *Will* accepted, tho' the *Work* deny'd,
For which *uncounted Treaſures* they provide.
XXIII. The *Levites* next are *number'd* and *enroll'd,*
XXIV. The *ſacerdotal Lots* and *Service* told:
The *King* and *Princes* then appoint the *Quire,*
XXV. Here *Heman's Cornet* ſounds, there *Aſaph's* tuneful
Lyre.

The

CCVI.

The *Porters Wards*, whoſe bleſs'd *Employ* to wait XXVI.
(O *envy'd Honour!*) at th' *Almighty's Gate:*
The Peoples *monthly Chiefs* are next expreſs'd, XXVII.
The Son of *Zabdiel*, *Dodai*, and the reſt:
The Prieſt *Benaiah* there, who well cou'd *wield* *Ver.* 5.
The *Sword* and *Axe*, the *Cenſer* and the *Shield.*
His *ſecond Volume* does at large explain 2 *Chron.*
Thy *Buildings*, *Solomon!* and *glorious Reign:* III, IV.
Thy *Fame*, thy *Wealth*, thy *Navy*, and thy *Throne*, VIII, IX.
Th' Almighty's ſtately *Palace* and thy *own.*
Proceeding thence the Work agen relates X. *to the*
Thy *Royal Offspring* and their *various Fates*; *End.*
Till *Babel's King* thy impious *Line* ſubdu'd,
And in their *Blood* his vengeful *Sword* embrew'd;
Level with *Earth* thy glorious *Temple* laid,
And to his *Idol-Fanes* the *Spoils* convey'd; XXXVI.

Till

Till *Persia's Monarch* Heav'ns Command fulfill'd,
At once its sacred *House* and *Nation* did *rebuild*.

CCVII.

2 Chron. Chap. XI, XII. and 1 Kings, Chap. XIV. from Ver. 21. to Ver. 28.

Rehoboam's *Reign.* Shishak's *Invasion*, &c.

TEN *Nations* Rehoboam's *Yoke* disdain'd,
And only *Two* with *David's House* remain'd:
Judah, the *Royal Tribe*, in *Blood ally'd*,
And *Benjamin* by pow'rful *Int'rest* ty'd,
In *Salem* and its *Coasts* her *Sons* reside:
From *these* the King a *num'rous Army* draws,
Who take the *Field* to *vindicate* his *Cause*:
To these the *Man of God Shemaiah* came,
And thus bespeaks in his dread *Master's* Name:

O whither, *Judah!* whither wilt thou go,
With *Civil Arms* on a *mistaken Foe*?
Against your *Brethren* 'tis that you *prepare*
Your *impious Swords*, and move *intestine War*.
Return, return, nor tempt *unequal Might*,
'Tis all from *me*, and 'tis with *Heav'n* you *fight*.

They

They heard, and to their *Tents* in *Peace* retreat,
While *Death* and *Discord* rag'd at their *Defeat*.

In fair *Jerusalem Roboam* reigns,
Each day by *Peace* some new *Advantage* gains:
His *Frontier-Towns* repairs, secures his *Line*,
And fills his *Stores* with *Corn*, and *Oil*, and *Wine*;
His *Garrisons* with *Sword*, and *Shield*, and *Spear*,
And all the *glitt'ring Instruments* of *War*;
But bless'd with what far more of *Strength* imparts,
His *num'rous Subjects* firm and faithful *Hearts*:
The *Priests* and *Levites* to his Party fell,
Whom *Israel's sacrilegious Court* expel;
Their *Glebes* purloin'd, their sacred *Tithes* deny'd,
Hungry *Reforming Courtiers those* divide,
And *these* to *Bethel's Priests* and *Calves* apply'd.
How small th' *Usurper's Gains!* his curs'd *Design*;
Entails a *Curse* on him, and all his *Line*;
While *doubl'd Blessings* favour'd *Levi* bring,
When they a *Refuge* found with *Judah's King*.
To *these* the *pious Worshippers* repair,
With *these* present their *Sacrifice* and *Pray'r*:
'Twas *these*, O *Rehoboam!* *fix'd* thy *Throne*,
More than thy *Policy* or *Strength* had done.
But who, alas! Can *prosp'rous Fortune* bear?
Her *Gifts* have *Strings*, and ev'ry *Smile's* a *Snare*:
Soon did the *Prince* his *manlier Virtue* lose,
And his *uxorious Father's* Steps pursues:

From

From *many Wives* to *many Gods* declin'd,
And *both* from *Iſrael's God* eſtrang'd his *Mind*:
To *Miſchief prone* the *People* ſaw, who ſtill
Will *imitate* their *Prince*--- at leaſt in *ill*.
Idols and *Groves* on ev'ry *Hill* they made,
Beneath each verdant *Trees* refreſhing *Shade*:
Abominable Crimes in ſight of Day
They dare, and *Canaan* cou'd not *worſe* than they.
Nor this *unpuniſh'd*--- with a *num'rous Hoſt*,
Shiſhak aſcends by *Judah's Southern Coaſt*:
Fear and *Diſmay* their ſtrongeſt *Holds* invade,
And for the *Victor's Summons* ſcarce they ſtaid:
His *Troops* an undiſputed *Paſſage* find,
Terror before, *Deſtruction* march'd behind.
From *Judah's Hills* the *Crowd* run breathleſs down,
Pour thro' the *Gates* and fill the *ſacred Town*:
All was *Confuſion*; *Egypt* ſome attend,
And *wiſh* the *Preſence* of ſo *Great a Friend*,
And ſome wou'd *yield*, and ſome the *Town de-*
fend.
At length *Shemaiah* comes, and with him *bore*
More *dreadful News* than all they heard before.
Since *God forſaken* by th' *Apoſtate Land*,
He *them forſook* and left in *Shiſhak's* Hand:
The *King* deſcended from his *lofty Throne*,
That God is *Juſt* his *humbled Princes* own,
By *Penitence* his *kindled Wrath* attone:

Their

Their *Treasure* taken, but the *Town* is spar'd,
And of their *Golden Shields*, great *Shishak eas'd* the *Guard*.

CCVIII.

2 Chron. Chap. XIII.

Abijah's *Victory over* Jeroboam.

Roboam sleeps, *Abijah* next succeeds,
Short was his *Reign*, but *fam'd* for *mighty Deeds*:
Strongly he *warr'd* with *Israel's Rival Crown*,
And oft return'd with *Conquest* and *Renown*.
Four hundred thousand Combatants he led,
And *Ephraim's* Mount with firm *Battalions* spred;
But *twice the Number Jeroboam* brought,
When *thus* the *brave Abijah* e're they fought,
Who high on *Zaaraim's* Mount appear'd,
And thence with Ease by *either Army heard*.
--- "Before the *Sword* already *rais'd*, descend
O *Israel*, with your *faithless Prince* attend!
Wilfully Ignorant, you *ought* to *know*
That God on *David* did the *Crown* bestow;
With *him*, and with his *favour'd Royal Race*,
A *Compact* made, which *Time* shall ne're *efface*:

Tho'

Tho' this to *Nebat's Offspring* not unknown,
The *Servant* dar'd invade his *Master's Throne*:
A *Band* of *ſanguine Ruffians* with him joyn'd,
Fit *Inſtruments* for *Ills* by him deſign'd.
My Father *young*, unable to withſtand
His *full-grown Treaſon* and a *factious Land*,
He ſnatch'd the *Reins* from his *unpractis'd Hand*.
Not ſo from God, who *David's Line* will *own*,
And fix his *Sons* on his *well-order'd Throne*:
A *num'rous Army* to the *Field* you bring,
Vain of your *Idol-Gods* and *Idol-King*:
The *hallow'd Sons of Aaron* you *expel*,
And *Idol-Prieſts* in their *Poſſeſſions* dwell:
For *us*, *Jehovah* for our God we take,
Him have not *left*, nor will he *us forſake*.
His Prieſts attend his *Charge* and *Sacrifice*,
With *Clouds* of grateful *Incenſe* fill the *Skies*:
See where they ſtand with holy *Miters* crown'd,
As *Moſes* bids, the *ſilver Trumps* to *ſound*,
To *ſound* th' *Alarm* againſt you they prepare,
O do not *fight*, for *God himſelf* is *there!*
---Let him *preach on*, proud *Jeroboam* cry'd,
Whoſe Gods are ſtrongeſt now will ſoon be try'd.
The *wily Chief* a *num'rous Ambuſh* laid,
Which *Judah's Rear* with dreadful *Shouts* invade:
Himſelf he *charg'd their Front*-- they *ſtood* their
Ground
To God they cry, his *Prieſts* the *Trumpets* ſound;

--And

---And *God himself* did in their *Cause* appear;
Blind *Terror*, wild *Affright*, disorder'd *Fear*
On *Israel's Host* he scatter'd, soon they *fled*:
Behold the *Hills*, behold the *Vallies* spread
With *Swords* and *Shields*, and with th' *unnumber'd Dead!*
Thus *weaker Judah* humbled *Israel's Pride*,
Nor vainly they upon their *Fathers God rely'd*.

CCIX.

2 Chron. Chap. XIV, XV.

Asa's Reign and Victory. He destroys Idolatry, &c.

With *Asa's Reign* sweet *Halcyon Days* began,
And *ten fair Years* their *shining Circuit* ran;
At length o're-*cast*, from *East* thick Clouds arise,
And with a *low'ring Red* deform the Skies:
A *Thousand-Thousand Warriors Zerah* brings,
Led by a *Hundred* Tributary *Kings*:
From either side th' *Arabian Gulf* he drew
His *Troops*, who to the *fansi'd Conquest* flew:
The *Troglodytes* from *native Caverns* run,
Burnt with *immoderate Day* they *curse* the *Sun*:

These from the *secret Head* of *Nilus* came,
And these from fruitful *Nigir's Sister-stream*;
Swart Faces, and *deform'd*------
Nor cou'd their *Numbers Asa's Virtue* fear,
To *Zephath's Vale* he march'd and met the *War*:
His *Father's God* with pious *Pray'rs* address'd,
And thus his *Faith* and humble *Hopes* express'd.

O *Sovereign Pow'r*, by *Earth* and *Heav'n* obey'd,
How easie 'tis with Thee the *Weak* to aid!
Numbers with Thee are *nothing*, *Strength* is *vain*:
Help us, O Lord! our *righteous Cause* maintain!
On *Thee* we *rest*, and in thy *Name* we go,
To *meet* and *fight* th' *invading barb'rous Foe*.
Thou art *our God*, to *thy Defence* we flee,
O let not a *proud Mortal conquer Thee!*

Nor was the *pious Prince's Pray'r* in vain,
They meet, they fight, the *Cushite Host* are slain,
And *Myriads*, heap'd on *Myriads*, load the *Plain*:
Vast was the *Wealth*, incredible the *Spoil*
Of *Arms* and *Men* that paid their *glorious Toil*.
The *conqu'ring Host* of *God* to *Salem* come,
With frequent *Shouts* and *Triumphs* welcom'd home,
At their *Arrival* met by *Oded's* Son,
He came from *Heav'n*, and thus inspir'd begun:

O *Asa*, with thy *conqu'ring Army* hear!
The *Lord* is *with you while the Lord you fear!*

If

If *him* you *seek*, with *Favour* he'll receive,
But God will *leave you, if your God you leave.*
Long since the *Law* in *Israel* is no *more*,
Their *Priests* are *dumb*, they *Golden Gods* adore:
Nation by *Nation*, *Friends* by *Friends* are slain,
Discord, and *War*, and *civil Fury* reign:
Not so with *you*, nor shall they you *molest*,
Let no *degn'rous Fears* invade your *Breast*,
---Your *Work* shall with a *sure Reward* be bless'd.

With *Courage*, *firm* as *Reformation* needs,
Asa on his *important Work* proceeds:
Idols abhorr'd, he *tumbles* from their *Throne*,
In *Ephraim's conquer'd Country* and his *own:*
God's *sacred Altar* bids with speed *repair*,
His *Spoils* and num'rous *Victims* offers there,
While the glad People to *Jehovah swear*;
Their Father's *solemn Compact* swear anew,
And all who *break* it will to *Death* pursue.
Maachar, who still had *Regal Honours* paid,
Of old a *Queen* by *Rehoboam* made,
The King's *Impartial Justice* wou'd not spare
Nor longer with her *Idol-Temples* bear;
Depriv'd with *Shame* from high *imperial State*,
Nor her *Astarte* meets a *milder Fate*;
Her sacred *Grove extirpated* she mourns,
And then in *Kidron's Vale* th' *Infernal Goddess* burns.

CCX.

2 Chron. Chap. XVII, XVIII, XIX, XX.

Jehoshaphat's *good Reign. His Enemies discomfited*, &c.

AND now *Jehoshaphat* in *Judah* reigns,
His *Father's Conquests* stren'ously *maintains*:
His *Father's God* he *serves*, and him alone,
Who *bless'd* his *People* and confirm'd his *Throne*.
With *vig'rous Mind* fair *Virtue's Paths* he trod,
In *God* his *Glory*, his *Delight* in *God*:
From Court *Itinerary Preachers* sent
Instruct the Land, the *Princes* with 'em went:
How wide his *Fame* thro' *Heathen Lands* displaid!
Philistia, *Peace*, with humble *Presents* made,
Arabia's wand'ring *Princes*, *Tribute* paid:
No *Faults* but those of *Goodness* him *disgrace*,
Too closely *joynd* with *Omri*'s *fatal Race*:
Almost too dear his new *Alliance* cost,
At *Ramoth only not his Life* he lost.
The King at his *Return* a Prophet meets,
And thus from angry *Heav'n* severely *greets*:

Should'st

Should'ſt thou unto th' *Ungodly*, help afford,
And ſhould'ſt thou *love* the *Men* that *hate* the *Lord?*
For *this*, the *Wrath* of injur'd *Heav'n*, prepare,
Unleſs by *Penitence* remov'd, to bear!
Tho' *gentle Mercy* pleads thy *virtuous Deeds*,
And yet the *better ſcale* in *weight* exceeds.
The Monarch hears, the ſureſt Method takes,
And *Heav'n appeas'd*, agen his *Friend* he makes:
Diſtributes *Juſtice* with *impartial Hand*,
And to their *God* re-calls the *wav'ring Land*:
Thus all *Abuſes* labours to *Reform*,
And thus *provides* againſt th' *approaching Storm*,
---Which now from *Syria*-ward began to riſe,
And in black *threat'ning Clouds* involve the *Skies*:
Ammon with *Seir*, and *Moab*'s *Sons* combine;
T' *extirpate Iſrael* their *accurs'd Deſign*:
Numberleſs Numbers on *Judea* pour,
In *hopes* already *Salem*'s Walls *devour*:
The Monarch prays, and to *his Altar* flees,
Who now not *firſt* in *Trouble* heard his *Cries*:
Of *Aſaph*'s tuneful Sons *Jehaziel* roſe,
And *fair Events* from *ſmiling Heav'n* fore-ſhows:
They need not *fight*, but as in *Egypt*, wait,
And God's *Salvation* ſee, and ſee the *Heathens Fate.*
The joyful *Tidings* heard, the King *ador'd*,
With *Harps* and *Voices Levi* prais'd the Lord:

Their Army marches with the *morning Light*,
To certain *Triumph* marches, not to *fight*:
Agen the Priests their *cheerful Voices* raise,
Jehovah's unexhausted Goodness praise:
Heav'n takes the *Signal*, *heav'nly Warriors* stand,
With each his shining *Falchion* in his Hand;
Around the *Paynim-Camp*, and *Guilt* and *Fear*
And mingled *Rage* in ev'ry *Face* appear:
Ammon and *Moab* first on *Eden* rose,
With ease *destroy'd* by their *united Foes*;
Who next dispatch themselves by *mutual Blows*.
Not *one surviv'd* or from the *Slaughter* fled:
How vast the *Treasures* found among the *Dead!*
What *Songs of Joy* Jehovah's *Praise* proclaim,
And make his House resound their *Saviour's Name!*
Nor more were *Judah's* Sons with *Wars* oppress'd,
For God on ev'ry side had giv'n his *People rest*.

CCXI.

Athaliah *deſtroys the Seed Royal.* Joaſh *preſerv'd and crown'd by* Jehoiada. Athaliah *ſlain.*

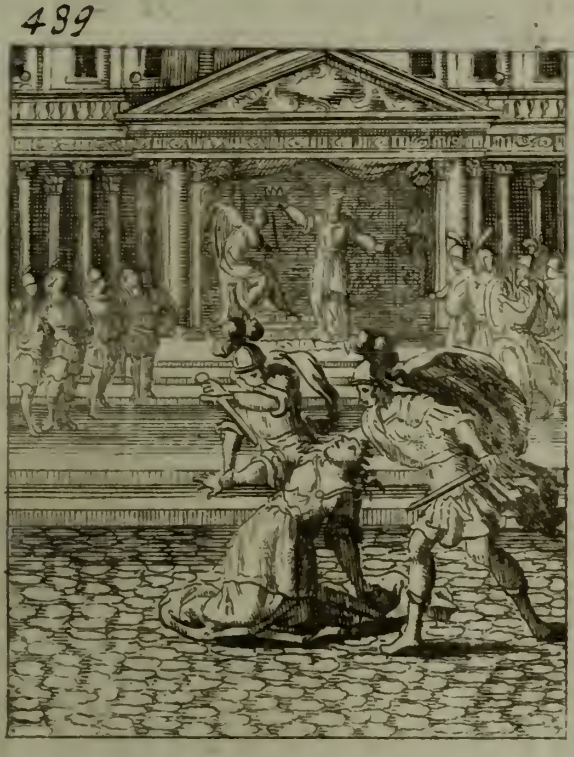
WHen with *Jehoram Ahaziah* went,
And his *Alliance* did too late *repent:*
His Mother ſprung from *Omri's Heathen Line,*
Nor did ſhe from their *bloody Houſe* decline:
By *Treaſon* and by *Murther* mounts the *Throne,*
Deſtroys the *Royal Offspring* and her *own:*
Yet *one* to better *Fortunes* did remain,
Snatch'd from the gaſping *Crowd* and *Heaps* of *ſlain:*
By fair *Jehoſheba,* of *Kingly Race,*
Who thought a *Prieſt's Alliance* no *Diſgrace;*
The great *Jehoiadah's obſequious Wife,*
She bleſs'd his *nuptial Bed* and *bleſs'd* his *Life;*
And in the *Temple* from the *World* retir'd,
Forgot the *pompous Court* ſhe once admir'd,
Nor better Company than *his* and *Heav'n's* deſir'd;
The *Royal Infant* here ſhe ſafe *conceal'd,*
The *Secret* only to her *Lord* reveal'd:
Six Paſchal-Moons had now adorn'd the *Skies,*
The *ſeventh* prepares with happier *Beams* to riſe;
When forth his *Royal Pledge* the *Pontiff* brings,
The *future Father,* and the *Seed of Kings:*

Enſigns of *Majeſty* he with him *bore*,
The *Loyal Prieſts* his Valiant *Guard du Cor'*:
He to the *Laws*, and *they* to *him* Obedience ſwore.
Without, compleatly *arm'd* the *People* ſtand,
With each his Weapon in his *ſtrong Right-Hand*.

And now the *brazen Gates* are open'd wide,
And the *young Monarch* by the Crowd deſcry'd;
And when the *Prieſts* the bright *Regalia* bring,
With Shouts they rend the Heav'ns, and cry, *God ſave the King*.
Curs'd *Athaliah* heard, and urg'd by *Fate*,
Haſts from her *Palace* to the *Temple Gate*:
She ſaw the *Monarch* by the *Pontiff* crown'd,
She ſaw the *harneſs'd Warriors* waiting round,
Heard the repeated *Shouts* and warlike *Trumpet* ſound:
Ill-omen'd Fears her conſcious *Soul* ſurprize,
And *twice* ſhe *ſhrieks*, and *twice* ſhe *Treaſon* cries.
Jehoiada commands, the *Chiefs* obey,
And force her from the ſacred *Courts* away:
Blind to her *Tears*, and *deaf* to her *Requaſt*,
They *plunge* their *Poniards* in her *faithleſs Breaſt*:
Thus by their *Fate* ambitious *Tyrants* ſhow
There *is*, there *is* a God that minds *Affairs* below.

CCXI.

2 Chron. Chap. XXIII. from Ver. 10. to the End.



Ver. 12. *When* Athaliah *heard the noise of the people, running and praising the king, she came to the people into the house of the Lord, and said, Treason, treason.*

14. *Then* Jehoiada *said to the captains of the host, Have her forth of the ranges: and whoso followeth her, let him be slain with the sword, For the priest said, Slay her not in the house of the Lord.*

15. *So they laid hands on her, ; and when she was come to the entring of the horse-gate, by the king's house, they slew her there.*

CCXII.

Jehoiada's *Death and Burial.* Joash *kills* Zechariah. *The* Syrians *spoil* Jerusalem. Joash *slain by his Servants.*

HAppy the *Prince*, whose *Council firm* and *wise*,
Nor *slow* to *follow* what the *Best* advise.
This *Truth* to future Kings and after-Days,
The Fate of *Azariah*'s Son conveys:
While his *wise Foster-Father* did remain,
How *prosp'rous* his *Affairs*, how bless'd his Reign!
But *bent* with *Age* he now to *Fate* must *yield*,
A *Century* and *half* almost fulfill'd:
Him to the *Grave* his grateful *Country* brings,
His *Dust reposited* with *Judah*'s Kings:
With *uncommanded Tears* they all relate,
How great a Patron lost to *Church* and *State*:
By the young Monarch on his *tott'ring Throne*,
Too soon he's miss'd, his strong *Supporter* gone.
The *pamper'd Nobles* now might freely range,
They urge their *wav'ring Prince* his Faith to change:

His

His old *assuming Tutor* gone to rest,
He now his *Empire* first *entire* possess'd,
'Twas *like* a *King* to *chuse* what lik'd him best.
Must *Judah* only still of *Gods* be *poor*,
Confin'd to *one*, when all the World had *more*,
Rather like *Them* the heav'nly *Host* adore!
Shall they alone on *Judah vainly shine*,
No artful *Image* rais'd on glitt'ring *Shrine*,
Confessing regal *Cost* and worthy *Pow'rs* divine?
Too soon he yields, the *Temple* they forsake,
And sacred *Groves* they *plant*, and *Idols* make.

Nor this the *gen'rous Zachary* cou'd bear,
The great *Jehoiada's* undaunted Heir,
Who, not unworthy, fill'd his awful Chair:
From thence an *Oracle* like *Thunder* broke,
And thus he to th' *Apostate Nation* spoke:
" Why, O *Ingrate!* will you your *Father's God*
" despise,
" Neglect his dread *Commands*, and why believe in
" *Lies?*
" Your *Ruin is your own*, yourselves *unbless'd* you
" make:
" Since you *forsake the Lord, the Lord will you for-*
" *sake.*

Kill,

Kill, kill the noiſie *TRAITOR! Joaſh* cries;
Too ſoon the *Crowd* enrag'd againſt him *riſe:*
To *Miſchief prompt*, with *Shouts* they fill the Air,
And from the *Court* the *hallow'd Pavements* tear;
With *theſe* the *Pontiff* near his *Altar*, ſtone,
Compos'd, and *Great* he fell, without a *Groan*,
All *like himſelf*, yet with his *dying Breath*,
Fore-told that Heav'n would ſoon *revenge his Death.*
Thus did the King his *Father's Service* own,
And thus requite him for his *Life* and *Throne.*
But *Vengeance* ſoon deſcends in *ſanguine Show'rs*,
Hazael on *Judah* like a *Tempeſt* pours;
In vain the *Princes* on their *Idols* call,
By *Syrian Arms* they *unlamented* fall:
The *Treaſures* from their pillag'd *Manſions* torn,
By the proud *Victors* to *Damaſcus* born:
Awhile his impious *Court* the King *ſurvives*,
For greater *Plagues* reſerv'd, in *Torment* lives:
Gnawn by *Diſeaſes*, ſcarce prolongs his *Breath*,
And *drags* a *weary Being*, worſe than *Death*;
At laſt *untimely* to the *Grave* deſcends,
And *undeſir'd*, his Life and Reign by *Treaſon ends.*

CCXII.

2 CHRON, Chap. XXIV.

Ver. 20. *The ſpirit of God came upon* Zechariah *the ſon of* Jehoiada *the prieſt, and he ſaid, Thus ſaith God, Why tranſgreſs ye the commandments of the Lord, that ye cannot proſper? becauſe ye have forſaken the Lord, he hath alſo forſaken you.*

21. *And they ſtoned him with ſtones, at the commandment of the king, in the court of the houſe of the Lord.*

22. ---*And when he died, he ſaid, The Lord look upon it, and require it.*

CCXIII.

CCXIII.

2 Chron. Chap. XXV.

Amaziah's *Reign.* *He conquers* Edom. *Worships Idols*, &c.

Jehoash thus compell'd the *Helm* forsakes,
His vacant *Station* *Amaziah* takes:
With *wav'ring Mind* he *Israel's* God did fear,
Tho' *right* his *Course* he cou'd not *steddy steer.*
With *Justice* and with *Piety* begun
His Reign, as best became a *King* and *Son:*
The *Regicides* with *Vengeance* did pursue,
And those who *slew* his *Father*, *justly slew*;
But *Mercy* to their *guiltless Race* extends:
And from the *Peoples Fury* them defends:
Of *Judah* did a mighty *Host* provide,
Three hundred thousand Souls in Battel try'd,
The *Shield* they knew to *grasp*, th' *unerring Spear* to guide.
To these, *Auxiliary Forces* came,
Drawn by his *Royal Bounty* and his *Fame*,
From *Ephraim's* Coast, though they by God's command
Dismiss'd, enrag'd return, and *spoil* the *Land:*

While

While *Judah's* King his Troops together draws,
To vindicate their Father *Jacob's* Cauſe
Againſt fierce *Eſau's* Sons, who now had broke
With *Fate* to *Foe* their ancient galling *Yoke*;
The *Salt-Sea Vale* did with his Squadrons *beat*,
The *Foe purſu'd* his *Conqueſt* to compleat,
To *Selah's craggy Rock*, their *laſt Retreat*:
Their Lives *Ten thouſand Warriors* dearly ſell,
And with their *Country not ignobly* fell:
An equal Number from the lofty *Keep*,
Are head-long tumbled o're the dreadful *Steep*;
Ah! had their *captive Gods* but done the ſame,
Secure thy *Conqueſt*, and ſecure thy *Fame*.
O *Judah's wav'ring King*--- but with thee born,
At once the Peoples *Wonder* and their *Scorn*,
They thy *triumphant Car* at firſt adorn:
What *gawdy Nothings* they! how *proud*, how *brave!*
Yet neither cou'd *themſelves* nor their *Adorers* ſave:
Yet theſe in *Chains* their *Conqueror* did ſubdue,
And ſoon the Great *Ten-thouſand-Slayer ſlew*:
Behold him *kneel* and *cringe* before their *Shrine!*
O *blind* and *loſt! Are theſe, Are theſe Divine?*
Ev'n *Iſrael* does thy *Shame* with *Bluſhes* ſee,
And *Bethel's* ſelf is *Innocent* to *Thee*.
On ſpeedy *Ruine* obſtinately bent,
The *Prophet threaten'd* who from Heav'n was ſent,
To bid thee, e're 'twas yet too late, *repent*.

With

With *Israel* hence thy *Wars* and thy *Defeat*,
When valiant *Joash forc'd* thy Troops to *beat*:
Thy boasted *Strength*, thy baffled *Army* fled,
Thy self in *Chains*, *inglorious Captive!* led;
When *freed*, yet *weaken'd* with thy ill Success:
How few to Kings are Loyal in Distress!
When thou didst from thy Father's God decline,
Against thy *Life* is form'd a *black Design*:
To *Lachish* didst thou flee, but fled'st in vain,
By *Treason* there pursu'd, and *unlamented* slain.

CCXIV.

2 Chron. Chap. XXVI.

Uzziah's *Reign. He's smitten with Leprosie for invading the Priest's Office.*

Uzziah the *Regalia* next receives,
Which *stain'd* with *Blood* his hapless *Father* leaves.
Too like him in his *Errors* and his *Fate*,
With *dubious Hand* he governs *Judah's State*.
While *Zachariah* liv'd, by *Heav'n inspir'd*,
For *Isra'l's* God he not in vain *enquir'd*.

Prosper'd

Prosper'd in all his *Wars* he *Capthor* tam'd,
Some Towns *demolish'd* there, and some *reclaim'd*:
Thro' Regions wide away his *Valour* fam'd:
Ramparts he built, and *Engines* did prepare,
But *Agriculture* was his *darling Care*:
The *City* by the *Country* liv'd, he knew,
And thence at need *supply'd* his *Armies* too,
Healthy and *hardy Bodies* thence he *drew*.
Almost *impregnable* his *Royal Seat*,
And wond'rous *Strong* he wax'd, and wond'rous *Great*;
Too Great, *too Strong*--- for *vain* of his *Success*,
He God *forgets* and does his Laws *transgress*,
He dares to his *forbidden Temple* press;
The sacred *Pontiff*'s Office dares *invade*,
And hallow'd *Incense* on the *Censer* laid:
O whither will the *sacrilegious* run?
Why in such *luckless Haste* to be *undone*?
Is *Korah*'s *Fate forgot*, or Heav'n bereft
Of all its *Arms*, and not one *Thunder* left?
---Bold *Azariah*, with a *num'rous Band*,
Of valiant Priests th' *assuming Prince* withstand:
'Tis not for thee with that *unhallow'd Hand*,
He said, to offer *Incense* at the *Throne*,
Reserv'd by Heav'n to *Aaron*'s *Sons* alone.
Redden'd with Rage when by the *Priests* withstood,
The *haughty King*, and fir'd his *boiling Blood*;

Tho' *alter'd* soon--- The *Smoak* refus'd to *rise*,
In *low'ring Curls* rejected from the *Skies* :
When thrice behold, th' *invaded Altar* shook,
And from the Throne the *twisted Lightnings* broke,
Signal of heav'nly *Wrath*--- The *Priests* amaz'd,
As on the *Monarch*'s *alter'd Form* they gaz'd,
A ghastly *Paleness* in his Face *arose*,
His ample *Front* one *leprous Ulcer* grows :
Th' *Impure* with *Horrors* from the *Temple* cast,
And thence himself he flies with *conscious Haste* :
Unapt for *Rule*, to lonesom *Shades* confin'd,
The *Reins* of *Empire* he to his Great *Son resign'd*.

CCXV.

2 Chron. Chap. XXVII, XXVIII.

Jotham's *good Reign*. Ahaz's *Apostacy*, &c.

JOtham the *Scepter* sways, *sincerely Good*,
(Not so the *People*, still *corrupt* and *leud* :)
He, *Ophel*'s *Wall* did to *Perfection* bring,
At once a *Builder* and a *Warrior-King*.
With *Ammon*'s *Natives* he successful *fought*,
Who bent their *Necks* and *annual Presents* brought :

Mighty

Mighty he grew, and *proſper'd* every where;
To *pleaſe* his God he did his *ways prepare*:
Too ſoon, alas! with all his *Worth* he dies,
And *Ahaz*, (how *unlike!*) his room ſupplies:
Ahaz, *abandon'd Ahaz*, who exceeds
The worſt that went before in *impious Deeds*.
To *Iſrael*'s and to *Syria*'s Gods he pray'd,
His Sons to *Moloch* burnt, and *Baalim* made:
Syria and *Iſrael* both his Realms *invade*.
Vaſt was the *Spoil* they from his *Country* bore,
The *Syrians* ſhare was *much*, but *Iſrael*'s *more*,
Inſatiate was their *Thirſt* of *human Gore*:
An *Hundred-thouſand* in one fatal Day,
Stretch'd on the *Turf*, and cold and breathleſs lay,
And dearly for their *Diſobedience* pay:
Brave *Maaſiah* fell, nor he *alone*,
On either ſide the *Kinſmen* to the *Throne*:
Double the Number ſlain were *Captives* made,
In *triumph* to *Samaria*'s Walls convey'd:
Oded a *Prophet of the Lord* was there,
Who to the *Victors* thus did Heav'ns dread Will declare.
" ---Becauſe *your Father's God* did juſtly frown,
On *Judah*'s *Race*, and for their *Crimes* diſown;
An *eaſie Prey* their choiceſt Troops you found,
Whom you have *ſlain* with *Rage* that knows no *bound*:

Nor with a *Sea* of *Brother's Blood* appeas'd,
You the *Survivors* have for *Bondmen* seiz'd:
But are there not as *sanguine Crimes* with you,
Which *equal Plagues* will unaton'd pursue?
Dismiss your *Brethren* then, whose *Land destroy'd*,
As you'd yourselves the *Wrath* of *Heav'n* avoid.
Not *unconcern'd*, his Words the *Princes* hear,
At once by *Pity* seiz'd, and *conscious Fear*:
The *Host*, tho' *Conquerors*, they'll not receive,
Till they their *Spoils* and num'rous *Captives* leave:
Refresh'd and *cloath'd* they to their Friends return'd,
Surpriz'd, as they their *Loss* despairing *mourn'd*.
---But *Ahaz*, still was *Ahaz*--- his *Distress*,
No *Change* cou'd make; his *Errors* to confess
He *scorns*, and still *improves* in *Wickedness*.
No *Grief* or *Penitence* for Errors pass'd,
Tho' all his *Neighbors* round his *Country* waste:
At length his *Reign* expires, tho' *long* too *late*;
Unhonour'd, *undeplor'd*, *unlov'd* he yields to Fate.

CCXVI.

EZRA.

AND now the glad prophetic *Period* came,
When God his banish'd *Isra'l* wou'd reclaim;
Great Cyrus to th' important Task assign'd,
A Task long e're his *Birth* by Heav'n enjoyn'd,
Worthy the *Hero's* Fame and God-like *Mind*.

Those

Thoſe *ſacred Utenſils* which long *before*,
Proud *Babel*'s King from God's high *Temple* bore,
Unto their *ancient Seats* he bids *reſtore*.
The joyous *Pilgrims* now (a feeble *Hoſt*,
To what their num'rous *Anceſtors* cou'd boaſt,
Till waſted by their *Sins*) with ſpeed return,
Remember *Sion*'s *Songs*, nor more their Labours mourn:
Almoſt they thought it all a *golden Dream*,
Till they again behold fair *Jordan*'s *ſtream*.
Thoſe *Balſam-bleeding Trees* agen they know,
Which *odoriferous* Health and Eaſe beſtow:
When they at *Salem*'s happy Fields arrive,
Their *Hearts* beat ſwift, their fainting *Spirits* revive;
God's *Altar* to rebuild, their *earlieſt Care*,
And offer num'rous *Gifts* and *Victims* there:
Next ſee the *Temple* from its *Ruins* riſe,
Whoſe lofty *Tow'rs* agen ſalute the Skies:
By *Iſrael*'s Foes the *Work* is *ſtopp'd* awhile,
Tho' *finiſh'd* at the laſt, the *ſacred Pile*.
Ezra, a Prieſt of Holy *Levi*'s Line,
Deeply inſtructed in the *Laws* divine,
From *Babel next* returns, and with him brings
No *vulgar Preſents* to the King of Kings:
On him a *Colony* of *Prieſts* attends,
Which *Iddo* from the *Royal Palace* ſends.

But *Strangers* their new *Commonwealth* diſgrace,
And Heathen-Wives begin a *various Race*:
The *Great Aſſembly* call'd, they *faſt*, they *mourn*,
Their *ill-match'd Conſorts* leave, and to their God return.

CCXVII.

NEHEMIAH.

WIse *Nehemiah*'s Works in brief relate,
The various *Fortunes* of the rising *State*:
Their *Foes* how *num'rous*, and their *Strength* how *small*,
Sion a Heap, an Heap was *Salem*'s Wall.
When first his *Pray'r* does angry Heav'n atone,
Both for his *Country's* Errors and his *own*;
In happy Hour by *Persia*'s Monarch sent,
To his own *Fields* and *native Walls* he went:
Safely arriv'd, *surrounds* the Town by Night,
And by the *silent Moons* officious Light,
Did the demolish'd *Tow'rs* and *Gates* survey,
Which in their mighty *Ruins* bury'd lay;
Yet he to *raise* 'em from the *Dust* design'd,
An *equal Task* for his *capacious Mind*:
With Joy the *Sanhedrim* obey his Call,
They hear the wish'd *Decree* to build the *Wall*,
And on the Work unanimous they fall.
Bethesda's *Gate* their welcom Toil began,
Which round the Place in various *Angles* ran;
The *Work grows warm*, while part with busy Care
Dispose *Machins*, part lofty *Scaffolds* rear,
Or pond'rous *Stones* on *groaning Axles* bear:

These

CCXVII.

EZRA and NEHEMIA.

ESRA, Chap. VI. Ver. 3. ---*Let the houſe be builded, the place where they offered ſacrifices, and let the foundations thereof be ſtrongly laid*, &c.

5. *And let the golden and ſilver veſſels of the houſe of God, which* Nebuchadnezzar *took forth out of the temple which is at* Jeruſalem, *and brought unto* Babylon, *be reſtor'd*, &c.

NEHEM. Chap. VIII. Ver. 5. Ezra *opened the book in the ſight of all the people (for he was above all the people) and when he opened it, all the people ſtood up:*

6. *And* Ezra *bleſſed the Lord the great God: and all the people anſwer, Amen, amen.*

These with strong *Buttresses* a Fall prevent,
And these, old Wounds with artful Hand *cement*:
Some from the Dust an *airy Turret* bring,
And stop the wond'ring *Birds* upon the Wing;
While others, both *extremes* prepare to *joyn*,
And close with joyful *Shouts* the vast *Design*.

Nor this unknown to *Israel*'s ancient *Foes*,
Whose utmost *Force* and *Fraud* the Work oppose.
Sanballat and *Tobiah* first appear,
And false *Arabian Geshem* clos'd the *Rear*:
Now with *vain Fears* the *Builders* wou'd affright,
Now press 'em close, and offer *real Fight*.
The watchful *Governor* provides for all,
And these *defend*, and these *repair* the Wall:
Nor wanted who their Nations Counsels *sold*,
For tempting *Sums* of *Ammonitish Gold*;
By one unfailing *Token* these descry'd,
Tobiah *still the Traitors magnify'd*:
How *Great*, how *Good*, how *Wise*, how *Brave*, they tell,
Tho' *base* the *Wretch* as *they*, and *false* as *Hell*.
---But All in vain--- for see the Work's *compleat*,
And *Envy*, *Blush* and *Rage* at her *Defeat*.
Heark, what repeated *Shouts* of Joy proclaim,
The Nation's *Thanks*, and Great *Jehovah*'s Name!
Then in a sacred *League* they all combine,
Which Princes, People, Priests, unanimously *sign*.

CCXVIII.

CCXVIII.

NEHEMIAH, Chap V.

The Jews *complain of their Debt, Morgage, &c.* Nehemiah *cauſeth Reſtitution.*

Injuſtice ſoon, and *Avarice* intrude,
And *Want*, and loud *Complaints* their Steps *purſu'd:*
The *Rich* oppreſs'd the *Poor*, and curs'd *Debate*,
And heavy *Debts* obſtruct the *riſing State:*
Their *Children* ſome, and ſome their *Lands* engag'd
For *Taxes* and for *Bread*, and worſe preſag'd:
The Governor with *Prudence* and *Succeſs*,
The *growing Miſchief* did in time *redreſs:*
The *Rulers* all their *morgag'd Lands* reſtore,
And *eating Uſury* exact no more:
The *Regiſter* of *Judah's ſmall Remains*,
They next *review*, return'd from *Babel's* Chains,
Conven'd unanimous with pious Fear,
From *Ezra's* Mouth the ſacred *Law* to *hear:*
Th' *Interpreters of Heav'n* the Sence explain,
Which thoſe *oraculous ancient Leaves* contain;
And gently *ſtill* the People, who begin
To mourn their *own* and their *Fore-fathers Sin.*
Awhile they bid *unbend* from Grief and Care,
For *feſtal Joys* and ſober Mirth prepare:

Appeas'd

Appeas'd they thence *depart*, and as they find
Of old, by *Moſes* and by God enjoyn'd,
The *verdant Mount* from *Olives* nam'd, aſcend
And from the *Trees* their leavy *Branches* rend:
The *ſailing Pine*, the *friendly Palm* they bear,
Nor *Olives*, nor the *Lover-Myrtle* ſpare:
Almoſt *diſrob'd* the *triple Mountain* ſtood,
And to the *Town* the *Crowd* tranſplant the *Wood*:
Of theſe they *frequent* ſhady *Bowrs* compoſe,
The City one continu'd Arbour grows;
Beneath whoſe *chequer'd Roofs* the *many* run,
Admit the *gentle Air*, and *skreen* the *Sun*:
With chearful *Shouts* and *feſtal Songs* proclaim
Their *Gladneſs* and their mighty *Saviour*'s Name:
Nor long before their *Feaſt* to *Faſting* turn'd,
Their *own* and *Fathers Sins* ſincerely *mourn'd*:
Their *ancient Contract* is with Heav'n *renew'd*,
And *ſeal'd* by all the trembling Multitude.
They *ſwear* to keep the *Sabbath*'s *ſacred Day*,
And *Tithes* and *Off'rings* to the *Temple* pay:
How ſoon *forgot* their *Oaths* and *ſolemn Vows!*
How ſoon *forſaken* God's *tremendous Houſe!*
Their *Dues* unpaid, the *Sons of Levi* fled,
Their *Tribe* diſpers'd around the *Land* for *Bread*:
Nor this the *generous Tirſhatha* endures,
The *Levites* he *recalls*, their *Rights* ſecures:
The *Sabbath's ſtrict Religion* he renews,
Profan'd alike by *Heathens* and by *Jews*:

The *Pontiff's Son* he from the *Temple* chas'd,
Who with a *Stranger's Blood* Great *Aaron's* Line
disgrac'd.

CCXIX.

Ahashuerus's *Feast*: Vashti *dethron'd*: Esther *crown'd in her room.*

WHile *Israel's* Sons in *Babel's Chains* remain'd,
And there the Great *Ahashuerus* reign'd,
(How *wide* his *Empire*, and how vast his *sway!*
More than an *hundred Nations* him obey.)
As he, adorn'd in all his *barb'rous State*,
High mounted on his *Throne* at *Shushan* sate;
Amidst his *Court* he there in *Publick* eats,
Persia's and *Media's haughty Princes* treats.
His God had *half* his *annual Circuit* run,
Before he saw the *Royal Banquet* done,
And where the *First* expir'd, a *New* begun:
Sev'n Days for all *Degrees* the Feast did hold,
The *Royal Wine* goes round, and *shines in Gold*:
To all a free and *Princely Welcom* shown,
As yet th' *accurs'd Civility* unknown,
By *pledging others Healths* to *lose* their *own.*
The *Feast* and *Mirth* grew high, the Monarch sends
For beauteous *Vashti*, who *regales* her *Friends*:

Deep

Deep in *Discourse* engag'd, with luckless *Pride*,
Her *Company* the *haughty Fair* deny'd:
Nor only was the *heated King* enrag'd,
His *Nobles* in the *common Cause* engag'd:
Their Ladies wou'd her *Disobedience* hear,
Their *Husbands* slight, nor their *Commands* revere:
The rest wou'd follow soon the *courtly Train*,
And *Nature's stedfast Laws* wou'd prove in vain.
These dire *domestic Mischiefs* to prevent,
The King his *Royal Proclamation* sent;
No *Woman* thro' his *Empire* shou'd *presume*,
To seize the *Reins* and fill her *Husbands room*:
The Men, as *Nature* wou'd, the *House* shou'd *sway*,
In *silence*, *Women* shou'd their Lords *obey*:
Unhappy *Vashti* must at once *remove*,
(A *double Death!*) from *Empire* and from *Love*;
For ever *banish'd* from his *Bed* and *Throne*,
And doom'd to wear her *widow'd Hours* alone;
A *worthier Consort* in her Seat is plac'd,
Fair *Hester* with the *Royal Favour* grac'd;
An *Orphan* from *Judea*, *captive* led,
With *nicest Care* by *Mardochæus* bred:
Nor she her *Kindred* to the *Court* reveal'd,
By her wise *Foster-Father's* Charge *conceal'd*:
See where she's in *Imperial Robes* attir'd,
Whil'st all the Lords their Monarch's *Choice* admir'd!

CCXIX.

ESTHER, Chap. I, II.

509

Chap. II. Ver. 15, 16. ---Eſther *the daughter of* Abihail, *the uncle of* Mordecai *was taken unto king* Ahaſuerus, *into his houſe royal, in the ſeventh year of his reign.*

17, *And the king loved* Eſther *above all the women, and ſhe obtained grace and favour in his ſight more than all the virgins; ſo that he ſet the royal crown upon her head, and made her queen in ſtead of* Vaſhti.

18. *Then the king made a great feaſt unto all his princes and his ſervants, even* Eſther's *feaſt, and he made a releaſe to the provinces, and gave gifts according to the ſtate of the king.*

See where he does the *Consort-Crown* impart,
Tho' more he gave *before*, the *Monarch* gave his *Heart*.

CCXX.

Haman *promoted: He endeavours to destroy* Mordechai *and the* Jews. *He is hang'd*, &c.

HOW dangerous is *Ambition*'s *lofty* Seat!
Their *Honours* oft how *fatal* to the *Great!*
This *Haman* found, by *Persia*'s Monarch *rais'd*,
Of all the *cringing Court* admir'd and prais'd;
Of *Amalek*'s *devoted Nation* he,
To *Israel*, *e're his Birth*, an *Enemy*;
Nor gen'rous *Mordechai* wou'd bend his *Knee*
To this *Court-Idol*, worshipp'd by the *Crowd:*
How *easie* is it to *torment* the *Proud!*
He *storm'd*, he *rav'd*, and deep *Revenge* he vow'd:
Devoted Agag's *Fate* was call'd to mind,
Beyond a *single Murther* he design'd,
And swore the *Death* of all the *Hebrew kind.*
The *Royal Mandate* gain'd, their *Doom* is pass'd,
The *Day* is *fix'd*, decreed to be their *last.*

Good

Good *Mardocheus* hears, to *Heaven* he flies,
And for himself and his *lov'd Nation* cries;
They *fast*, they *mourn*, with *Pray'rs* they pierce the Skies:
The Queen her *rich Tiara* casts away,
In *Sack-cloth* rob'd, in *Dust* and *Ashes* lay:
The circling Sun had *thrice both Worlds* survey'd,
Yet still she *fasted*, still she *mourn'd* and *pray'd*:
Then to the King, with *Heav'n to Friend* she goes,
For her *lov'd Peoples* Lives she does her own *expose*.
Sublime he sate on his *tremendous Throne*,
And like the *Sun* his *boasted Sire*, he shone:
The *dazling Honours* of his *Head* he *shook*,
Scarce cou'd the *beauteous Queen* sustain his *awful Look*.
His *unrebated Eyes* she dares not meet,
And *faints*, or *seems* to *faint*, beneath his Feet.
But *suff'ring Beauty* has *resistless Charms*,
And *Love* at once, and *Fear* the King disarms:
From his bright *Throne* he leaps with *eager haste*,
And in his *Arms* the *fainting Queen* embrac'd:
His *Golden Scepter* on her Head he laid,
With gentle Words reviv'd, with *mild Regards* survey'd.
Whatever *Suit* she to the *Crown* prefers,
Tho' half his *Realm*, before 'twas nam'd, 'twas *Hers*.
She only asks his *Presence* at her *Feast*,
And *favour'd Haman* for a *second Guest*,

With

With eaſe ſhe her *obliging Boon* obtain'd,
Agen ſhe ask'd, agen the *ſame* ſhe *gain'd*:
Nor more her *grand Requeſt* delay'd to move,
When *Perſia*'s Monarch *warm'd* with *Wine* and *Love*:
She ſpake, while on her *Lips* the *Graces* hung,
And ſoft *Perſuaſion* us'd her *charming Tongue*.

" If ever *Eſther* to her *Lord* were *dear*,
" If *Love* dwell *there*, and any *Charms* are *here*;
" *My Life*, your *Eſther*'s *Life*'s my *firſt* Requeſt,
" And if *my Peoples* gain'd, I'm *doubly* bleſs'd:
" ---For *both*, to ſpeedy *Ruin*, both are *ſold*,
" Our *Names* in *bloody Characters* enroll'd:
" Had *Slavery* been all we had to *Fear*,
" Our *Wrongs* had ne're diſturb'd the *Royal Ear*:
" Tho' ſmall *Advantage* cou'd th' *Exchequer* boaſt,
" So many *uſeful Hands* and *Loyal Subjects* loſt.

---Who is the *Wretch*, and where that dares *preſume*,
Againſt his *own curs'd Life* to fix the *Doom*?
All *deadly pale* fierce *Shuſhan*'s *Lord* replies,
When with *unwonted Anger* in her *Eyes*;
His *Empreſs* thus--- That *impious Wretch* is *there*,
'Tis he, th' ungrate, that does my *Banquet* ſhare:
'Tis *Haman*, only *Haman*, has *deſign'd*,
To *murther* me at once, and all *my Kind*.

Aroſe

CCXX.

ESTHER, Chap. III. to X.

Chap. VII. Ver. 2. *The king said at the banquet, What is thy petition,* &c.

3. *And the queen said, If I have found favour in thy sight, O king, and it please the king, let my life be given me at my petition, and my people at my request.*

4. *For we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed,* &c.

5. *Then said the king, Who is he? and where is he that durst presume in his heart to do so?*

6. *And* Esther *said, The adversary and enemy is this wicked* Haman.

Aroſe the *King*, with *Indignation* fir'd,
And his *broad Noſtrils thick* and *loud* reſpir'd;
With *haſty Strides* he to the *Garden* goes,
When from the *Banquet Haman* trembling roſe;
As *meanly ſervile* now as *proud* before,
And did at *Eſther's Feet* for Life *implore*;
And had perhaps *prevail'd* in his *Requeſt*,
Revenge ſo great a *Stranger* to her *Breaſt*;
But that *ſelf-moment Perſia's Prince* returns,
And *fann'd* with *Jealouſy* his *Anger* burns:
"And dares th' *Audacious*, dares the *Wretch*, he cries,
"*Inſult* the Queen herſelf *before my Eyes?*
The *Monarch* ſtamps, the *Mutes* ſoon fill the *Place*,
And at the *Signal cover Haman's Face:*
Swift is his *Fate*, he's in a moment rear'd
On a *tall Tree* for *Mordecai* prepar'd:
His *Children* by *reſembling Death's* expire,
Expos'd on *Croſſes* round their *impious Sire:*
The *Jews commiſſion'd* all their *Foes* deſtroy,
And ſtill in *annual Feaſts* tranſmit their *Nations Joy.*

CCXXI.

CCXXI.

JOB, Chap. I.

Job's *Character: His Riches and Children: His Misfortunes: Patience*, &c.

IN *Uz*, near *Idumea's Eastern bound*,
There dwelt a *Man* for *spotless Faith* renoun'd:
Pious and *Just*, as far as *Mortals* can,
He fled from *Ill*, and liv'd a *Perfect Man*.
Job was his *Name*, a num'rous *Offspring* bless'd
His *nuptial Bed*, his *Substance* still encreas'd,
And none so *Great* of all the *wealthy East*.
Sev'n princely Sons by turns each other *treat*,
Their *three fair Sisters* at the Banquet-Seat.
Their *Father*, left in *Heat* of *Mirth* and *Wine*,
Some *Thought* which might *offend* the *Pow'r divine*
Had there *intruded*, when the *Feast* was o're,
Sev'n free-neck'd Bullocks kill'd, and *Pardon* did implore.

There was a *Day* when all the *Sons of God*,
Returning from their weighty *Charge* abroad,
Stood *Hymning*: That invet'rate *Foe* to *Good*,
Who *tumbled* from the *Stars*, amongst 'em stood:

To whom th' *Eternal* thus--- From *whence!* and *where*,
Hurry'd by *darling Mischief* and *Despair*
Hast thou been *wandring?* --- Swoln with *Rage* and *Pride*,
From my *appointed Task*, the *Fiend* reply'd,
In walking round this *habitable Globe:*
And saw'st thou there, said God, my *Servant* Job?
Perfect and *Just*--- not e'en thy *envious Eye*,
Cou'd in so *fair a Life* a *Blot* espy.
'Tis *Int'rest* all--- thus did the *Fiend* reply;
So *Strong* a *Fence* hast thou around him made,
As I, and all my *Legions* can't invade:
But should'st thou once thy *heav'nly Guards* displace,
And *touch* his *Wealth*, he'd *curse* thee to thy *Face*.
Agen, th' *All-High*--- thy *envious Wish* enjoy,
His *Person* safe, his *Goods* thou may'st *destroy*.
The *Tempter*, *meditating Mischief* went
From Heav'n, and on his *welcom Task* intent,
To trembling *Uz*, his *snakey Footsteps* bent:
The Patriarch's *eldest Blessing* now receives
The rest in *course*, and gen'rous *Welcom* gives:
When loe a *panting Messenger* arrives,
And thus to *Job*--- Thy *Herds* are all a *Prey*,
By fierce *Sabæan Robbers* driv'n away:
Unarm'd thy *helpless Servants* strove in vain,
And all, besides my *single self*, are slain.

A *second* did the *former*'s Steps purſue,
The *Fire of God* thy *Sheep* and *Servants* ſlew,
I only 'ſcap'd--- when ſtrait a *Third* relates,
The *Camels* loſs, their murder'd *Keepers* Fates,
By three *Chaldean-Bands*; The *Fourth* and laſt
While yet he ſpake, ſprings in with *breathleſs Haſte*,
And thus--- A *Tempeſt* from the *Deſart* flew,
Thy *Eldeſt Son*'s fair *Palace* overthrew,
Whoſe *hideous Ruins* all thy *Children* ſlew:
---*Unmov'd* and *calm* the *Patriarch* heard the reſt,
But *Nature now* gave way--- with *Grief* oppreſs'd
He roſe, his *Robes* he *rent*, his Loſs *deplor'd*,
His *Head* he *ſhav'd*--- *But ſtill his God ador'd*:
Naked, ſays he, to *Life* at firſt I roſe,
And *naked* muſt in *Mother-Earth* repoſe:
'Twas *God* who gave, 'tis *God* who *takes* again,
His *Name* be *bleſs'd*--- *Thus far* did *Job* remain
Exempt from *Sin*, his ſuff'ring Virtue *ſhin'd*,
Nor weakly *murmur'd* once, nor once at God *repin'd*.

CCXXII.

Satan obtains permission to afflict the Person of Job: *His Wife reviles him*, &c.

AGen, disguis'd, th' *Arch-Traitor* shoots away,
And *scales* the *Crystal Walls* of *heavenly Day*:
He wanders round the *Regions once his own*,
And, *impudent*, advances near the *Throne*.
That awful Pow'r whose *Thunder* shakes the *Sky*,
The *former Question* asks, and meets the *same Reply*.
And hast thou now, agen th' *Almighty* said,
With *curious Eyes* my Servant *Job* survey'd;
Sincerely Pious, in his *Suff'rings Great*,
His *Faith* and *Resignation* are *compleat*;
Tho' thou against him hast employ'd the *Pow'r*
Which my *Commission* gave, and still would'st him *devour*.
When thus th' *Artificer of Fraud* reply'd,
At *Distance* only yet has *Job* been *try'd*:
Himself is next himself, tho' *Friends* are *near*,
Tho' *all for Life* the *Ransom* were not *dear*.
But cou'd I *greater Length* of Pow'r obtain,
Might I his *tender Flesh* afflict with Pain;
If then he wou'd not *curse* thee, *curse me* more
If possible, than thou hast done *before*!

Once

CCXXII.

JOB, Chap. II. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 11.

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Ver. 7. *Satan ſmote* Job *with ſore biles, from the ſole of his foot unto his crown.*

8. *And he took him a potſherd to ſcrape himſelf withal; and he ſate down among the aſhes.*

9. *Then ſaid his wife unto him, Doſt thou ſtill retain thine integrity? curſe God and die.*

10. *But he ſaid unto her, Thou ſpeakeſt as one of the fooliſh women ſpeaketh: what? ſhall we receive good at the hand of God, and ſhall we not receive evil?*

11. *Now when* Job's *three friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him, they came every one from his own place, to mourn with him, and to comfort him.*

Once more thy own *malicious Wish* enjoy!
Thou may'st *torment*, says God, but shalt not him
destroy.
Sickning with *Light* the *Tempter* speeds away,
And *gladly* leaves the *hostile Realms of Day*.
Wrapt in a *suffocating Cloud* he fled,
And to the *suff'ring Saint* his Journey sped;
O're waste *Arabia*, and the *torrid Zone*,
With those *curs'd Regions* pleas'd, so *like* his *own*:
Sulphureous *burning Vapours* thence he takes,
And sucks the *pois'nous Steams* from *standing Lakes*.
With these his *bloated odious Form extends*,
These with his own *infernal Breath* he blends:
When thus prepar'd, he to his *Quarry* fled,
And pours the *mingled Mischief* o're his Head;
Whose *Scalding Drops* with noisom *Biles* infest
His crusted *Skin*, and banish *Ease* and *Rest*:
From *Head* to *Feet* one *frightful Ulcer* grown,
A *Stranger* to his *Friends*, and to *himself unknown*.
Silent he sits, with *Ashes* cover'd o're,
And with a *Potsheard* scrapes the *festring Shore*.
---Yet have I, cries the *Foe*, *one Torment* more:
What neither *I my self* nor *Biles* can do,
Shall *She* alone *attempt* and *conquer* too:
---He says, and then his *Wife* against him *plays*,
Whose *Tongue* did soon a *louder Tempest* raise

Than

Than that which *cruſh'd* his *Sons*--- Ah, *Wretch!*
ſhe cries,
With all the *Fury* in her *Voice* and *Eyes*,
Where are thy *Pray'rs*, and where thy *Sacrifice?*
Where are thy *Sons*, and where thy *Daughters*
now?
Go for their *Safety*, Go and *pay* thy *Vow!*
Their hapleſs *Mother's* fruitleſs *Pangs* and *Throes*,
My *ſhort-liv'd Bleſſings*, my *redoubled Woes*:
Thou, *like thy ſelf*, art on the *Dunghil* plac'd,
With *crawling Worms* for thy *Attendants* grac'd:
But no *Misfortunes* are to *JOB ſevere*;
What has a *Stock* like *him*, to do, but *bear?*
I *cannot*, *will not* tamely keep the Bounds,
And *praiſe* the *Pow'r* that me unjuſtly *wounds*.
To what am I by thy *Alliance* come?
A *Slave*, a *Vagabond* without a *Home*:
---Thy *ſtupid Piety* no more retain,
Nor longer feed thy ſelf with *Hopes* in vain,
But him that *Plagues* thee *Curſe*, and *End* at
once thy *Pain*.

Firmly the *Patriarch* meets this *fierceſt Shock*,
As *Waves* are daſh'd to *foam* againſt a *Rock*:
He *calm* returns--- Thy Words how *fond*, *how baſe!*
How like the *fooliſh* and the *impious Race!*
Since *Good* and *Ill* alike from *Heav'n* are ſent,
Let's thank for *both*, and *go away Content*:

Thus

Thus far he all *impatient Words* repreſs'd,
A *rare Example!* ſtill *Jehovah*'s Name be *bleſs'd.*

CCXXIII.

Job's *Friends come to condole with him: He curſes his Birth-day,* &c.

TO diſtant Realms, ſo *faſt ill News* had *fled,*
The Holy Man's *Misfortunes* ſoon were ſpred:
Some Friends he has, who ſtill *Compaſſion* take,
And tho' they *cenſure,* will not him *forſake:*
Wiſe *Eliphaz,* the mighty *Eſau*'s *Heir,*
Who did a *Ducal Crown* in *Teman* wear:
Bildad, who ancient *Shuah*'s Scepter ſway'd,
And *Zophaz,* whom fair *Naamah*'s Sons obey'd:
To fruitful *Uz* at once their *Steps* they *bend,*
To *comfort* and *condole* their *ancient Friend.*
Approaching him at *diſtance* they *ſurvey,*
O how *transform'd!* as in the *Duſt* he *lay:*
Scarce was he known, and yet *too much* they *knew,*
More *ſadly certain* on a *nearer View:*
O're their *diſhonour'd Heads* they *Aſhes* threw;

Their

Their *Princely Robes* they from their Shoulders rent,
Aloud they *weep*, aloud his Fate *lament* :
'Twas all they *cou'd*, for *Words* refus'd to *flow*,
The *mean Expreſſions* they of *vulgar Woe* :
A *Week of Days* ran by e're either *ſpoke*,
When *Job* at laſt the *ſtubborn Silence* broke ;
O'rewhelm'd with *Cares* in weak *Complaints* began,
And thus at *length* the *Saint confeſs'd* the *Man*.

JOB III.

Periſh the *Day* when firſt I ſaw the *Light* !
For ever be *forgot* that *hated Night*
Which gave me *Birth*--- Let *gloomy Clouds* invade
That fatal *Day*, dark, as *Death's Iron Shade* !
O let not God *regard it from above*,
And *backward* let the *Sun* affrighted move !
Raze, *Raze* that *Night* ! *Diſjoyn* it from the *Year* !
For ever *blot* it from the *Kalendar* !
Let horrid *Silence*, helliſh *Darkneſs* ſtain
That *Night*, nor *Joy* diſturb their *peaceful Reign* !
Curs'd, ev'n by thoſe who *hate* and *curſe* the *Day*,
Whoſe *Charms* can lead the *frighted Moon* aſtray ;
At *mid-night Sabbaths* whom the *gloomy Fiends* obey.

Dark,

Dark, dark its *Evening*: not one *Gleam* of *Light*,
And *quench'd* its *Stars* in *everlasting Night*.
Never, no never let the *Day* appear,
Nor *smiling Dawn* expecting Mortals *chear!*
Becauſe the *teeming Womb* it did not *cloſe*,
Nor gave my *Eyes* from *Grief* a *long Repoſe*.
Why *dy'd* I not when firſt to *Life* I roſe?
Why did the *Knees* prevent with cruel *Care*,
Why did th' officious *Breaſts* my *Food* prepare!
How *ſtill* and *quiet* ſhou'd I now have laid,
O *envious Death!* wrapt in thy *peaceful Shade*;
With *Kings* and *mighty Nothings*, fam'd of old,
For *Heaps* of *Silver*, and for *Hoards* of *Gold*;
Who ſplendid *Tombs* and *Pyramids* have rais'd
In *Deſart Sands*, for *labour'd Follies* prais'd;
Like *Embryo-Forms* that ne're the *Light* had ſeen,
Then had I *been as one that had not been*:
The *wicked* there compell'd from *troubling* ceaſe:
The *weary* there enjoy *unenvy'd Peace*:
No cruel *Tyrants* there the *Priſ'ners* fear,
No *Creditor's tormenting Voice* they hear:
Levell'd the *Small* and *Great*, the *Rich* and *Poor*,
And *Servant* there, and *Maſter* is *no more*.

O

O why shou'd *Heav'n unwelcom Light* bestow,
On those who *wear* their *Days* in *Pain* and *Woe*?
Still *cramm'd with Life*, which they *abhor* and *hate*,
Still *lingring* by the *Malice* of their *Fate*.
Death is the dear, the *only Boon* they crave;
They *dig in vain*, but cannot find the *Grave*:
Death is their *Hope*, their *Wealth*, their *Joy*; How blest'd,
When in the silent *Tomb* they find *eternal Rest*.

Job Chap. II. Ver. 12, 13: and Chap. III.

Chap. III. Ver. 1. *After this opened* Job *his mouth, and cursed his day.*

2. *And* Job *spake, and said,*

3. *Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man-child conceived.*

4. *Let that day be darkness, let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it.*

5. *Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it, let a cloud dwell upon it, let the blackness of the day terrifie it.*

6. *As for that night, let darkness seize upon it, let it not be joyned unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months.*

7. *Lo, let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein,* &c.

CCXXIV.

God answers Job *out of the Whirl-wind. The Description of the Horse.*

THus from a *Cloud*, enroll'd in *Flames* and *Smoak*,
With *Thunder* charg'd, to *Job* th' Almighty spoke:

What vain presumptuous *Mortal* dares repine,
His *Wisdom* vaunt, or vie his *Strength* with mine?
Exert thy self, be *all* the *Man* displaid!
When solid *Earth's Foundations* first I laid,
When the bright *Stars* their Maker's Praise confess'd,
The *Sons of God* their Joy with Shouts express'd;
Where wert thou then, whate're thou know'st *declare!*
What were thy *Thoughts*, and thy *Employment* there?

Didst thou, *assuming Mortal*, say! didst thou
Upon the gen'rous *HORSE* his matchless *Strength* bestow?
His *Neck* with *Thunder* cloath, and fierce Disdain,
Or to the Winds diffuse his flowing *Main*?
Will he thy *Hand* like a weak *Locust* fear,
Or *trembling* at thy Presence, *disappear*?

What

CCXXIV.

JOB, Chap. XXXVIII. from Ver. 1. to 7. and Ch. XXXIX. from Ver. 19. to 25.

Chap. XXXIX. Ver. 19. *Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?*

20. *Canst thou make him afraid as a grashopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.*

21. *He paweth in the valley, and rejoyceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.*

22. *He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.*

23. *The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.*

25. *He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battel afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.*

What

What Clouds of *Smoak* from his broad *Noſtrils* fly?
He breaths a *Storm*, and *Lightning* in his Eye.
Proud of his Strength, behold him rage and *bound*,
And ſtamp with clatt'ring *Hoofs* the putrid *Ground!*
He *Arms*, and *Men* diſdains, nor knows to fear
The rattling *Quiver*, or the glitt'ring *Spear:*
---*Sound, ſound a Charge!* the *Trumpets* call from far,
He hears with Joy the diſtant gath'ring *War:*
Fiercely he flies th' advancing *Foe* to meet,
Trembles the *hollow Ground* beneath his Feet.
---And now the leſſ'ning *Plain* is grown a *Line*,
The deadly *Piles* are caſt, the *Battles* joyn.
With *thund'ring Shouts* the Warriors rend the Skies,
He *Thunders* too--- Aha! Aha! he cries:
Swift as a *Shaft* from *Parthian Archer* flies,
He ſhoots away, the narrow *Champain* croſs'd,
He breaks the *thickeſt Ranks*, and in the *Fight* is *loſt*.

CCXXV.

Job's *Happineſs*.

THE Patriarch heard, profound he *bow'd* his *Head*,
And thus with humble *Heart* and *Voice* he ſaid:
I yield, I yield, thy *Conqueſt* I proclaim:
Thine be the *Glory*, and be mine the *Shame!*

I know, *unbounded Might!* to *think* and *do*,
To *will* and to *perform*'s the ſame with you.
How blind, how ignorant, how bold, how vain,
Have I preſum'd to *cenſure* and *complain!*
O hear a ſuppliant *Sinner*, who implores
Thy pard'ning *Goodneſs*, and thy Pow'r *adores!*
Something before of God I heard and knew,
But now my dazled *Eyes* thy *Glory view:*
The more I know, the more I muſt *lament*,
Abhor my ſelf, and in the Duſt *Repent.*

With *tender Pity* did th' *All-High* ſurvey
The *ſuff'ring Saint*, as *roll'd* in *Duſt* he lay:
Enough, he ſaid, thou ſhalt no longer *mourn*,
I *turn* the *Scale*, and *bid* thy *Fortunes turn.*
While thro' the *Clouds* his Voice in *Thunder* broke,
And thus he his *unfriendly Friends* beſpoke:

Raſh and *unjuſt! Cenſorious* and *unkind!*
How *falſe* your *Reas'nings*, and your *Eyes* how *blind!*
My Servant *Job*, afflicted and diſtreſs'd,
Far *juſter Notions* has of me expreſs'd:
Then fly to him, before my *Anger* riſe,
Which he'll prevent with *Pray'r* and *Sacrifice!*
They did--- Behold the *Patriarch* intercede
And plead *for* thoſe who did *againſt* him *plead!*
Nor was his Suit in vain to Heav'n prefer'd,
For *them* and for *himſelf* his Pray'rs are heard:

So soon did *Heav'n* the happier *State* restore,
Not his *Misfortunes* came so quick before:
How bless'd a *Change!* what bright *Reverse* of Fate!
And now what *Crowds* of *Friends* his *Levee* wait?
What num'rous *Gifts* they bring, what Sums untold?
(He that has *Gold* shall still have *more of Gold.*)
Why had he not *before* their *Friendships* try'd?
Not *one* but wou'd have *all his Wants* supply'd:
He knew 'em all, yet *civil Thanks* express'd,
His *alter'd Consort* came among the rest:
Unkind, imperious, murm'ring now no more,
As when she *vex'd* his *righteous Soul* before;
His Pardon did at once and *Heaven's* implore:
He all *forgot*, with *Tears* of *Joy* confess'd
Reviving *Love*, and clasp'd her to his *Breast:*
The num'rous *Offspring* which before he mourn'd
Were all agen by bounteous *Heav'n* return'd:
Sev'n princely *Sons* agen his Table grac'd,
And near 'em were *three* lovely *Daughter*'s plac'd;
Whose pleasing *Names* their Virtues did display,
As *Cassia* fragrant, and as fair as *Day.*
Three Ages still the *Patriarch* did survive,
And did of all the *Joy* and *Wonder* live:
Satiate with *worldly Good*, did then remove
To try more *lasting Bliss*, and purer *Joys* above.

CCXXV.

JOB Chap. XLII. from Ver. 1. to the End.

Ver. 10. *The Lord turned the captivity of* Job, *when he prayed for his friends: also the Lord gave* Job *twice as much as he had before.*

11. *Then came there unto him all his brethren, and all his sisters, and all they that had been of his acquaintance before, and did eat bread with him in his house: and they bemoaned him, and comforted him over all the evil that the Lord had brought upon him: every man also gave him a piece of money, and every one an ear-ring of gold.*

12. *So the Lord blessed the latter end of* Job *more than his beginning.*

CCXXVI.

The PSALMS.

WHile the *Great Spirit* did *Jeſſe*'s Son inſpire,
Thus ſung the *Bard* and touch'd his *heav'nly Lyre:*

Pſal. 1. Of *Bad* and *Good* he ſings the *diff'rent Fate,*
2. And next *Meſſiah*'s glorious *Reign* and *State*;
3, 4. *Three Mournful Songs* his *Grief* and *Faith* explain,
5, 6. His Penitential Thoughts the Sixth retain.
7, 8, 9. The next of *Saul*, and *proud Goliah* treat,
10 to 14. And blame th' abhor'd *Oppreſſions* of the *Great*;
15. Who ſhall in *Sion*'s *ſacred Mountain* dwell,
16. The *Saviour*'s *Conqueſt* over *Death* and *Hell.*
17. With *Heav'n* he pleads his *injur'd Innocence,*
18. And grateful Songs repays for *Heav'ns Defence:*
19. *Nature* and *Revelation* next he ſhows;
20, 21. Proud *Syria*'s Arms are broke, and God's and *David*'s Foes.
22. The *Saviour*'s *Suff'rings* ſhadow'd in his *own,*
23, 24. His *Truſt* in God; the *Aſcenſion* then *fore-ſhown:*
25. His *Sins* and *Sorrows* then his *Soul torment,*
26, 27, 28 To *Heav'n* he *cries* when into *Exile* ſent.
29. In *lofty Hymns* the *Thunderer's* Praiſe expreſs'd;
30, 31. Amidſt his *Friends* his *Name* the *Pſalmiſt* bleſs'd,
32. And then with *contrite Heart* his *Sins* confeſs'd.
33, 34, 35, 36. Praiſe.--- *Achiſh.*--- Dreadful *Threatnings* on th' *Unjuſt;*
37. And tho' they *proſper*, we in God muſt *truſt:*
38, 39. His *Sins* and *Sorrows*: *Life*'s a fleeting *Shade:*
40, 41. He *waits*, The *Traitor Judas* is diſplaid.

For

CCXXVI.

PSALM CXLVI. Ver. 1, 2. CXLVIII. 11. 13. CXLIX. 1.

Pſalm CXLVI. Ver. 1. *Praiſe ye the Lord. Praiſe the Lord, O my ſoul.*

2. *While I live will I praiſe the Lord.*

CXLVIII. Ver. 11. *Kings of the earth and all people; princes and all judges of the earth.*

13. *Let them praiſe the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent, his glory is above the earth and heaven.*

CXLIX. Ver. 1. *Sing unto the Lord a new ſong, and his praiſe in the congregation of ſaints.*

42,43, For *God* and his bleſs'd *Houſe* the *Pſalmiſt* longs;
44. The Nations *Spoil* deſcrib'd in *mournful Songs*:
45. But ſoon *Meſſiah's glorious Loves* we find,
46,47,48 And *Peace* and *Conqueſt* down to *future Days* conſign'd.
49,50. *Death* equals all. God will to *Judgment* come:
51,52. *David* for *Pardon* ſues. Fierce *Doeg's doom.*
53,54,55 *Sheba.* The *Ziphites*, and falſe *Gilonite*:
56,57. *David* in *Gath*--- from *Saul* his *haſty Flight.*
58,59. Ill *Counſellors.* He *prays* againſt his *Foes*:
60,61. *Aram* and *Edom* ſmites--- To *Exile* goes.
62,63. His *Truſt* in God: In *Deſarts* he complains.
64,65. *Curs'd Plots.* He bleſſes Heav'n for *kindly Rains.*
66,67. For Conqueſt, *Praiſe.* God and the People *bleſs'd*:
68. *Meſſiah's Triumphs* next in *lofty Hymns* expreſs'd.
69,70,71 *Salvation* ask'd. In God he puts his *Truſt*,
72,73. Solomon *crown'd. Proſper'd* awhile th' *Unjuſt.*
74,75,76 The *Temple* fir'd: Th' *Aſſyrians Horns* are *broke*:
77. The *Pſalmiſt* groans beneath th' Almighty's *Stroke*:
78,79. God's *Wonders* told. His *Holy Place* defil'd;
80. His *Vineyard* trampled and his People *ſpoil'd.*
81,82. The Feaſt of *Trumpets. Earthly Gods* adviſ'd:
83,84. *Jehaziel's Pſalm.* The *Temple* lov'd and priz'd.
85,86, *Captives* reſtor'd. For *Health* the *Pſalmiſt* ſues;
87,88. *Sion* deſcribes--- and then his *Plaint* renews.
89,90. God leaves his *King.* From *Moſes* learn to *Pray!*
91,92, The *Good* are *ſafe.*--- *This* for the *Sabbath Day!*
93,94. God *Reigns.*-- *Revenge* is *his.* Twice *come* and *ſing!*
95,96,97 For *Clouds* and *Darkneſs* round *Heav'ns awful King.*
98,99. Victorious *Praiſe.* The Lord exalted *reigns.*
100. *Praiſe* him whoſe *Truth* no *bound of Time* contains!
101,102. *Kingly Reſolves.* Th' *afflicted* God will *raiſe*:
103,104. And *all* his *Works* their *Great Creator* praiſe.
105,106. What *Wonders* to *ungrateful Iſrael* ſhown:
107. *God's Providence* from kind *Afflictions* known.

Triumphant

Triumphant Praise for *Conquest*. *Dreadful Woes*. 108,109.
Messiah's Footstool, his *inveterate Foes*. 110.
Two *Festal Hymns* by the *GREAT HALLEL* clos'd. 111, to 118.
Divine *Instructions artfully* compos'd. 119.
David in *Kedar mourn'd*--- From *Heav'n* his *Aid*: 120,121.
He pray'd for *Peace*--- and for *Salvation* pray'd. 122,123.
Escap'd, he *praises God*--- In *him* his *Trust*. 124,125.
The *Sorrows* and the *Triumph* of *Just*. 126.
The Lord must *build*! Who *fears* his *Name* is *bless'd*. 127,128.
The *Righteous* oft *afflicted*. Sin *confess'd*. 129,130.
The *humble Mind*. The *wandring Ark* does *rest*. 131,132.
Bless'd *Union*! Those who God's *high Temple* guard, 133,134.
How *bless'd*! The *Service* is its *own Reward*.
The *morning Hymn*: The *festal Anthem* sung, 135,136.
When the full *Quire* with *Hallelujah's* rung.
Unlearnt at *Babel*, where their *Harps unstrung*: 137.
Not *David's* thus, who the *Creator* sings, 138.
To listning *ANGELS* and to listning *Kings*:
To God *appeals*: *Unbosoms* all his *Grief*, 139, &c.
And from his *Sins* and *Foes* implores *Relief*. 142,143.
What makes a *Country happy* then displays: 144.
The next his *own peculiar Psalm of Praise*. 145.
With heav'nly *Hallelujahs* all the *rest*, 146, &c.
Bless his *tremendous Name*, whose *Name* be *ever bless'd*! 149,150.

CCXXVII.

The Proverbs of Solomon.

Chap. I. IN short *Inſtructive Proverbs* here we learn
From *Solomon*, *true Wiſdom* to diſcern:
He ſhows 'tis plac'd in *Piety* alone,
That the *Foundation*, that the *Corner-Stone*;
Then thus the *Royal Moraliſt* goes on.
Regard thy *Parents ſage Advice*, my Son!
Ill Company and bad *Examples* ſhun!
When *Sinners* thee to *Ruin* wou'd entice,
Rather attend to *Wiſdom*'s kind *Advice!*
Ah, *fooliſh Boy!*--- concern'd and *loud* ſhe cries,
How long wilt thou in *Vice's Mazes* rove!
How long thy *Folly* and thy *Ruin* love!
Turn e're too late, O turn when I *reprove*;
Leſt I thy *gaſping Pray'rs* refuſe to *hear*,
Laugh at thy *Mis'ry*, and *deride* thy *Fear*:

II. But if thy Soul to *Wiſdom* thou incline,
And *ſearch*, as *Silver* in the *ſecret Mine*;
God will the *Knowledge* of himſelf *impart*,
Which with *unfading Joys* ſhall fill thy *Heart*:
Of *wicked Men* 'twill teach thee to *beware*,
And *guard* thee from the lewd *deceitful Fair*,
Whoſe *Eyes* are *Traps*, and every *Word* a *Snare*.

Smoother

CCXXVII.

PROV. Chap. I. Ver. 1. to Ver. 6.

Ver. 1. *The proverbs of* Solomon *the ſon of* David, *king of* Iſrael.

2. *To know wiſdom and inſtruction, to perceive the words of underſtanding;*

3. *To receive the inſtruction of wiſdom, juſtice, and judgment, and equity;*

4. *To give ſubtilty to the ſimple, to the young man knowledge and diſcretion.*

5. *A wiſe man will hear and will increaſe learning: and a man of underſtanding ſhall attain unto wiſe counſels:*

6. *To underſtand a proverb, and the interpretation; the words of the wiſe, and their dark ſayings.*

Smoother

Chap. V. ver. 3. *Smoother* than *Oil* her *Tongue* in Falshood skill'd,
Her *Lips* like *Honey* from the *Rock distill'd*;
4. But O, as *Wormwood*, bitter is her *End*:
5. Her *Lovers* to the *Shades* of *Death* descend.
VI. 27. Will *Fire* within the *Bosom* rest *disarm'd*?
28. Can any *walk* on *burning Coals unharm'd*?
More fondly *blind*, more madly *desp'rate* he
29. Whose *Soul* defil'd with *base Adultery*:
30. The *worst* of *Thieves*, curs'd and abhorr'd his *Name*,
33. Nor ever *curable* his *wounded Fame*.
34. Beware an *injur'd Husband's jealous Rage*,
35. Which less than *Life* there's nothing can *asswage*.
VII. 5. What *potent Charms*, what well-known guiltless *Arts*
The *Syrens* use to snare unguarded *Hearts*?
6. As from my *Window* once I cast mine *Eye*,
7. *Full of himself*, a *Youth* walk'd *careless* by;
8. Near a *lewd Woman's Den*, too near he pass'd;
A furious *Tyger* makes not half the haste;
When urg'd by *hungry Stings*, to seize his *Prey*
10. As she to him, from where she *ambush'd* lay;
With *harden'd Face* she to her *Quarry* ran,
13. Attack'd with *Harlot Smiles*, and thus began:
Fortune is kind, nor have I *pray'd* in vain,
Since at the last so *dear a Friend* I gain:
15. Long have I *languish'd* for this *happy Hour*,
When with these *greedy Eyes* I thee devour:

Thou

Thou now art *mine*, nor I with *eaſe* will part
From that *dear Man*, who long has *charm'd* my *Heart*.
All, all is *ready*; all that may invite
Thy am'rous Youth to taſte of *ſtoln Delight*:
Till the *Day dawn*, and envious *Sun* ſhall *ſhine*,
Be *Drunk* with *Love*, and *pledge* full Bowls of *mine*, 18.
Nor on my *Dotard-Husband* think for Shame! 19.
'Twill *pall* our *Joys* that *odious Thing* to name:
The *Wretch* is gone to ſome rich *Mart* or *Fair*,
His *faithful Spouſe* ne're *ask'd*, and *cares* not *where*.
If *long enough* he ſtay; nor will he *haſte*, 20.
Till his *long Bag of Gold* begin to waſte:
Till then--- ſhe ſaid, he's *faſt* within her *Toils*,
Her *flatt'ring Tongue* his *heedleſs Youth* beguiles: 21.
So the *dull Ox* to *Slaughter* tamely goes, 22.
So to the *Snare* the *Bird*, but neither knows 23.
That *Death* is *there*; ſo *He*, till in his *Heart*,
He *feels* (and *writhes* in vain) the fatal *Dart*.
Her Houſe the *Grave* from whence no *Gueſts* re- 27.
turn,
Down, down they *ſink* to *Hell*, and there for ever *mourn*.

CCXXVIII.

ECCLESIASTES.

Cap. I. 1. THE *Preacher's* dear *Experience* here we gain,
2. And learn from him that *worldly Joys* are vain:
9. What *is* has *been before*, there's nothing *new*,
Satiety does all our *Bliss* pursue:
II. 1, 2. *Laughter* is only *Madness*, *Mirth* but *Noise*,
3. And *Wine* can give but *false* and *short-liv'd Joys*:
4, 5, 7. Fair *Gardens*, *Palaces*, and num'rous *Train*,
8. *Silver* and *Gold*, and *Musick's self is vain.*
10. I had my *Wish*, and gave my Soul the Rein:
Thro' *Pleasures* winding *Paths* did freely *range*,
12. *Wisdom* for *Folly*, and for *Madness* change:
11. Thus *Labour* after *Labour* did *repeat*,
All, all I found *Vexation* and *Deceit.*
13. Yet *Wisdom's Paths* are still *serenely bright*,
Excelling *Follies* as the *Shades* the *Light.*
17. O *weary Life!* ev'n *Life* it self is *vain*:
My *Days* are *Sorrow*, and my *Wisdom Pain*:
20. *Despair* my *Heart!* since thou no *Rest* canst find,
21. Nor know'st to whom thy *Labours left behind.*
III. 16. *Awful Tribunals* I survey'd and saw,
The *Poor* undone by *specious Forms of Law*:

Delays,

CCXXVIII.

ECCLES. Chap. I. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 14.

Ver. 1. *The words of the preacher, the ſon of* David, *king of* Jeruſalem.

12. *I the preacher was king over* Iſrael *in* Jeruſalem.

13. *And I gave my heart to ſeek and ſearch out by wiſdom, concerning all things that are done under heaven: this ſore travel hath God given to the ſons of man, to be exerciſed therewith.*

14. *I have ſeen all the works that are done under the ſun, and behold, all is vanity and vexation of ſpirit.*

Delays,

Delays, and *Bribes*; and *Justice* a Pretence,
To please the *Great*, and ruin *Innocence*.

IV. 1. I saw the *Tears* of such as were *oppress'd*
2. By *lawless Pow'r*: The *Dead* I prais'd and *bless'd*:
Beyond the *Living*: *Happier* far is *he*,
3. An *Embryo-Form* who ne're the *Light* did see,
Nor yet experienc'd what a *Pain* to *Be*.
4. Where e're *exalted Virtue* single stood,
And dar'd appear *distinguishingly Good*,
By *Envy's Sons* it fell, who *fear* and *hate*,
That *shining Worth* they cannot *imitate*.
8. I saw that *avaritious Wretch* who *spares*,
To load with Wealth his *distant spend-thrift Heirs*,
Nor *Son*, nor *Brother* to possess his *Store*,
Yet still he *starves* himself and longs for *more*;
And still is *WISE* and *GOOD*--- How *vain*, how *blind!*

III. 18. How stupidly *perverse!* What *Beasts* are all *Mankind!*

IX. 7. Thus *wears* our *Life* and hastens to *decay*:
Then *seize* the *flying Moments* while we may.
By all my *Searches* this at last I find,
Since we our *Wealth* and *Goods* must leave behind.
With *modest Mirth* let still thy *Bowl* be crown'd,
Freely let *that*, tho' not thy *Head* go *round*:
2. *Dress*, *eat* and *live well*, and profusely *shed*,
The rich and gen'rous *Oil* around thy *Head*:

Then

Then *all* thy *Joys*, but *not* thy *Cares*, impart
To her who claims thy *Vows*, and claims thy *Heart*.
With that *DEAR ONE* thy happy *Hours* improve, 9.
And *Riot*, if thou canſt, in *virtuous Love !*
'Tis all thou haſt on *Earth*--- when *all is done*,
'Tis all that's *worth* a *Thought* beneath the *Sun*.
Yet *only for thy ſelf* thou wert not *made*, 10.
And ſince thou know'ſt that *Life*'s a *fleeting Shade*,
What *Good* thou doſt, with all thy *Vigour* do,
And thus fair *Fame* a *noble Chace*, purſue:
Thus thou thy ſelf ſhalt from *Oblivion* ſave,
Since there's no *Work*, nor *Wit*, nor *Wiſdom* in the *Grave*.

CCXXIX.

The Preacher warns the young Man to think of Old Age, Death and Judgment.

UNheedful *Youth* whom eager *Paſſion* warms,
The *Royal Preacher* thus to *Virtue* forms:
Thou, whom the tempting *Spring* of Life invites
To taſte of *Mirth* and *Joy*, and gay *Delights*;
Indulge thy *Wiſhes*, give thy Soul the *Reins*,
And laugh at *Conſciences* and *Virtues* Charms!
But know, fond *Youth!* Ah know, and always mind
A ſtrict, a juſt *Account* remains behind.

---O

---O rather now, in *Youth*'s and *Life*'s first Bloom,
Remember, who must *then* pronounce thy *Doom*;
And long uncomfortable *Years* to come:
Before the *lusty Sun of Youth* decline,
The *Moon* and *Stars* with feeble *glimm'rings* shine:
Before Heav'ns azure *Face* is sought in vain,
While *Rain* succeeds the *Clouds*, and *Clouds* the *Rain*.
E're the strong *Guardians* of thy *House* give way,
Tremble thy *Thighs*, thy *sinewy Arms* decay:
Thy *Tongue* forget to *taste*, thy *Teeth* to *grind*,
And thy *dim Eyes* no more the *Light* shall find.
Birds of ill Omen then shall hover o're
Thy *Roof*, and joyous *Songs* shall be no more:
Each *Hill* shall seem to *nod* its threatning *Head*,
Dismay and *Terror* all around thee spread:
Thy *hoary Hairs* shall hastning *Death* fore-show,
The smallest *Weight* a sinking *Burthen* grow:
What is there now in *Life* that's worth *desire?*
The Mourner's *Torch* prepares to *light* thy *Fire*;
Thou must to thy *long silent Home*, *the Grave*, *retire*.
'Tis pass'd--- Thy *Nerves* unstrung, their *Task* give o're,
The *golden Lamp of Life* must burn no more:
The *great Machin* no longer now must play,
Ev'n thy strong *Vitals* to the *Foe* give way,
And conqu'ring *Death* breaks in, and claims thee all his *Prey*.

Then

CCXXIX.

Then ſhall this *Duſt* to native *Duſt* retire,
Thy *Spirit* ſhall to th' *World* of *Spirits* aſpire,
And trembling ſtand before its *great immortal Sire.*

The Sum is this--- E're *Life* and *Strength* decay,
O *Fear* th' Almighty, and his *Laws* obey;
For thou before his awful Throne muſt ſtand,
Where every *Thought* and every *Action* ſcann'd:
The *Good* ſhall *Bliſs*, and vaſt *Rewards* attend,
The *Bad* are doom'd to *Shame* and *Pain* that *knows no End.*

CCXXX.

The Canticles, *or Song of* Solomon.

YE *Mortals*, who a *mortal Form* admire,
And only *warm* you at a *painted Fire*,
Look here, and raiſe your Souls to more *ſublime Deſire!*
While *David*'s Son in *Numbers* worthy *Kings*,
The *Churches Loves*, and then the *Saviour*'s ſings.

O let him breath *unmeaſurable Bliſs*,
In the *chaſt Turtles* kindeſt, ſofteſt *Kiſs!*
Thy *Love*, my *Flame! tranſporting* and *divine*,
Imparts a ſtronger, nobler *warmth* than *Wine:*
Thy fragrant *Name* Ambroſial *Sweets* reſpires,
And fills the *Virgins Breaſt* with chaſt and fair *Deſires.*

Ah! will my *Charmer* then himſelf *debaſe*,
To love ſo *ruſtic* and ſo *mean* a *Face?*
Yet ſince he's *pleas'd* to *like* it, I am *Fair*,
And, *Salem*'s *Daughters!* can with *you* compare.

O thou who art of *all my Soul* poſſeſs'd!
As e're *reſembling Paſſion* warm'd thy *Breaſt*;
Tell me, too *lovely Shepherd!* tell me *where*
Thou doſt at *Noon* to *cooling Shades* repair;
Tho' *cooling Shades* will *ſcorch*, when thou my *Sun*, art there.

Where

CCXXX.

CANTICLES, Chap. I. Ver. 12, &c. Chap. II. from Ver. 9. to Ver. 13.

Chap. I. Ver. 12. *While the king ſate at his table*, &c.

II. Ver. 9. *My belov'd is like a roe, or a young hart: behold, he ſtandeth behind our wall*, &c.

10, *My beloved ſpake and ſaid unto me, Riſe up, my love, my fair one, and come away.*

11. *For lo, the winter is paſt, the rain is over and gone.*

12. *The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the ſinging of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.*

13. *---Ariſe, my love, my fair one, and come away.*

Where by some *cryſtal Fountains* flow'ry ſide,
Thy happy *Flocks* thou doſt both *feed* and *guide*.
Why ſhou'd I *wander* thence? For, who can be
Or *bleſs'd* without thee, or *unbleſs'd with thee*?

O *faireſt* Name of all thy *charming Kind*!
If thou thy *Lover's Walk* deſire to find;
Go where the *bleating Train* are wont to paſs!
See where their num'rous *Footſteps* print the *Graſs*!
Nor ſhalt thou there his *Preſence* long *prevent*,
Thy *Kids* the while may *graze* beſides the *Shepherd's Tent*.

Thoſe *Jewels* which that heav'nly *Face* adorn,
Brought from the Boſom of the *riſing Morn*,
Which at a *Kingdom's Rate* we juſtly prize,
Look *dim*, or borrow *Luſtre* from thoſe *Eyes*:
The *Gold* does but by thy *Reflexion* ſhine,
Nor can the Silver *grace* a *Form* like *thine*.

While he, the only *Lord of my Deſires*,
And only *Good* my raviſh'd *Soul* admires,
Sits at his *Table*, fann'd by gentle *Gales*,
My *flowing Nard* its *balmy Sweets* exhales:
---But with his *Breath* what *Spices* can compare!
The *blooming Spring* leſs *ſweet*, leſs *ſweet* th' *Arabian* Air:
While on my *Boſom* he ſecurely reſts,
His Head *reclining* on my panting *Breaſts*;

'Tis

'Tis *Myrrh*, 'tis *Frankincenſe*, 'tis *Rapture* all,
And nothing *Sweet* but *him*, and nothing *Fair* I call.

CCXXXI.

CANTICLES, Chap. II.

I Am the *Roſe* of *Sharon*'s lovely *Dale*,
The *ſnowy Lily* that adorns the *Vale*:
And as th' *unſulli'd Lilies Beauty* ſhows,
Which in a *Brake* of *churliſh Brambles* grows;
So *ſhines* my *ſpotleſs Love*, beyond compare,
So *ſhe* the *faireſt Thing* of all that's *Fair*.

As *bluſhing Apples* in the *Garden* riſe,
And gain from every *Rival Fruit* the Prize;
So he I *love* (how *bleſs'd* if *lov'd agen!*)
Is *fairer* far than all the *Sons of Men*.
How *vaſt my Bliſs* when ſafe beneath his *Shade!*
No *Sun* cou'd *reach* me there, no *Storms* invade:
I reach'd the *bending Fruit* with eager haſte,
Of heav'nly *Odor*, of Ambroſial *Taſte*:
He brought me to his *Banquet*, richly ſpread,
Love his *triumphant Banner* o're my Head.
O give me *Air!* thoſe *kind*, thoſe *killing Eyes* remove!
A *Cordial* give with ſpeed! I *faint*, I *die for Love!*

His *Left* beneath my drooping *Head* was plac'd,
And with his *kind Right-Hand* he me embrac'd.

Ye *Virgins*, ſtay! nor with *officious Haſte*
Diſturb my *Love's Repoſe*, *indulge* his *Eaſe*,
Nor *break* his *Slumbers* till himſelf he *pleaſe!*

'Tis *He*, 'tis *He*--- that *dear-lov'd Voice* I hear,
My *buſie Heart* fore-told my *Love* was *near*:
The *craggy Hills* in vain his *Courſe* wou'd ſtay,
The *cloudy Mountains* can't obſtruct his Way:
A *Roe* or *Hart* his beauteous *Feet* excel,
For *Love can draw more ſwift than Fear compel.*

And muſt I (can I?) *wiſh* his *Preſence* more?
What need of *Art* where all was *His* before?
He near ſome *ruin'd Wall* in *ambuſh* lies,
And *half is ſeen, and half himſelf denies*:
I heard his *Voice*, tho' ſtill his *Face* he *hides*,
And thro' my *ſecret Soul* each *charming Accent glides.*
Ariſe my *Love!* my *Fair*, and come away!
A *Love* like *mine* admits of no *Delay!*
The *ſtormy Winter's* Rage at length is o're,
And *Heav'ns* ſweet Face is veil'd in *Clouds* no more.
Soft *vernal Air* the gentle *Pleiads* bring,
The *gentle Pleiads* warn the welcom *Spring*:
The *Flow'rs* around the painted *Fields* appear,
Nor more the *burning Froſt* and envious *Winter* fear.

The *Birds* in *Pairs* ſit warbling in their *Throats*,
How *wild*, how *charming* all their *mingled Notes!*
The murm'ring *Turtle* on the *Green-wood Spray*,
Courts his *chaſt Mate*, upbraiding our *Delay*.
The ſtruggling *Buds* from Nature's *Store-houſe* come,
Diſtend their pregnant *Gems*, and crowd for room:
The *Vines* revive, their tender *Grapes* appear,
And *promiſe Bleſſings* to the *riſing Year*:
Native Perfumes uncall'd the Senſe delight,
And *Odour* rivals *hearing* and the *ſight*.
Were theſe but known, How would'ſt thou blame thy *ſtay?*
Ariſe, my *Love*, my *Fair*, and come away!
In ſecret *Shades* indulge ſoft *Reſt* no more!
The *Morning* calls, we'll *trace the Mountains* o're;
Thro' *Hills* and *Dales*, a long and cheerful *Chace*,
Purſue the *Fox* with all his *prolling Race*:
For all their *nightly Thefts* they now ſhall pay,
For *brouzing* all our *tender Vines* by Day.

I come, I come! I know thy *Heart* is *mine*
Thou *dearer than my Soul*, and *all my Soul* is *thine*.
Cover'd with *Lilies* in the *Woods* he lay,
By his *own Light* diſclos'd, and *fairer far* than they:
---Behold the *beauteous Morn!* behold the *riſing Day!*

From *Hill* to *Hill* the trembling *Shadows* run,
Nor can they *bear* the *Light* of *such a Sun.*
Make *haste my Love!* with all thy *Joys* appear!
Nor leave me to *despair* and *languish* here!
Swift as the *Roe-buck* which *out-strips* the *Wind,*
Swift as the *Royal Hart,* when the hot *Chace* behind.

CCXXXII.

CANTICLES, Chap. III.

STill was the *Night,* and all in *Sleep* lay drown'd,
But *watchful Cares* the *Lover's Head* surround;
And oft they *start,* and oft in *Dreams* they view
The dear-lov'd *Object* and their *Pain* renew:
Thus while I *slept,* my busy *wakeful Thought*
Of him I *lov'd,* the *pleasing Image* brought:
Too *strong* th' *Impression* was for *Rest* to bear,
I sighing *wak'd,* and *clasp'd* but *empty Air:*
When from my *widow'd Bed* my self I threw,
And round the *silent Streets* distracted flew:
For him I *lov'd,* I sought, alas! in *vain,*
Nor cou'd I find the *Cause* of all my *Pain.*
Wand'ring thro' *Paths unknown,* the *Watch* I found,
Who thro' the *City* walk'd their *nightly Round:*

Of

Of these, but still alike in vain *enquire*,
For him who is my *panting Soul's* desire.
Still I go on, and *tempt* without *Affright*,
(So *bold* is *Love!*) the *Dangers* of the *Night*:
Nor long before my *Labour* richly paid,
I found my *Love*, I *seiz'd*, I *grasp'd*, I *staid*,
And to my *Mother's Chamber* him convey'd.

Chap. IV. Ver. 8, &c.

From *Lebanon*, my *Fair!* with me descend!
My *more* than *Sister!* and my *more* than *Friend!*
Where *Amana's* and *Shenir's Mountains* rise,
And *Hermon's hoary Head* invades the Skies,
And see beneath an earthly Paradise!
Nor fear the *Lions* or the *Leopards* there,
Those *Eyes* will *charm* their *Rage*, nor *can* they *hurt* the *Fair*.

Those *Eyes* have *stoln* my *Heart*, no longer *mine*,
How far excels thy *Love* the *Joys* of *Wine!*
O how *reviving* is thy *rich Perfume*,
Diffusing Paradise all round thy Room!
Thy *Lips*, my *Fair!* with more of *Sweetness* fill'd,
Than the *live Honey* from the *Rocks* distill'd.
How *soft* thy *Words!* *inimitable Grace*
Adorns thy *Lips*, and *Eden's* in thy *Face!*
A *Cherub* guards the *Gate* with watchful *Care*,
A *Spring* shut up, a *Fountain seal'd* my *Fair*.

Thy

Thy choiceſt *Plants* in *comely Order* grow,
Pomgranats there their *od'rous Sweets* beſtow;
Crocus and *Nard*, and fragrant *Shrubs* and *Trees*,
Thro' *flow'ry Walks* exhale a *ſpicy Breez*.

Since *here* my *Charmer* ought of *Pleaſure* finds,
Blow on my *Garden* all the *gentle Winds!*
---And loe they *hear*, and loe kind *Zephir* brings
The mingled *Treaſures* of a *Thouſand Springs*,
A *Thouſand Sweets* upon his *balmy Wings!*
They call their *Kindred Sweets*, they *wake*, they *riſe*,
In *odorif'rous Clouds*, and fill the *wondring Skies*.

CCXXXIII.

CANTICLES, Chap. V, VII, VIII.

O Thou to whom my *Faith* by *Holy Vows*
Is firmly *pledg'd*--- my *Siſter* and my *Spouſe!*
My *Friends* I've in my *Garden* entertain'd,
But for my *Love* this *happy Moment* gain'd:
For what are *Friends to thee?* I left 'em *there*,
My *Feaſt*, my *Fruits*, my gen'rous *Wines* to ſhare
All, all, and more, art Thou, my charming Fair!

My

My weary'd *Eyes*, *imperfect Slumbers* close,
But, ah! my *panting Heart* has no *Repose!*
I know his *Voice*, the *Voice* of him I *love*,
" Why thus *unkind*, my *fair*, my *spotless Dove!*
" So long I wait till *dewy Night* has *shed*
" Its cold unwholsom *moisture* o're my *Head.*

Must I agen my *Robes* so soon *indue?*
Must I my *Feet*, new-wash'd, *defile* anew?
Agen he calls and does for *Entrance* sue:
My *conscious Heart*, tho' now too late, was *mov'd*,
Ah, how *unkind* my *Sloth* to him I *lov'd!*
I *rose*, I *ran*, I *flew* with *eager haste*,
My *Hopes* already had *their Lord* embrac'd:
But *he was gone* and left me to *Despair:*
With *loud Complaints* I wound the *gentle Air*,
With *loud Complaints* which scatter'd into *Wind*,
And call him *false*, and *cruel*, and *unkind.*
Hurry'd by *Passion* thro' the *Streets* I flew,
But whither, neither did *regard* nor *knew:*
Agen, I by the *churlish Watch* was found,
My *Veil* they rudely take, and me they *wound.*

O *Salem's Daughters!* if more *bless'd* than *me*,
My *lovely Fugitive* you chance to *see*,
Tell him, what may perhaps his *Pity* move,
Tell him I *languish* and I *die* for *Love.*

O *fairest* of thy *Sex*, to whom compell'd,
We all the *rivall'd Palm of Beauty* yield!

What

What *Charms* has he that can such *Passion* move!
Describe the dear, the *happy Swain* you *love!*

O he is *fair*, he is all *heav'nly Fair*,
Beyond *Expression*, and beyond *compare*:
The *white* and manly *Red* his Face adorn,
Gay as those *Beams* that dress the *rising Morn*.
His *Head* like *polish'd Gold*, but far more fine
Like *Ravens* glossy *Plumes* his curling *Tresses* shine,
But O, his Eyes, his *Dove*-like *Eyes* are *all Divine*.
On his *lov'd Face* a *Bed* of *Spices* grows,
Blushes the *Lily* and looks *pale* the *Rose*,
When *shown* with *him*, and with *majestic Grace*,
All *Lebanon* is *open'd* in his *Face*.
Who then, what *Words* can speak, what *Tongue* can tell
The *Charms* that on his *Lips* for ever *dwell*?
Lovely all o're, *himself* in *every part*:
---This, *Virgins*, this is *he* that *charms* my *Heart*.

Chap. VII. Ver. 10.

Yet he is *mine*: agen of me *possess'd*,
Agen he *strains* me to his *panting Breast*:
Soon, soon my *Love*, the *noisie Town* forsake!
To our sweet *Country Shades* a *Journey* make!
To where the *verdant Fields* our *Loves* invite,
And where no *envious Eye* controls our *chast Delight*.

Before

Before the *ruddy Dawn* has mark'd the *Skies*,
Before the *Sun* on *dewy Hermon* riſe;
I'll to the *Vineyards* with my *Love* repair,
Together will we *taſte* ſweet *Vernal* Air;
To ſee the *mantling Vine* its *Gems* diſcloſe,
And how to *Life* the *tender Cluſter* grows:
To ſee the *purple Granats* forward preſs
Their *dawning Buds*, and in that *calm receſs*
Shalt thou my *Loves* and all my *Soul* poſſeſs.

Chap. VIII. Ver. 13, 14.

The *flow'ry Gardens* are thy *happy Choice*,
Where thy *Companions* hear thy *tuneful Voice*:
And why to me *deny'd* thy *charming Song!*
O do not, do not thy *Return* prolong!
Haſte, as the *Royal Hart* or nimble *Roe*
Shoot o're the *flow'ry Hill* where *bloomy Spices* grow.

CCXXXIV.

God's Vineyard.

O Thou who art my raviſh'd Souls *deſire!*
Thy *Vineyard* claims my *Voice*, and claims my *Lyre*.

Full on a *lovely Hill's deſcent* 'twas plac'd,
And thence the cheerful *Sun* directly fac'd,
His kind *meridian Beams* did largely taſte.

Its careful *Maſter fenc'd* it ſtrongly round,
Of *Weeds*, and *Shrubs*, and *Stones*, he clear'd the Ground;
The *nobleſt Vines* he ſought with niceſt Care,
No niggard of his *Coſt*, and *planted* there:
A lofty *Turret* rais'd, a *Wine-preſs* made,
And *hop'd* the *Fruit* wou'd all have richly paid.
But, ah th' *Ungrate!* when due *Return* he ſought,
Harſh only were the *Grapes*, and *wild* it brought.

You, who in fair *Jeruſalem* reſide,
And who degen'rate *Judah*'s remnant guide
With equal *Votes* betwixt us both *decide!*
What cou'd I do for my lov'd *Vineyard* more?
How have I there *exhauſted* all my Store.

Ah,

CCXXXIV.

Isaiah, Chap. V.

Ah, why have ſuch *unkind Returns* been made,
No grateful *Fruit* my *Coſt* and *Care* repaid!
---Well, ---'tis reſolv'd--- no longer I'll delay
To fix its *Doom*: it's *Hedge* I'll take away,
And leave it to the *brouzing Herd* a *Prey*;
Trampled and *trod*, with *Brambles* cover'd o're
All waſte, and curs'd--- I'll *prune* it now more,
No more will *dig* the *vitious Soil* in vain,
The *Clouds* no more thereon ſhall waſte their kindly *Rain*.

The House of *Israel* God's lov'd *Vineyard* are,
Judah his *Plant*; How pleasant and how fair!
He look'd for *Judgment*, but *Oppression* found,
His *Ears* the Poor's Complaint did daily *wound*.

Wo to th' *Unjust*, who lay their *Neighbours* waste,
Until *alone* the *Mighty Robbers* plac'd!
Wo to th' *Intemp'rate*, who with *Morn* arise,
And till the *stooping Sun* has left the *Skies*,
In *Luxury* and *Wine* consume the Day,
While at their *Feasts* the *Harp* and *Tabret* play:
But none *regards*, there's none that *understands*
The wond'rous *Works* of God's Almighty *Hands*,
As, *useless* like themselves th' *Eternal* Mind,
Were in the *Circle* of the *Skies* confin'd.

Therefore my *People* are to *Exile* led,
And *Hells unmeasurable Jaws* are spread:
Their *Glory* and their *Pomp* must soon have End,
And thither all their *Pride* and short-liv'd *Joy* descend.

CCXXXV.

Isaiah *sees the Glory of God. A Seraph touches his Tongue*, &c.

THE Year *Uzziah* did the *Bless'd* augment,
This wond'rous *Vision* was to *Esay* sent:
High on his *Throne* he saw th' *Almighty* plac'd,
His bright *angelic Train* the *Temple* grac'd:
The favour'd *Seraphim* attend above,
Six Wings has each compos'd of *Fire* and *Love*:
With *Two* they veil'd their *Face*, their *Feet* with *Two*,
With the remaining *Pair* sublime they *flew*:
Th' *Archangel* then their best-lov'd *Anthem* sung,
While with the Sound the *vaulted Temple* rung:
O *Holy! Holy! Holy! thrice* he cries,
Thy boundless *Glory* fills both *Earth* and *Skies*:
Trembled the *solid Pillars* at the *Noise*,
And *Heav'n* and *Earth* repeat th' Archangel's *Voice*:
The *House* was fill'd with smould'ring *Flames* and *Smoak*,
Which from the *broad-leav'd Gates* incessant broke:
I'm *lost*, for *ever lost*, the Prophet cries,
Jehovah seen with these *polluted Eyes*:

Prophane my *Lips*, I hope for *Life* in vain,
Who in a *Nation* dwell of *Lips profane:*
When loe a *Seraph* ſingled from the *Quire*,
Snatches a *Coal* from th' Altars *hallow'd Fire*;
This on his trembling *Lips unhurt* he laid,
Henceforth be *clean*, thy *Sins* are *purg'd* he ſaid.
A *louder Voice* ('twas *God* himſelf that ſpoke)
Thus from the *Throne* with dazling *Splendor* broke:
" Who ſhall of all her Sons, to this *bad Land* be
" ſent,
" To warn 'em of their *Crimes*, if yet they can
" *repent!*
With *humble Boldneſs* did the Saint reply,
And not decline th' ungrateful *Embaſſy:*
Go then, ſaid God, and tell th' *Apoſtate Land*,
Hearing they hear but will not anderſtand:
Their *Hearts* they *harden*, and they cloſe their
Eyes,
Blind to their *Welfare*, *Deaf* to ſound *Advice:*
Afraid leſt they their *Darling Sins* ſhou'd leave,
And cloſe their *Wounds*, and *Life*, and *Health* re-
ceive:
Obſtinate to their *Ruin*; *ripe* for *Fate*;
Nor longer ſhall my injur'd *Patience* wait:
Their *Cities* ſhall be *waſte*, their *Land* be *de-*
ſolate.
Yet ſhall a *Tenth my Portion* ſtill remain,
And to their *happy Seats* return again;

Like

CCXXXV.

Isaiah, Chap. VI.

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Like ſome *broad Oak* whoſe with'ring *Leaves* are ſhed,
And *Earth* with its *diſhevell'd Honours* ſpread:
While its *ſtrong Heart* the *Winter's* Rage defies,
Entrench'd within, the *vital Vigor* lies,
And waits a kinder *Heav'n* and *milder Skies*;
Till welcom *Spring* its *Beauty* ſhall reſtore,
And ſpread its *leavy Shade* more *ample* than before.

CCXXXVI.

ISAIAH, Chap. XIV. from Ver. 4. to Ver. 23.

An Elegy on the King of Babylon.

HOW is th' *Oppreſſor* faln! how *vaſt* a *Load*,
His *mighty Ruins*, ſpread how *wide* abroad!
Gone is that lofty *glitt'ring Head of Gold*,
In *Duſt* and *Death*, and dim *Oblivion* roll'd:
The *King of Tyrants* hated *Reign* is o're,
He ſinks in long-long *Night*, to riſe no more.

That *Staff* which like the fell *Goliah*'s ſtood,
Tall as its *Brother Cedars* of the *Wood*;
Whoſe vaſt *enormous Weight* did *Blood* and *Bones* confound,
And in *whole Bodies* ſcarce cou'd find a *ſingle Wound*;
Worthy a wicked *Tyrants* arm to *wield*;
That *Staff* that *laugh'd* at *Sword*, and *Spear*, and *Shield*;
How is it *ſhiver'd* like a feeble *Rod*,
By the *ſtrong Arm* of *Iſrael*'s mighty God!
How is the *dreadful Iron Scepter* broke,
Which late a Nation *bruis'd* at every *Stroke!*

Break

Break forth in *ſinging* all ye *Realms* oppreſs'd,
The *Tyrant's* faln, the *groaning World's* at reſt:
Ye ſtately *Firs* of *Lebanon* rejoyce!
And O ye *Cedars* there lift up your Voice!
His *Axes* ſhall no more againſt you riſe,
But *fell'd himſelf* on Earth a *lifeleſs Trunk* he lies.
The dire *Abyſs* is *troubled* from beneath,
What means this *Tumult in the Realms of Death?*
'Tis all for *Thee*--- the *mighty Ghoſts* prepare,
At thy *Arrival* to *ſalute* thee there:
From *burning Iron Thrones* with *Scorpions* crown'd,
The *Tyrants* caſt their *gloomy Eyes* around:
Nimrod and *Ninus*, *Sanherib* profane,
With him who periſh'd in th' *Egyptian main*;
Caius and *Herod* glare acroſs the *Shade*,
Both by their *cringing Slaves* like thee, *IMMORTAL* made;
Great *Maximin*, and Greater *Nero* ſee,
And *Attila*, the *Scourge of God* like *Thee*:
Each ſhall ariſe, forſake his *glowing Chair*,
And crowd the *broad-leav'd Gates*, and groan thy *Welcom* there.
Thus ſhall they at thy *Entrance*, thee upbraid;
---Art thou like us a *weak* and *empty Shade?*
Where is thy *Pomp*, thy *Trumpets* warlike Noiſe,
And thy adoring *Peoples ſhouting Voice?*
The *Duſt* and crawling *Worms* around thee ſpred,
'Tis all the *Purple that adorns the Dead.*

O *Lucifer!* (how like your *Crimes* and *Fate!*)
How art thou *fallen* from thy *high Estate!*
How wide the *Gulf* thro' where thy *Legions* fell?
From those *sweet Realms* of *Joy* to these *black Shades* of *Hell.*

Clear as the *Morning* once thy *Beauty* shin'd,
Tho' *blasted* now and *wither'd* with the *Wind:*
'Twas *Pride* transform'd the *Cherub* to the *Fiend,*
Thus didst thou say--- "I will to *Heav'n ascend;*
Above the *Stars* I will exalt my *Throne,*
And claim the *sacred Mount* of God my own!
If not *surmount,* I'll *Rival* the *most High,*
And with him share his *Empire of the Sky:*
Yet art thou *whirl'd to Hell,* thy lofty *Head*
And *Breast* with *never dying Worms* are spred,
Thou reign'st a *gloomy King among the Dead.*

Is this the *Man* that made all *Nature* quake,
Whose *awful Nod* alone cou'd *Kingdoms* shake,
Who *Towns* to *Heaps,* and *Earth* to *Deserts* turn'd,
Whose *Pris'ners* in *eternal Durance* mourn'd?

While other *Monarchs* stately *Fabricks* hold
Of *Marble* built, and *squalid* all with *Gold;*
Thy last, thy *Fun'ral Honours* are unpaid,
Expos'd to *Heav'n* thy *putrid Carcass* laid:
Like those who in the *Heat* of *War* expire,
Deform'd with *grisly Wounds,* and *trampled* in the *Mire.*

No

No kind *Survivor* ſhall thy *Bones* inhume,
No mournful *Friends* thy *loath'd Remains* intomb:
Foe to Mankind, of all abhorr'd and bann'd!
Thou haſt thy *Subjects ſlain, THOU HAST DESTROY'D THE LAND!*
Nor ſhall thy *viperous Race* like *Thee*, be *crown'd*;
Thy *impious Seed* ſhall never be *renoun'd*:
Prepare! prepare! for all his *Sons* prepare,
Slaughter, and *Ruin*, and eternal *War!*
Their *Fathers Crimes* ſhall *ſink* his hateful *Brood*,
Shall *ſink* 'em in a *Sea* of *Guilt* and *Blood*:
In vain his *Thefts* and *Conqueſts* ſhall they *claim*,
In vain aſſume a *Monarch's empty Name*:
New *Mountains* ſtill their *Father's curſe* ſupplies,
And ſinks 'em, never, never more to *riſe*.
Both *Root* and num'rous *Branches* I'll *deſtroy*,
Nor *Son*, nor *Nephew* ſhall his *ſcatter'd Realms* enjoy.
And thou, O *haughty Town!* who long haſt worn,
The *boaſted Spoils* from *plunder'd Nations* born!
Thou too muſt meet a *Fate ſevere* as *juſt*,
Thou too muſt *fall* and *tumble* in the *Duſt*.
Hoarſe Bitterns, ſhrilling Owls, that hate the Light,
And all the *wing'd ill Omens of the Night*,
Their *Manſions undiſturb'd* in thee ſhall take,
While *ſwept* of *Men*, thy *Streets* a *ſtanding Lake*.
Thus ſpake th' *All-High*--- His *Word*, his *Oath* ſhall *ſtand*,
Who can *reverſe* his *Doom*, or who *reſiſt* his *Hand?*

CCXXXVII.

ISAIAH, Chap. XXVI; and XXVII. Ver. 1.

A Song inciting to Confidence in God.

JUdah! thy Sons shall *sing* this joyful *Song*,
---*Strong* is our *City*, our *Defender strong!*
Pow'rful Salvation will our God prepare,
Himself the *Walls*, himself the *Bulwarks* there.
Open those *broad*, those *everlasting Gates!*
The *pious Crowd* without for *Entrance* waits;
Who *Gods misnam'd*, and *Idols* vain abhor,
And only *Israel's awful Pow'r* adore:
He *firm* and perfect *Peace* ordains for those,
Who on his *everlasting Arms* repose.
Proud *Babel's lofty Walls* will he *confound*,
And lay her *airy Turrets* on the *Ground*:
Nor shall the *Just* uprightly walk in vain,
For God does *weigh* their *Paths*, and will their *Paths* maintain.
To thee, O righteous Lord, our *Souls aspire*,
To thee, and to thy Name is our *Desire*;
For thee we *wait* in *dark Affliction's Night*,
And seek thy *Favour* with the *dawning Light*.

When

When thy *tremendous Judgments* are abroad,
The *trembling World* will *own* and *fear* their *God*:
Yet ſtill an impious Race *obdurate* grown,
Ev'n in thy *Sacred Land* will thee *diſown*;
Nor to thy *amiable Houſe* repair,
Tho' often *call'd*, to ſee thy *Glory* there:
Yet ſhall they with *Confuſion* own thy *Pow'r*,
When thy *avenging Fire* ſhall them *devour*.

Once more ſhall *Heav'n-born Peace* at thy Command,
With *Smiles* return, and bleſs the *happy Land*,
Our *Triumphs*, all the Work of thy *Almighty Hand*.

Enſlav'd by *Tyrants* long we bore the *Yoke*,
Which thy *ſtrong Arm* has from our *Shoulders* broke,
Tho' far *too weak* ourſelves, ourſelves to *free*,
And all the *Glory* we *aſcribe* to *Thee*:
To thee, O God, when *chaſten'd* and *diſtreſs'd*,
To thee we ſtill our *gaſping Pray'rs* addreſs'd:
As *teeming Mothers* when the *Birth* is near,
Cry out at once for *Pain* and anxious *Fear*:
Such, ſuch have been our *Pangs*, and ſuch our *Pain*,
Tho' *hopeleſs* yet alas, and all in *vain*:
Our *ling'ring Throes* have yet produc'd but *Wind*,
We no *Deliv'rance*, no *Salvation* find.

Moſes and *Joſhua* now in vain we *boaſt*,
Our *Conqueſts*, and our *ancient Wonders* loſt.

Yet ſhall the *Dead revive*, their *Bones* ſhall *ſpring*,
And thoſe who *dwell* in *Duſt ariſe* and *ſing*:
Come, my lov'd People! from the *Vengeance* fly,
That ſtands *prepar'd* and *hov'ring* in the *Sky!*
Till the rough *Storm* be paſs'd your *Chambers* cloſe,
And there enjoy a *ſure* and *calm Repoſe!*
For God will from his *holy Place* appear,
While trembling *Earth* is ſtruck with conſcious *Fear*.
Nor can ſhe longer hide her *ſanguine Stain*,
Nor in her *ſecret Caves* conceal her *ſlain*.

Chap. XXVII. Ver. 1.

Then will the Lord his *dreadful Sword* unſheath,
For *Slaughter furbiſh'd*, and prepar'd for *Death*:
Leviathan who boaſts his *Scales* in vain,
And fearleſs takes his *Paſtime* on the *main*:
Ev'n he ſhall *fall*, *transfix'd* by *Wrath* divine;
Behold in vain the *crooked Reptile* twine!
In vain he *wounded* ſeeks the *reedy Shore*,
And *plunging* waſts his *Strength*, and *dies* the Waves with *Gore*.

CCXXXVIII.

The Prophet perſuades the Rechabites *to drink Wine.*

TO *Jeremiah* thus *Jehovah* ſpake---
Thus ſaith the Lord: The *Sons* of *Rechab* take,
Unto the *Chambers* of my *Houſe* repair,
And with full *Bowls* of Wine regale 'em there.
With ſpeed the *Prophet* Heav'ns Command *obeys*,
And to the *Houſe of God* his *Gueſts* conveys:
No ſooner they in Order ſeated round,
When the full *Goblets* came, with *gen'rous Liquor* crown'd.
In vain to *Rechab's Sons* the ſparkling Wine,
Did in its Walls of *maſſy Silver* ſhine;
Yet *civilly* the Proffer they *decline*,
And thus their *Cauſe* of *Abſtinence* declare.
---*JEHONADAB*, the wealthy *Rechab's* Heir:
And *Father* of our *Race*, did thus enjoyn
Ten Ages ſince elaps'd, to all his *Line*:
" ---*Avoid* my *Sons!* Avoid the *tempting Wine!*
" Nor *you*, nor *yours* the *luſcious Poyſon* taſte,
" Your *Labour*, or your *Wealth* in *Building* waſte!
" Nor harmful *Vineyards* fondly plant, nor tear
" Your *Mother Earth* with a *vexatious Share!*

" But

" But dwell in *Tents*, and free from Noise and
" Strife,
" Prolong a *simple*, *calm* and *easie Life*!
This we, with *strictest Duty* have obey'd,
Till the *Chaldeans* did the Land invade;
At whose *approach* we hither fled for fear,
And fought a safe *Retreat* and *Refuge* here.
---Agen a *Word* unto the Prophet came,
Which God to *Judah* bids him thus *proclaim*.

And will you not *Instruction* yet receive?
'Tis God that speaks--- Will you not *Audience*
give?
The *Words* of *Jonadab* are still perform'd,
No *Wine* his pious Sons has ever *warm'd*:
But I at *early Dawn* my *Prophets* sent,
And *warn'd* in vain, and cry'd in vain, *Repent*!
Nor this *unpunish'd* will I longer bear,
Thus does the *Lord of Hosts* himself declare;
The *threaten'd Evils* on your Land shall fall,
Because I *call'd*, but none *regards* my *Call*;
While *Rechab's House* who still with *pious Care*,
Their *Father's Charge* obey, shall never want an
Heir.

CCXXXVIII.

JEREMIAH, Chap. XXXV. from Ver. 5. to Ver. 10.

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Ver. 5. *I set before the sons of the house of the* Rechabites, *pots full of wine, and cups, and I said unto them, Drink ye wine.*

6. *But they said, We will drink no wine: for* Jonadab *the son of* Rechab *our father commanded us, saying, Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons for ever.*

8. *Thus have we obeyed the voice of* Jonadab *the son of* Rechab *our father, in all that he hath charged us, to drink no wine all our days, our wives, our sons nor our daughters.*

CCXXXIX.

Jeremiah *cast into the Dungeon; taken out by* Ebedmelech. *Is brought to the King*, &c.

THE *weeping Prophet* by th' *Almighty* sent,
To *Judah's Race* with *heavy Tidings* went,
And *warn'd* in vain, and cry'd in vain, *Repent:*
Too *late believ'd* when *Babel's King* came down
And *pres's'd* on ev'ry side, the *sacred Town:*
Their *Iron Sinew* yet refus'd to *bend*,
In vain they their *devoted Walls* defend;
Ambitious of their *Ruin* scorn'd to *yield*,
But dar'd with *Heav'n* itself maintain the *Field*;
In *Dungeons* deep its *faithful Herald* thrown,
By whom their *Crimes* and hast'ning *Fate foreshown:*
When by the *milder King* from thence he's brought,
His *Life* is by the haughty *Princes* sought:
Afraid he with too much of *Ease* shou'd *die*,
Escape their *Rage*, and *cheat* their *Cruelty*.
They *drag* him to *Malchiah's* dismal *Cave*,
A *Den profound* and *dark* beyond the *Grave*.
The *Sun* enthron'd in his *meridian height*,
Cou'd ne're *dispel* or *reach* its *stubborn Night*.

CCXXXIX.

JEREMIAH, Chap. XXXVIII. from Ver. 6. to Ver. 13.

575

Ver. 6. *They took* Jeremiah, *and caſt him into the dungeon of* Malchiah *the ſon of* Hammelech *that was in the court of the priſon: and they let down* Jeremiah *with cords. And in the dungeon there was no water, but mire: ſo* Jeremiah *ſunk in the mire.*

11, 13. *And* Ebedmelech *the* Ethiopian *took men with him, and drew up* Jeremiah *with cords, and took him out of the dungeon, and* Jeremiah *remained in the court of the priſon.*

A thousand *noxious Creatures* had been there,
Tho' now themselves *extinct* for *want* of *Air*:
Unwholsom *Damps* from hollow *Vaults* arise
In *pestilential Fogs*, and *scale* the *Skies*:
Hither the *Prophet* cast, no bottom found,
A *Bog* of putrid *Mire* deny'd the *Ground*.

Nor *Chains*, nor *Darkness* shook so *firm a Mind*,
Calm as the *Bless'd*, and all to *Heaven* resign'd:
Nor by the *best* of *Friends* forsaken there,
Who from that *dire Abyss* regards his *Prayer*:
By whom inspir'd *good Ebed-melech* goes,
And not in vain for him did *interpose*:
The *King* persuaded of his *Innocence*,
Grants the *Petition*, and remands him *thence*:
Behold him leave the *squalid Realms of Night!*
Scarce cou'd his *Eyes* endure *returning Light*:
From thence he to the *Royal Prison* goes,
A *Palace* to the *Dungeon* whence he *rose*:
To *God's bless'd Court* in private him they bring,
Once more in vain to warn the *wav'ring King*.
He *moves*, he *prays*, by all that's *dear* he sues,
He wou'd no more the *proffer'd Grace* refuse:
With Heav'ns *unchang'd Decrees* we strive in vain,
And still the *more* we *strive*, the *less* we *gain*:

O! rather *yield*, for 'tis not *yet too late!*
Seize the *white Lot*, and *fix* the *Hinge* of *Fate!*
Bloodshed prevent! a *noble City* save!
Oblige your *self! oblige* the *Fair* and *Brave!*
How *dire a face of Things* must else *succeed!*
How wide, how vast a *Ruin* is decreed!
Thy *Wife's* a Prey to *Babel's Lord* design'd,
Nor thou thy self a *milder Fate* shalt find,
---And *worse, far worse remains untold* behind.

Behold, the *City fir'd!* behold, on high
Where the bright *Temples Flames* invade the *Skie!*
Behold, unhappy Prince! ---Thou *canst no more:*
Those *ills* I can't *prevent*, I must *deplore.*

He stopp'd with such a *Weight of Woes* oppress'd,
And the *remaining God* kept *struggling* in his *Breast.*

CCXL.

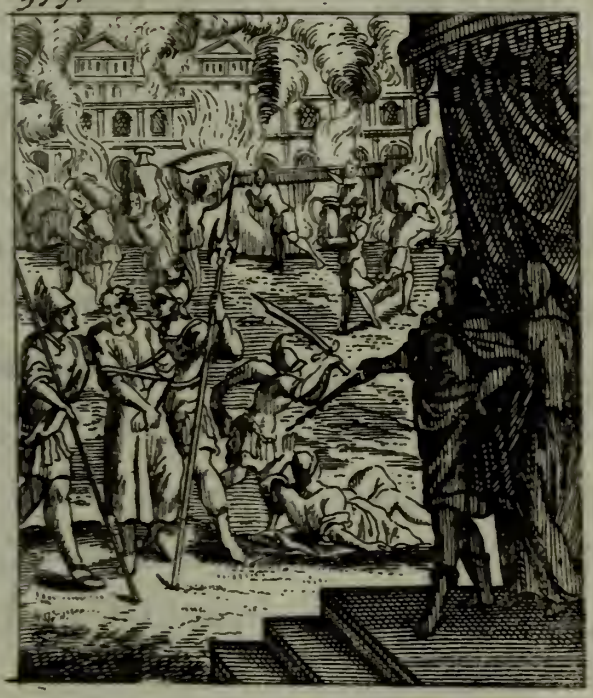
Jerusalem *taken by the* Babylonians. *The Temple burnt.* Zedekiah *brought to* Nebuchadnezzar. *His Eyes put out*, &c.

AN *obstinate Defence* the *Hebrews* made,
For *two long Years* in vain their *Fate delay'd:*
Without, the *Babylonian* Army press'd,
Within they're by a *stronger Foe* distress'd,
Expos'd to *Famine*'s keen insatiate *Rage*,
Th' *impartial Conqu'ror* spares nor *Sex* nor *Age:*
Like *Ghosts* the *Warriors* to the *Ramparts* goe,
The *Laughter* and the *Horror* of the *Foe*,
When e're they *strike* they *tumble* with the *Blow:*
So *feeble* grown they can't the *Breach repair*,
But with their *Bodies* fill, and drop with *Hunger there.*
This *saw* the *Foe* who from their *Works* look'd down.
And *unresisted storm* the *famish'd Town:*
The *Chaldee Chiefs* of *dreadful Face* and *Name*,
Triumphant from their *proud Pavilions* came:
Nergal-Sharezer, *Shamgar-Nebo* sate,
With *Rabsaris*, and *Rabmag* in the *Gate:*

CCXL.

JEREMIAH, Chap. XXXIX.

579.



A half-ſtarv'd *Warder* to the *Palace* flies,
All, all is loſt, my *Liege!* he faintly cries,
Then at his *Sovereign's Feet* he *drops* and *dies*.
Thro' *ſecret winding Ways* the Monarch fled,
His ſmall *Reſerve of Guards* he with him led:
Swift, as *Revenge* cou'd urge, his Foes *purſue*,
And ſoon their *Royal Quarry* had in *view*:
Broke and *diſpers'd* his heartleſs *Troops* with eaſe
Around the Plain, th' *unhappy King* they *ſeize*;

At once he saw himself a *Captive* made,
And *turning* saw the *Flames* the *Town* invade;
Above the *Gates*, above the *Walls* aspire,
The *Palace* and the *Temple shine* with *Fire*.
Behold him thence the haughty *Victor's Scorn*
To *Babel's* angry *King* at *Riblah* born:
Before his *Throne* he with his *Sons* appears,
And *something worse than Death* the *Father* fears:
Ah! how *unlike himself* when lately *crown'd*,
His *splendid Court* and *Guards* attending round!
Behold him with *unseemly Fetters* bound:
Too *weak* his *Change* of *Fortune* to sustain,
And scarce the *Tracks* of *Majesty* remain:
See the *Chaldean* Monarch *sternly* stand
On his *proud Throne*, his *Scepter* in his *Hand*,
The trembling *Captives* brought at his Command:
The *Fathers Eyes* his *Children's Slaughter* view,
The *last sad Office they must ever do*;
Then *roll'd* in *Blood* their *Orbs* forsake the *Light*,
And set in *Darkness* and *eternal Night*:
From thence they to a *Dungeon* him convey,
Now *equal* with the *brightest Noon of Day*:
His *Life* the Victor's *cruel Mercy* spares,
His *hated Life* he there in *hopeless Thraldom* wears.

CCXLI.

CCXLI.

The LAMENTATIONS.

THE *Prophet* rescu'd from his *Countrey's Fate*,
Amidst its *lamentable Ruins* sate;
And thus did in *soft Elegies* deplore
Salem that lately *was*, but *Salem now no more.*

Where is, alas! thy *crowd of Children* fled?
Where is the *Crown* that late *adorn'd* thy *Head?*
Sion, a *Queen* thro' Nations wide renown'd!
But now her *Glory*'s level'd with the *Ground.*
A *solitary Widow* she appears,
Her *beautious Cheeks* are all *deform'd* with *Tears:*
Deserted by her *Lovers* and her *Friends*,
There's none that now *addresses*, none *pretends:*
Cold and *indifferent* all the *Traitors* grow,
Nor only *her forsake*, but *joyn* her *Foe.*

The *Ways* of *Sion mourn*, mourn every *Gate*,
Her *Feasts* forgot, her *Houses* desolate,
Her *Priests* lament, and *bitter* is her *Fate:*
Her *Virgins* sigh, *themselves* and *her* deplore,
Their *Princes* slain, their *Beauty* is no more.

O *Salem!* once how *bless'd*, tho' now *forlorn!*
How *just* are all the *Woes* thy *Sons* have born!

How *grievous* was thy *Sin!* how *base!* how *vile!*
What *Leudness* did thy *Robes* and thee *defile!*
Nor would'st thou, tho' so often *warn'd*, *amend*,
Nor once *reflect*, nor once *regard* thy *End.*
How *wond'rous* was thy *Fall!* how *wide* thy *Wound!*
No *Balm* for that, for *this* no *Comfort* found.
To God at length she *flies*, (Ah, *why so late!*)
And thus *complains*, and thus she *mourns* her *Fate.*

O Lord! to whom my *Sins* and *Sorrows* known!
Regard with *Pity* from thy *radiant Throne!*
Behold the *Foe! behold* his impious *Pride*,
And *Rage*, and *Thirst* of *Blood*, unsatisfy'd!
And shall he thus thy *Holy Place* defile?
Shall *Heathen Lands* thy *once-lov'd Temple* spoil?
Behold how *mean*, how *base* I now am grown,
Secure thy People's *Honour* and thy *own!*

And now to *Earth* the *Fair afflicted* turns,
And thus agen in *moving Accents* mourns.

Ye who *pass by* and see me here *distress'd!*
Has soft *Compassion* never *touch'd* your *Breast?*
Was ever Grief like mine? Was ever known
Who by so *vast* a *Ruin* overthrown;
When *angry Heav'n* did all its *Vengeance* shed,
And pour unmix'd its *Vials* o're my *Head?*
Full at my *Breast* its *forky Lightning* play'd,
Lick'd up my *Blood* and did my *Bones* invade.

CCXLI.

583.

The *Snares* of *Death* are *pitch'd* around my *Feet*,
Where e're I turn, my *Sins* and *Plagues* I meet.
The *Yoke* of my *Tranſgreſſion's* firmly bound,
Whoſe *Iron-wreaths* my *weary Neck* ſurround.
I *ſink*, I *fall*, in vain I *ſtrive* to *riſe*,
O'rewhelm'd by my *unequal Enemies*.
---'Tis God himſelf my *fainting Soul* has cruſh'd,
And laid my *Strength* and *Beauty* in the *Duſt*:
Againſt my *Walls* is the *Deſtroyer* ſent,
My *Walls* and *Ramparts* languiſh and lament.

---But more--- the *sacred Law* I once cou'd boast
From *God's own Hand*, is lost, for ever lost.
His *own Anointed* he does now *despise*,
In its vast *Ruins sunk* his *glorious Temple* lies.

CCXLII.

EZEKIEL, Chap. I.

Ezekiel's *Vision.*

UNcommon *Favours*, just *Ezekiel* gains
" A *happy Captive*, and *enjoys his Chains.*
By *Chebar's Streams* he *wond'rous Visions* saw,
Some *Angel* did Heav'ns azure *Curtains* draw:
From the *black North* a furious *Tempest* came,
The *Wind* a *Cloud*, the *Cloud* involv'd a *Flame*;
Which on its *amber Center* rolling round,
Is with *unsufferable* brightness crown'd:
With *fainter Beams* the fire-wing'd *Seraphs* shine,
The *Glory of God* was there, the *Sechina divine.*
Four wond'rous radiant Forms from thence appear,
Confess'd to *view*, which *human Likeness wear:*
Four lovely Wings their *Sides* and *Shoulders* grace,
And *each* adorn'd with a *quaternal Face:*
The *First* a *Man's*, which awful *Sweetness* bore,
The *next* a *Lion's*, arm'd with *Terror*, wore:

The

The *Third* a *Cherub* owns, without *Diſguiſe*,
The *Fourth* an *Eagle's*, *tow'ring* in the *Skies*.
Each on *Cherubic Feet* ſupported ſtands,
And underneath their *Wings* were *human Hands*:
Like *Lamps*, or *burning Coals* ſeverely *bright*
Their *Forms*, and flaſh'd *intolerable Light*.
By theſe, behold a *wond'rous Chariot* ſhine,
Ineffable the *Frame*, the *Work divine*:
High as the ſpatious *Orbit of the Spheres*,
Each *Wheel* its vaſt *tremendous Circle* rears,
With *Eyes* as large as *Suns* around *emboſs'd*,
Beneath the *Moon* they reach'd, their *Tops* in *Ether* loſt.
Forward they *roll'd*, and knew not to *retire*,
What mov'd the *glorious Forms*, did *theſe* inſpire:
One Soul, *one Motion* did of *both* diſpoſe,
With theſe they *mete the Globe*, with theſe ſublime they *roſe*.
A *Canopy of State* above their *Head*,
The *vaſt Expanſe* like *ſhining Cryſtal* ſpread:
But when they *mov'd*, their *Wings amazing ſound*,
Like *Thunder* ſhook this *univerſal Round*:
As *Waves* by *Tempeſts* daſh'd againſt the *Shore*,
Or vex'd to *civil Fury*, ſtorm and roar;
As when the *Sons* of *God* in *Fight* contend
With *rebel Spirits*, with *Shouts* the *Heav'ns* they rend;

And *warleke Symphony*; such was their *Noise*,
Or as, *all-powerful Logos!* thy *tremendous Voice!*

On *greater Wonders* still the *Prophet* gaz'd:
Above th' *Expanse* and *crystal Pavement* rais'd
Behold a *Saphir Throne* sublime appear,
The *Heav'n of Heav'ns* itself was not so *clear*.
Who then, what *Man*, what *Angel* can *declare*,
How *luminous* the *Form* who *seated* there?
Like *Man* he seem'd, but *more* than *Angel* fair;
The *Glory of God*, the *Flame* and *Amber Light*,
Center'd in him, but more *distinct* and *bright*.
—See, from his *heav'nly Face* far *stronger Lustre* flow,
Then all the beautious *Beams* that dress the *radiant Bow!*
The *Prophet dropp'd to Earth*, he cou'd *sustain* no *more*,
And did the *present God* in silence there *adore*.

CCXLIII.

EZEKIEL, Chap. XXVI. from Ver. 7. to the End; and Chap. XVII.

The Pride and Destruction of Tyre.

THE *Fall* of *wealthy Tyre*, *renown'd* of old,
By *Babel's* pow'rful *Arms*, is thus *fore-told*.

A *Sea* of *Nations* ſhall againſt thee *roar*,
Fierce as the *Waves* that waſh thy *ſounding Shore*.
Levell'd thy *Walls* and ev'ry lofty *Tow'r*,
Thy *offſpring* ſhall the vengeful *Sword* devour:
From *Babel* ſhall the *King of Kings* arrive,
See from the *North* his *rattling Chariots* drive!
Their *Noiſe* like *Thunder* ſhall thy *Ramparts* ſhake,
Such *Clouds* of *Duſt* ſhall his deep *Squadrons* make:
As born by *Winds* ſhall *troubled Air* invade,
And thy devoted *Town* like *Flights of Locuſts* ſhade.
Behold his *Mounts*, like *Lebanon*, ariſe!
Behold his *warlike Engines* fill the *Skies!*
The fatal *Breach* is made, thy *Warders* fled,
With *brazen Hoofs* thy *Sons* his *Courſers* tread,
And fill thy *ample Streets* with the *polluted Dead*.
How *vaſt* the *Spoil!* how *numberleſs* the *Prey!*
Uncounted *Riches* ſhall they thence *convey*,
And in the *Waves* thy *mighty Ruins* lay.
Thy *Songs* ſhall *ceaſe*, thy *Lyre* no more ſhall *ſound*,
The num'rous *Tributary Iſles* around,
Shall ſhake to hear thy *Fall*, to ſee thy *ghaſtly Wound*.
The *Princes* of the *Sea* their *Thrones* ſhall *leave*,
When they from far the *diſmal News* receive:
Their *Purple*, brought from thy proud *Walls*, lay by,
And all their *uſeleſs Marks of Royalty*.

With *trembling cloath'd* shall thee in *Dust* deplore,
Their *Mother-Town* is fain, and *ancient Tyre's* no more.

O *Tyre!* whose *lofty Walls*, as *Mountains* steep,
Clasp'd in the *Bosom* of the *raging Deep:*
The *Port*, the *Joy* of all the *World* beside,
Of *matchless Beauty* and of *matchless Pride!*
Fair, as thy *Ships* that plough the *stormy Main*,
And find each Year *new Worlds* in search of *Gain:*
Thy *Planks* of *Senirs* stately *Firs* are made,
Thy *Masts* from neighb'ring *Lebanon* convey'd;
As *tall* as when in *native Seats* they stood,
As *numerous* they appear, a *floating Wood.*
Thine *Oars* of *Oak* in *Bashan's Forest* sought,
From *Chittim's Isles* thy *Ivory Benches* brought:
Thy *Sails*, embroider'd *Silk* in *Egypt* bought.
Thy *Canopies*, to *taste* the *gentle Air*,
And *screen* the *Sun* of *blue* and *purple* were:
From *Zidon* came each *skilful Mariner*,
Arvad ally'd, and *Zidon's Sister-Town*,
Thy *Rival* once in *Trade* and in *Renown*;
But thy *sagacious Pilots*, all thy *own.*
From *Gebal's Antients* thy *strong Caulker's* came,
From *Persia*, by thy *Bounty* and thy *Fame*;
From *Phut* and *Lud* the *Sons of War* allur'd,
Thy *Armies* fill'd, thy *Garrisons* secur'd;

With

With *Helms* and *blazing Shields* which *ſhin'd* from far,
Thy *Walls* adorn'd, and all the *Pomp* of *War*.
Thy ſtately *Tow'rs* and *Battlements* ſo *high*,
So far they *borrow'd* from the wond'ring *Sky*;
The *talleſt Warriors* and of *ampleſt Limb*,
To thoſe who *gaz'd below*, but *Pygmies* ſeem:
Silver and *Iron*, wealthy *Tarſhiſh* brought,
And *Tin*, from *Worlds unknown, and diſtant* Albion *ſought*:
Tubal the *Souls of Men* with *Meſhech* bear,
And fill with *Braſs* and beauteous *Slaves* thy Fair:
Horſes and *Mules* *Togarmah's Sons* impart,
Which *neigh* and proudly *Bound* thro' all thy *ſpacious Mart*.
Ebony, black as *Raven's gloſſy Plumes*,
And *Iv'ry*, which to *match* the *Snow* preſumes,
Rich *Dedan's princely Merchants* thee preſent,
While *Purple*, *Coral*, *Agates*, *Syria* ſent.
Judah and *Iſrael* choiceſt *Wheat* import,
With *Honey*, *Oil* and *Balm* to thee *reſort*:
Damaſcus, *Fleeces* fit for *Purple* brings,
And *Wine* of *Helbon's growth*, *well worthy Kings*.
Arabia's wandring Sons to thee repair,
And crowd with *Flocks* and bleating *Lambs* thy *Fair*.
Sheba and *Raamah Caravans* of *Spice*,
And *Gems* they bring, and *Gold* of *meaner Price*,
--But ſoon thy *Wealth*, thy *Fairs*, thy *Merchandice*,

Thy

Thy *Sailors*, *Warriors*, all thy boasted Store,
Shall in thy *Ruins* sink, shall sink to *rise* no *more*.

CCXLIV.

EZEKIEL, Chap. XXVIII.

The Pride and Fall of the King of Tyrus.

THus God against the *haughty Prince* of *Tyre*,
" And dares *assuming Dust* to *Heav'n* aspire?
A *feeble Mortal* share the *Throne* with *me*,
And *Thunder*, and *affect Divinity!*
How *secret* are thy *Counsels* and how *wise!*
Not Heav'n-lov'd *Daniel*'s self cou'd thee *advise!*
What *Princes Cabinet* to thee *unknown?*
To all *impervious* but thy self, thy *own*.
The *Sun* himself no *other Lord* can see,
And thinks he only *ripens Gold for thee*:
In vain it *lurks* within its *secret Mine*,
Tarshish and *Ophir*, *East* and *West* are *thine*.
Like *Solomon*'s thy wealthy *Flotas* come,
And from *new Worlds* convey thy *Treasures* home:
(For *this* his *Reign* his *Subjects most* did prize,
For had he not been Rich, *h' had ne're been counted* Wise.)
Thy *Trade* increas'd, thy numerous *Navy*, more
Than all thy *Predecessors* knew before:

Hence

Hence thy *ambitious Heart* is fill'd with *Pride*,
And by thy *self* and *Slaves* thou hence art *deify'd*.
Nor this, *unpuniſh'd*, ſhalt thou longer *dare*,
But for my *Vengeance* not *unwarn'd*, *prepare!*
A *Stranger Nation*, *terrible* and *brave*,
(Nor ſhall thy *Wiſdom* thee, nor *Splendor*, ſave,)
Shall *draw* their *Swords*, which never *draw* in *vain*,
And *thou* thy ſelf ſhalt *fall* among the *ſlain*;
Still call thy ſelf *Immortal* if thou can,
Tho' he that *kills* thee ſure ſhall find thee *Man*.

So *Great*, ſo *Wiſe* (O wert thou *Good* withal!)
Thou ſhall not, *Tyrus! unlamented* fall!
Thus ſaith the *Lord*-- With thee what *Mortal* dare
In *Glory* or in *Wiſdom* once compare?
In God's own *beauteous Eden* haſt thou been,
And *things unutterable* heard and ſeen:
Cover'd with *Gems* beyond an *Empire's price*,
Which *grow like common Stones*, in *Paradiſe*.
Th' *anointed Cherub* thou, thy *Feet* have trod
Sublime upon the *Holy Mount* of God;
Secure did to Heav'ns *cryſtal Walls* aſpire,
And walk *untouch'd* amid the *Stones of Fire*.
From thy *Creation* with *Perfection* crown'd,
Till in thy *Ways* at length *Perverſeneſs* found;
With *fraudful Arts* and baſe *Injuſtice* ſtain'd
And *brutal Force*, ſee what thy *Crimes* have *gain'd*!

Polluted

Polluted and *profane* I'll thee *expel*,
Nor shalt thou in my *Holy Mountain* dwell:
No more shalt *hover* o're the *Throne*, no more,
Apostate Cherub! guard fair *Eden*'s *Door*:
Thy *Beauty* and *Wisdom* both did *Pride* confound,
And *both* with *thee* I'll *trample* on the *Ground*;
That *haughty Tyrants* may thy *Ruin* see,
And *own* a *God*, and learn their *Fate* from *thee*:
Astonish'd Nations shall thy *Fall deplore*,
A *Terror* to th' *Unjust*, when thou shalt *be no more*.

CCXLV.

The Resurrection of the dry Bones.

AND now the *Pow'r Divine* the *Prophet* bore,
Unto a *spacious Plain* unknown before:
It seem'd the *mournful Region* of the *Dead*,
With *Sculls* and human *Bones* around 'twas *spread*:
A *Dust* they seem'd, no *moisture* did remain,
As of an *Host* long since in *Battel* slain:
Can these *dry Bones*, said God, to *Life* arise?
O Lord! thou only *know'st*, the *Saint* replies:
Go *prophesie* agen, *Jehovah* said,
To these forgotten *Reliques of the Dead*,
And bid 'em *live!*--- They shall thy *Voice obey*,
And *breath*, and *move*, and *taste* the chearful *Day*.

CCXLV.

EZEKIEL, Chap. XXXVII.

593.

Ezekiel goes, and with an *awful Voice*,
His *Message* tells--- when loe! a *wond'rous Noise!*
Earth shakes beneath, and *Ecchoes* to the *Sound*,
Trembled the *Bones* and *clatter'd* on the *Ground*.
Each to his *Fellow makes*, and *moves* along,
Nor any *lost* nor *wilder'd* in the *Throng*:
Their *antient Seats*, tho' long *forgotten* find,
Exactly to their *well-known Cells* rejoyn'd.
The *Sinews* first are firmly *strung* within,
Next the *strong Joynts*, and all *inclos'd* with *Skin*.

Yet ſtill there *wants* to *animate* the whole
That *ſpring* of *Action*, a *ſelf-moving Soul.*
Go *call* the *Winds*, ſaid God, the *Winds* ſhall *blow*,
And on th' *Organic Bodies*, *Life* beſtow.
--He call'd-- the *Winds* from their *four Hinges* ran,
And *breath'd* upon the *ſlain*, the *ſlain* began
To *feel* and *move*, at once new *Breath* they found,
At once they *leapt* to *Life* and left the *Ground*:
A *num'rous Army* they, *equipp'd* for *fight*,
Cov'ring the *Plain*, and *ſtretch'd* beyond the *Sight*.

When thus did God explain the *ſtrange Event*,
Theſe *Bones* the *Houſe of Iſrael* repreſent:
They cry, their *Hopes* are *loſt*, their *Life* is *fled*,
Their *Bones* are *dry*, and *mingled* with the *Dead*:
Thus ſaith the Lord, *I'll open* Iſrael's *Grave!*
Thence will I *call* you, thence my *People ſave*:
To your *own Land* my *Spirit* ſhall you *reſtore*,
To *conſtant Seats*, nor ſhall you *wander more*.

Agen *Jehovah* bids *two Rods* prepare,
And *Iſrael*'s *Name* inſcribe, and *Judah*'s there.
Then *joyn in one*--- for *thus*, ſays God, I'll *joyn*
My favour'd People's *long divided Line*;
To *Canaan*'s *happy Fields* agen I'll bring,
And *David*'s *promis'd Son* ſhall be their *Prince* and
King.

CCXLVI.

Daniel *declares* Nebuchadnezzar's *Dream, and the Interpretation.*

WHen *Babel's Pow'r* did *Judah's Land* invade,
And of the *Royal-Seed* had *Captives* made;
From *these* the *Youths* of *faireſt Mind* and *Face*,
They choſe their Monarch's *Court* and *Throne* to *grace.*
But *Daniel* and his *Friends* the *fore-moſt* there,
At once their *Governor's Delight* and *Care:*
Yet *Idol-Banquets* they *refuſe* to *ſhare*,
Water and *Pulſe* their *humble wholſome Chear*,
Yet none ſo *lively*, none ſo *fair* appear;
Knowing beyond their *Age*, and *deeply read*
In all the *Learning* of the *mighty Dead:*
But *Daniel* did to *human Science* joyn
Peculiar Gifts and *Wiſdom* more *Divine*;
Dearly belov'd of God, th' *Almighty's Friend*,
He *knew* what others but in vain *pretend:*
Viſions ſublime, and *Dreams* of deep *Portent*,
For *Dreams* and *Viſions* both from *Heav'n* are ſent:
Hence that which did to *Shinar's Lord* appear,
And fill'd his *Breaſt* with deep *Concern* and *Fear*;
The *Figure's* gone, tho' ſtill the *Tracks* remain,
Whoſe *fleeting Forms* he wou'd *recall* in vain:

He for th' *Astrologers* and *Magi* sends,
But tho' the *Stars* and *Heav'n* their *Tribe obtends*,
If *ought* they *know* 'tis from *deluſive Fiends*:
On pain of *Death* the King his *Dream* demands,
Surpriz'd and *pale* the whole *Aſſembly* ſtands;
The *immortal Gods* cou'd this declare alone,
To *Demons* and to *human Art* unknown:
Furious the *Monarch* roſe with *alter'd Face*,
Commands th' *Impoſtors* from the *Throne* to chaſe,
And *ſigns the Death of all their cheating Race.*
To favour'd *Daniel* and his *Hebrew Friends*,
Tho' *guiltleſs* of their *Fraud* their *Fate* extends:
Daniel to *Heav'n* in his *Diſtreſs* repairs,
And with his *three Companions* joyns his *Pray'rs*:
To *him* the *Viſion*'s in a *Viſion* ſhown,
Which to the *Sages* and the *Prince* unknown:
The *God of Heav'n* he for the *ſecret* bleſs'd,
Then thus *proud Babel*'s angry Lord addreſs'd:
Long live the King! --- Can none thy *Dreams* declare,
Nor tell thee what thy *nightly Viſions* were?
Where is the *wonarous Skill* the *Magi* boaſt?
Is *ancient Wiſdom* in *Chaldea* loſt?
Yet *there's a God in Heav'n* who *all things* knows,
And *great Events* unto the King *fore-ſhows*:
Thus was thy *Dream*--- A *wondrous Image* roſe.

Of

CCXLVI.

DANIEL, Chap. I, II.

597.

Of *dazling Brightneſs*, of *prodigious Size*,
Too *terrible* its *Form* for *mortal Eyes* :
His *Legs* of *Gold*, with *ſilver Arms* ; his *Thighs*
Of *Braſs*, his *Legs* of *Iron*, ſtrong and bright,
And *Clay* and *Iron* in his *Feet* unite :
So long *my Lord* the *dreadful Figure* view'd,
Till from a *Mountain's ſide* a *Stone* was *hew'd*,
Tho' not by *mortal Hands*, the *Feet* it ſtruck,
Clay, *Iron*, *Silver*, *Braſs* and *Gold* were *broke* ;

Shiver'd like *Dust* the *Sport* of every *Wind*,
Giv'n all to Fate, no Atom left behind:
The *Stone* which did this *monstrous Form* disperse,
A *Mountain* grows and fills the *Universe*.
Such was thy *Dream*, now hear the *Fates intent*,
And what was by th' *important Vision meant!*

From Heav'n hast thou receiv'd *Imperial Sway*,
And *Men*, and *Beasts*, and *Birds* thy *Pow'r* obey:
Thou art this *Head of Gold* which shines so *bright*,
The *next* arises with *inferior Might:*
The *Third* of *Brass*, how *large* that Monarch's *Pow'r!*
He'll *conquer all the World, yet sigh for more.*
Yet shall a *stronger Reign* than *his* ensue,
Whose *Iron force* shall all the rest *subdue*;
Yet, *mix'd* with *Clay* shall boast its *Strength* in vain,
An *ill-concerted*, and *divided Reign:*
Not so the *FIFTH*, which *God* himself shall *raise*,
No *Bounds his Kingdom knows, no End of Days:*
All *Worldly Pow'rs* shall *this* at length consume,
And reach beyond the *universal Doom.*

He said, the *Monarch* from his *Throne* arose,
At *Heav'n-lov'd* Daniel's *Feet* himself he throws,
Then thus--- 'Tis *Israel's God is God alone*,
And *Lord of Kings*, to him are *Secrets known:*
The *Prophet* he with *ample Gifts* rewards,
His *Seat* the *Chief* amongst his *favour'd Lords*;

And,

And, while in *Perſon* he the *Court* attends,
At his *Requeſt* prefers his *wiſe* and virtuous *Friends*.

CCXLVII.

Nebuchadnezzar's *Golden-Image*. Shadrach, Meſhach *and* Abednego *caſt into the fiery Furnace*, &c.

Chaldea's Lord a vaſt *Coloſſus* made,
Projecting far away its *ample Shade*;
On *Dura's Plain*, and ſacred there did place,
To *Bel* the *boaſted Founder* of his *Race*.
To *Babel's Tow'r* in *height* it only yields,
Enwrapt in *Clouds* its Head ſurveys th' *etherial Fields*;
More *rich* the *Matter*, more *auguſt* the *Mould*,
An *Idol* form'd of *Mortal-Idol*, *Gold*.
His *Peers*, his *Gen'rals*, all his *high Eſtates*,
When this the *haughty Founder* dedicates,
Are thither *call'd*, around his *God* they ſtand,
An *Herald* thus proclaims his *dread Command*:

" Thus ſaith the King--- When *Muſick's* ſacred
" *Sound*,
" The *Signal* gives, fall *proſtrate* on the *Ground*:

" His *pow'rful Gods adoring* !---Who *denies*,
" This *Hour* he in the *fiery Furnace* dies.

The mingled *barb'rous Symphony* they hear,
His *Idol* much, but more the *Tyrant* fear :
Behold the *Plain* with cringing *Suppliants* ſpead !
Behold the *Living-Stocks* adore the *Dead* !
Nor ſooner was the *pompous Service* paſs'd,
When to the *Monarch* with *malicious haſte*
Approach th' *ungrateful Magi*, and accuſe
(An *ill Return for Life* !) the *faithful Jews*,
Who dar'd their *Homage* to his Gods *refuſe* !
Conven'd the *three undaunted Youths* appear,
Their *Words* no *Guilt* confeſs'd, their *Eyes* no *Fear*.
Are theſe *Returns* for all my *Favours* paid ?
Enrag'd, the *Babylonian Tyrant* ſaid.
Adore my *ſacred Image*, or expire,
The *Choice* is *ſhort*, within his *ſacred Fire* !

The *God we ſerve*, the *noble Youths* reply'd,
Can for our *Safety*, if he *pleaſe*, provide !
That as he *pleaſe*, who *orders* all--- but know
We will not to thy *golden Idols* bow !
The Monarch heard, like *Lightning flaſh'd* his *Eyes*,
Or *Sparks* which from his *fiery Furnace* riſe ;
His *Viſage all the Tyrant* now *confeſs'd*,
And *Pow'r unmix'd with Juſt and Good expreſs'd* :

Increaſe

CCXLVII.

DANIEL, Chap. III.

601.

Increaſe the *Flames*, he cries--- the *Traytors* bear
To what they *merit !* --- I their *Lives* will *ſpare*,
If ſtill their *boaſted God* can *ſave* them *there*.
His *Guards* he on the fatal *Errand* ſent,
They *bind* and bring 'em to the *dreadful Vent:*
In *ruddy Globes* the *Sparks* and *Flames* ariſe,
As from ſome *Volcan belch'd* againſt the *Skies:*
As *Winds* in *Earth*, in *Clouds* the *Thunder* roar,
As *Waves* by *Tempeſts* urg'd againſt the *Shore*,

Bellow'd

Bellow'd the *Furnace*, when with *luckleſs haſte*
Into its *gaping Mouth* the *ſpotleſs Victims* caſt:
The *Flames enrag'd*, ſtill more *tempeſtuous* grew,
Upon the *Tyrant's Miniſters* they flew,
Sent by a greater *Pow'r*, and *ſeiz'd*, and *ſlew*.

Beyond *Expreſſion* was the King *amaz'd*;
He left his *Throne*, he *gaz'd*, agen he *gaz'd*:
Of *doubtful Faith*, he ſcarce *believes* his *Eyes*;
Amidſt the *Flames* the *three bleſs'd Youths* he *ſpies*
Unbound, *unhurt*, but what did more *ſurprize*
He ſees a *Fourth* with more than *mortal Grace*,
Larger his *Form*, *ineffable* his *Face*,
He *ſeem'd*, and *more* than *ſeem'd*, of *heav'nly Race*.
With *trembling Steps* approaching near the *Flame*,
He calls the gen'rous *Confeſſors*---they came:
The crowding *Court* with Wonder them *ſurvey'd*,
On whom the *Flames* had no *Impreſſion* made;
Unſing'd their *Hair*, their *Robes* remain'd *entire*,
No *Track*, nor *Sear*, nor *Odour* of the *Fire*.
When thus the *King*---*Ador'd* be his *dread Name*
Who ſav'd his *faithful Servants* from the *Flame*.
With what *Contempt* of *Death*, how *calm*, how *brave*
They *met* their *Fate*, and *ſcorn'd* their *Lives* to *ſave*;

No

No *God* beſides their *One Supreme* would own;
Be then our *Will* to all our *People* known,
Whoever dares their *pow'rful God* blaſpheme,
Or ſpeak a Word againſt that *One Supreme*;
He *ſpeaks his laſt*, that *impious Wretch* ſhall die,
His *Houſe* and *Name* conſign'd to *endleſs Infamy*.

CCXLVIII.

DANIEL, Chap. IV. to Ver. 27.

Nebuchadnezzar's *Second Dream.* Daniel's *Interpretation.*

A Gen a *Dream* of wondrous *Sence* and *Weight*
To *Daniel* thus did *Shinars Lord* relate:
Methought I ſaw a *ſpatious Tree* ariſe
Whoſe *Root* the *Centre* touch'd, whoſe *Head* the *Skies*:
From *Eaſt* to *Weſt* it ſhot its *ample Boughs*,
Beneath whoſe *Shade* did all the *Foreſt browze*:
Fair were its *Leaves*, its *lovely Fruits* entice
The *Sight* and *Smell* like thoſe of *Paradice*:
The *Fowls* of *Heav'n*, of various *Note* and *Wing*,
Within its *Branches reſt*, and *feed*, and *ſing*:
I ſaw, till in the *Viſions* of my *Head*
An heav'nly *Watcher* came, and thus he *ſaid*:

--- *Hew*

---*Hew* down the *Tree*, let *keen-edg'd Axes* ſound,
On ev'ry *Branch*, and ſpread the *groaning Ground*:
Shake off its *Leaves* and *Fruit!* --- Ye *Beaſts*, away!
Nor, O ye *Fowls!* within its *Branches* ſtay!
Yet the *ſtrong Root* ſhall ſtill in *Earth* remain,
Fix'd with a *brazen Band* and *Iron Chain*:
O're the *broad Stump* the *Dew* of *Heav'n* ſhall paſs,
His *Portion* with the *Beaſts* among the *Graſs*:
With *Reaſon* and with *Mind* no longer *grac'd*,
To *brutal Senſe* his nobler *Soul* debas'd:
Sev'n rolling Years ſhall o're his *Head* proceed,
For thus 'tis by the *heav'nly Pow'r* decreed;
That ev'ry *Breather* round the *ſpatious Ball*
May know 'tis the *Moſt High* diſpoſes All:
He *gives* the *Kingdom*, he *dethrones* agen,
And *ſinful Realms* where-e're he *pleaſe*, and *when*,
Plagues with the *baſeſt* and the *worſt of men*.

Such was my *Dream*; th' *Interpretation* ſhew!
'Tis more than all th' *Aſtrologers* can do.

Silent the Prophet ſtood, in *Thought* profound,
And long he *fix'd his Eyes* upon the *Ground*:
Delay not, ſaid the King; I nothing *fear!*
Whate're th' *Event*, but ſtand *prepar'd to hear*.
The *Dream* to *thoſe* that *hate* thee, he replies,
Th' *Interpretation* to thy *Enemies!*

'Tis

'Tis *Thou*, O *King!* art by this *Tree* design'd,
Whose *Empire* only with the *World* confin'd:
O what a *Change!* From *Men* thou shalt be *driv'n*,
Expos'd to all th' *Inclemencies* of *Heav'n*:
Companion with the *Herd*, the *Grass* thy *Feed*,
For Sev'n long Years thy *Punishment* decreed:
Till this to mind severe *Reflexion* brings,
That *God* alone's *Supreme* and *King of Kings*.
Then shalt thou to thy *self return* and see
Thy *Kingdom* and thy *Lords return* to *Thee*,
With double *Glory*, double *Majesty*.

Then O my *Liege!* to my *Advice* attend,
And learn at length how *Kingly* 'tis to *amend!*
Relieve the helpless *Poor* with liberal *Hands*,
And *break* the mournful *Captives* slavish *Bands*.
Repent! repent! if 'tis not yet too *late*,
And thus at least *protract*, if not *reverse* thy *Fate!*

CCXLIX.

Nebuchadnezzar's *Transformation and Recovery.*

THE *Sun* had now perform'd his *Gyral Race*;
And cheer'd *each Tropic* with his kind *Embrace:*
His *Vision Babel*'s King no longer *heeds*,
But in his *Pride* and *Tyranny* proceeds.
As chanc'd, he to his *Gardens* did Repair,
Stupendious Work! and rais'd aloft in *Air:*
His *Palace-Roof* their deep *Foundations* ſtay'd,
Thence he his *proud Metropolis* ſurvey'd;
Built by the *warrior-Queen*, by *him repair'd*,
Who *equal Glory* with the *Founder* ſhar'd:
Vain of his *Pow'r* the *King* forgets the *Man*,
And caſting round his *haughty Eyes*, began.
---Is not the *ſtately Town* I here behold,
Whoſe *Walls* with *Marble* grac'd, whoſe *Roof* with *Gold*;
Whoſe *lofty Palaces* like *Cities* ſtand,
High as the *Pyramids*, and *num'rous* as the *Sand*,
Is it not *mine*, and *all* the *Work* of my *Right-Hand!*
Worthy my *Kingdom* 'tis, and worthy *me*,
It *ſpeaks* the *Builder's Pow'r* and *Majeſty*.

While

CCXLIX.

DANIEL, Chap. IV. from Ver. 28, to the End.

607.

While thus the *bloated Monarch* did presume,
A *Voice* was heard which thus *pronounc'd* his *Doom*:
" To *thee*, O King! this *Word* from *Heav'n* is sent,
" And what *Heav'n orders*, how can *Man prevent*!
" Thy *Kingdom is no more*, they'll thee *expel*,
" From *Mens abodes*, and thou with *Beasts* must
" *dwell*;
" Till thou at length by *dear Experience* know,
" 'Tis *God* that *orders* all things here *below*,
" 'Tis *He*, not thou, proud *Dust*; does *Crowns*
" bestow.

In

In that *self-Hour* the *Threatning* came to pass,
Remov'd from *Men*, sustain'd with *Herbs* and *Grass*,
He *commons* with the *Brutes*, almost the *same*,
Behold him *there!* behold his *alter'd Frame*;
Erect no more, a *Quadruped* he *bends*,
And with his *Kindred-Herd* to *Earth* descends:
That *Head* which did a *proud Tiara* wear,
While rich *Assyrian Unguents* grac'd his *Hair*;
Now all *deform'd*, his *matted Tresses* hung
Adown his *Shoulders*, and like *Eagles Feathers* clung.
That *Hand* which late a *Scepter* did *sustain*,
And strongly *grasp* a pow'rful *Empire's Rein*;
Mishap'd and *foul*, as *stretch'd* on *Earth* he lay,
His *Nails* the *Talons* of some *Bird of Prey*.

The *Time* by Heav'ns Decree *fore-fix'd*, expir'd
His *glimm'ring Reason* of his *State* enquir'd,
And *what*, and *where* he was, at first *admir'd*.
Then *starting* from the *Turf*, no longer *prone*,
He *rais'd* his *Eyes*, and view'd the *Almighty's Throne*,
And did his *Pow'r* at once and *Justice* own;
Whose *Kingdom* only *stable* and *secure*,
And to *eternal Ages* must *endure*:
The *feeble reas'ning Dust*, which *MEN* we *call*,
The *num'rous Natives* of this *scanty Ball*;

To

To him are *less* than *nothing*, and the same
They were before this *Universe's Frame*;
All things in *Heav'n* and *Earth* his *Word* obey,
None can *dispute* his *Will*, and none his *Hand* can *stay*:
His *Works* are *Truth*, and *Judgment* all his *Ways*,
And those who walk in *Pride* he can with Ease *abase*.
Nor sooner thus th' *Almighty* he *ador'd*,
When to his *perfect Sense* agen restor'd;
His *Princes* and his *Peers* their *Sovereign* own,
With *double Splendor* seated on his *Throne*.

" *Why shou'd we envy Heav'n the Pow'r to save!*
" *May equal Tyrants equal Fortunes have!*
" *By tamer Beasts instructed, learn to graze,*
" *Till they superior Pow'r adore and praise,*
" *And know 'tis only God can Kings dethrone or* " *raise.*

CCL.

The Hand-writing against Belshazzar *interpreted by* Daniel. Belshazzar *slain.*

Babel's Rebuilder all his *Glory* leaves,
While *him* the *Grave*, his *Son* the *Crown* receives:
With *Riot* he his *Idol-Gods* adores,
And *bids* a *Feast* for all his *Lords* and *Wives*
The *sacred Bowls* in *Salem's Temple* found,
With *Wines* of *noblest Gust* profusely *crown'd*,
Oft *empty'd*, oft *repleniſh'd*, ſtill go *round*.
While in loud *Bacchanals* their *Gods* they praiſe,
And mighty *Bel's* and *Nebo's* Glory raiſe,
See where a *Hand* appears (*prodigious Sight!*)
And *ſlowly* on the *Wall* begins to *write*,
The *Senſe*, the *Words*, the *Character* unknown,
In vain to the *confounded Sages* ſhown;
In vain the King does *vaſt Rewards* propoſe,
His *alter'd looks* his inward *Horror* ſhows:
His *Heart* was *ſunk*, his trembling *Loins* were loos'd,
His *quiv'ring Knees* their wonted Aid refus'd:
The *Bowls* were *quiet* now, the *Peers* amaz'd,
Upon the *dire Portent* with *ſilent Horror* gaz'd:

CCL.

DANIEL, Chap. V.

611.

Not ſo the *Queen*, who to the *Banquet* ran,
And thus to her *aſtoniſh'd Lord* began.

Long live the King, and let no *Cares* moleſt,
For *Ills as yet unknown* his *Royal Breaſt!*
A Man there is who in thy *Father's Reign*,
Divinely Wiſe, cou'd every *Doubt* explain;
DANIEL *his Name*, and cou'd with Eaſe, if here,
Diſcypher *Fate's myſterious Character:*
He came, no *vulgar Gifts* the King *propos'd*,
If he the *Writing* read, the *Senſe* diſclos'd:

Beyond the reach of *Greatneſs* or of *Gold*,
Unbrib'd he will the *Prodigie* unfold.
And fearleſs thus began,--- 'Twas the *moſt High*,
Who gave thy *Father Pow'r and Majeſty*;
All Nations *trembled* at his *awful Nod*,
He *kill'd*, he kept alive--- an *earthly God*:
But when his *Heart* in *Pride* obdurate grown,
Had *him forgot* who rais'd him to the *Throne*;
Head-long he tumbled from his *lofty Seat*,
(How *ſlipp'ry* are the *Stations* of the *Great!*)
With *Beaſts* the *Foreſt* rang'd, with *Beaſts* the *Graſs* did *eat*.
Nor *thou*, his *Son*, art by his *Fall* grown *wiſe*,
Adoring *Stocks* and *Stones* and *ſenſleſs Deities*;
To *Idol-worſhip*, *Sacrilege* doſt *joyn*,
And *doubly* thus affront the *Pow'r divine*,
The *ſacred Veſſels* of his *Houſe* profane,
To the *leud Feaſts* of *Bel* and *Nebo* ta'n;
Haſt *robb'd* him of his *tributary Praiſe*,
Who gives thee *Breath*, and *whoſe are all thy Ways*.
Hence this *tremendous Meſſage* to thee ſent,
Dreadful the warning is, but more th' *Event*,
Theſe are the *Words*, and this their *deep Intent*.
MENE--- thy *Reign* has *reach'd* its utmoſt *date*,
TEKEL--- thy mounting *Balance* wants of *weight*,
PERES--- the *golden Head* muſt loſe its *Pride*,
The *Medes* and *Perſians* ſhall thy *Realms* divide.

Belſhazzar heard, and tho' his *Doom* were paſs'd
One *Kingly Act* perform'd, but *that* his *laſt*.
Tho' *hard* the *Meſſage*, he the *Bearer* prais'd,
In *Purple* cloath'd amidſt his *Nobles* rais'd:
Swift moves his *Fate*, nor were thoſe *Omens* vain,
That Night, *that very Night* the King was *ſlain*:
As Heav'n decreed, *Darius* fill his *Place*,
Firſt of his *Line*, and ſprung from *Media's Royal Race*.

CCLI.

Daniel *caſt into the Den of Lions*, &c.

A *Vulgar Virtue ſinks* in *Turns* of *State*,
By *private Envy* or the *publick Hate*:
But *ſhining Worth* muſt in *all Reigns* ſucceed,
At leaſt ſuch *Favourites* good Princes need;
And *ſuch Great Daniel* was, *exalted* more,
Darius! in thy *Reign*, than all *before*;
A *hundred Satrapies* thy *Empire* grac'd,
Three Preſidents to theſe *Superior* plac'd;
Daniel the *Firſt*, ſuch *Virtues* in him *ſhine*,
So *clear* a *Soul* and *Wiſdom* ſo *divine*;
And *greater Honours* did his *Prince* deſign;

Next to *himself*, his *Vice-Roy* him had *made*,
Thro' all his *fair* and spacious *Realms obey'd*:
---But *Envy* saw and *strove* to blast his *Fame*,
Nor cou'd his *Rival Peers* his *Conduct* blame;
Th' *Exchequer* full, the *Subjects* not *oppress'd*,
Belov'd at *Court* and by the *People* bless'd,
A *moderate Fortune* only he *possess'd*.
One Way was left which they *resolve* to take,
His *gen'rous Piety* his *Crime* they make:
The *Sovereign* they persuade a *Law* to sign,
That *none* from *Earth*, or from the *Pow'rs* divine
Shou'd ask a *Boon* till *thirty Days* were pass'd,
Or if he this *presum'd* shou'd *ask his last*,
Into the *Den of Lions* head-long cast.
Nor this cou'd *Daniel's Piety* affright:
At *early Morn*, at *Noon*, and *every Night*
He, as his *wont*, his *pure Devotions* paid,
And to his *Father's God* incessant pray'd;
To *Salem*-ward his *Window* open wide,
To where his *Father's God* did once *reside*;
His *gen'rous Constancy* but not his *Pride*.
His Foes with *curious* and *malicious* Eye
Conven'd, into his close *Retirements* pry;
Surpris'd ith' *Fact* they to their *Lord* accuse,
Tho' he a *Stranger*, of the *captive Jews*,
He dar'd the *Medes* and *Persians Laws* defie,
And *thrice a Day address* his *Deity*:

Struck

CCLI.

DANIEL, Chap. VI.

615.

Struck with a *deep Concern* the *King* laments
His *Raſhneſs* now, tho' now too late, *Repents*;
To ſave his *favour'd Friend* in vain he *try'd*,
Th' *Accuſers* urge the *Laws*, and will not be *deny'd*.
Unwillingly the *King* at laſt gave *way*,
And to th' *unſhaken Hero* thus did ſay:
The *God* by thee *ador'd* with *conſtant Care*,
Tho' in the *Lion's Den*, will *ſave* thee there.

Deep in the *Cave* the *lordly Creatures* roar,
Their *Muzzles* ſtain'd with *tepid human Gore*,
They *gnaw* and *craſh* the *BONES*, and hope for *more*:

They *ramp* aloft, and *hang* almoſt in Air,
To *meet* their *Prey*, for *Rage* the *Ground* they *tear*;
They *mark* the *maſſy Grates* with fruitleſs *Wounds*,
And *laſh* their *ample Sides*--- the *hollow Cave* reſounds.

---But when the *Prophet* came, *deſign'd* their *Prey*,
As *gentle Lambs* around the *Shepherd* play,
See where their *new and wond'rous Gueſt* they greet,
And *lick* his *Hands* and *crouch* beneath his *Feet*!
A *weary wakeful Night* his *Sovereign* paſs'd,
The *Sun preventing* with his eager haſte;
With *loud* and *lamentable Voice* he cry'd,
And has thy God in whom thou doſt confide;
Has he been able, Daniel! *thee to ſave*
From the fierce Lions, from their Living Grave?
For ever Live the King! --- the *Saint* replies!
My God has ſent his *Angel* from the *Skies*
To *ſhut their Mouths* -- God, who my *Soul* did ſee
As *Innocent* to *him*, as *true* to *thee*.
Too *mighty* was the *Joy* to be *expreſs'd*,
That fill'd, at theſe glad Sounds, the *Sovereign's Breaſt*:
At his *Command* they draw him from the *Den*
Unhurt and *whole*, and in his *room* the *Men*

(A *just Exchange!*) who him *accus'd* they *throw*,
Nor they *entire* unto the *bottom* go,
Seiz'd in their *Fall*, no room for *Shrieks* or *Groans*,
The *Lions* rend their *Limbs* and *crash* their *Bones*:
Satiate at length with *Death*, *distended* lay,
And *lick* their *sanguine Bones*, and *grumble* o're the *Prey*.

CCLII.

HOSEA.

JEHOVAH thus to wondring *Hosea* spake,
Thus saith the Lord, a *Wife* of *Whordoms* take;
For thou thy self shalt for a *Signal* stand,
Thou and thy *House* to this *adult'rous Land!*
Thy *Children's Names* shall bear thy Peoples *Fate*,
Now *mine* no more, they *Mercy plead too late*;
A *shameless Prostitute* their *Mother* grown,
The *Scandal* and the *Nuisance* of the *Town*:
The *Wine* and *Flax* I gave for better Ends,
Sh' has lavish'd on her *Lovers* and her *Friends*.

And must I her whom once I *lov'd*, *disgrace*,
And spread her *rampant Lewdness* o're her *Face*?
Ah, how shall I the just *Revenge* refuse!
Ah, how cou'd she a *Love* like *mine* abuse!

---But wou'd the *lovely Traytreſs* now return,
Her *loſs* of *Honour* and of *Virtue* mourn;
My *deep Reſentments*, and my *Rage* repreſs'd,
Yet--- yes, ev'n *yet* I'd *claſp* her to my *Breaſt*.
---O *Iſrael* hear, and my juſt *Anger* dread,
Knowledge, and *Truth*, and *Mercy* all are fled:
Murder and *Falſhood*, *Theft* and *Lewdneſs* come,
Dire Faces and deform'd, to fill their room:
The *Land* ſhall *mourn*, and all that dwell therein,
The *mute Creation* for their *Maſter's Sin*.
I'll now for an impartial *Vengeance* call,
Prophet and *Prieſt*, *Mother* and *Son* ſhall fall:
None ſhall *reprove* his *Neighbour*, none ſhall *blame*,
I *give them up*, their *Glory* chang'd to *Shame*.
My Holy *Houſe* and *Altars* they deſpiſe,
And on the *Tops* of *Mountains* ſacrifice:
Incenſe they burn beneath the pleaſing *Shade*,
By *Oaks*, and *Elm-lov'd Vines*, and *Poplars* made;
Backſliding *Ephraim Idols* will adore,
Let him alone! I'll him *reprove* no more.

Yet how ſhall I my *once lov'd Ephraim* leave,
Or thee, O *Iſrael*, to *Deſtruction* give?
How ſhall I thee as curs'd *Gomorrah* make,
And all thy Land as *Sodom's mournful Lake*?
How often does my *wounded Heart* relent,
And now *pronounce* thy *Doom*, and now *repent!*

CCLII.

619.

O wandring *Isra'l!* to thy God *return!*
With humble *Words* and *Tears* thy Follies *mourn!*
So all thy pas's'd *Back-slidings* I'll remove,
And *freely* thee, and *tenderly* will Love.
So will I like the gentle *Dew* distil,
On *Lebanon*'s fair *Cedar-bearing Hill:*
So shall thy fruitful blooming Branches spread,
Like *Olives* shalt thou raise thy fragrant *Head:*
No *brouzing Foe* thy loaded *Vine* invade,
But *Nations* rest secure beneath thy *peaceful Shade.*

CCLIII.

JOEL.

THus ſpake the Lord by *Joel*, *Pethuel*'s Son,
Ye *Ancients* hear what ne're before was *done*;
Or by your Father's Father *ſeen*, ſhall you
With equal *Terror* and with *Wonder* view.
The great *Event* tranſmit with ſtricteſt Care,
And down to long *ſucceeding* Times declare.

The *Wrath* of Heav'n which nothing can withſtand,
Shall ſeize with double *Plagues* the guilty *Land*:
The *Wrath of Heav'n* on all your Fields ſhall bring
Locuſts of various *Kind*, and various *Wing*:
They come, they come, a dreadful *dusky Show'r*,
And what the *former* leaves the *latter* ſhall devour.

Awake ye *Drunkards* from your careleſs *Sleep*,
Ye *Friends* of *Wine*, for your lov'd *Idol* weep!
Your *Vine* is loſt, 'tis *wither'd*, 'tis no more,
Ye *Husband-men* your *Trees* and *Fields* deplore;
The *Fig-trees* bark'd, the lovely *Apples* bare,
The virtuous *Palms* no more their *Heads* can rear,
But *ſink beneath* their *Weight*, and *languiſh* in *Deſpair*:
The *Tillers* Pains no grateful *Harveſt* yield,
The *Wheat* and *Barley*'s vaniſh'd from the *Field*:

Your

CCLIII.

621

Your *Olive* mourns, nor hopes its *Fruit* agen,
And *Joy* is *wither'd* from the Sons of Men.
Ev'n God's *High-Altar* cold and empty lies,
No *Off'rings* to attone the vengeful *Skies*:
Ye *Miniſters* of *Heav'n* lament and mourn!
Your *Feaſts* to *Faſts*, your *Robes* to *Sack-cloth* turn!
To loud *Complaints* each joyous ſolemn *Sound*,
Deform'd with *Duſt*, and proſtrate on the *Ground*,
Between the *Porch* and injur'd *Altar* plead,
And thus for guilty *Iſrael* intercede!
--- "*O ſpare thy People, boundleſs Pity, ſpare!*
"*Remove thy Plagues, thine Heritage forbear!*

So

So shall the Lord from his fierce *Wrath* relent,
And, you *Repenting*, will himself *repent*:
The *Years* by *Locusts* eaten will restore,
Their hostile *Troops* shall vex the Land no more:
Their *Van* shall plung'd in *Eastern Waves* appear,
While the great *Western Sea* devours their *Rear*:
Be glad, bless'd Land! resume thy tuneful Voice!
The *Meads* agen shall *laugh*, the *Fields* rejoyce.
The gentle *Rain* in kindly Show'rs distil,
With *Corn* the Floors, with *Oil* the Vats shall fill:
But *more*, the *Dews* of my reviving *Grace*
Shall drop on you, and all your favour'd *Race*;
Your *Youth* inspir'd with warm *prophetic Rage*,
With wond'rous mystic *Dreams* your wiser *Age*:
No *Sex* exempt, no *Order* or *Degree*,
But all that *breath* shall my *Salvation* see;
Before *portentous Signs* the World affright,
Before the *Sun* denies its *sickly Light*,
And guilty *Nations see, and dread eternal Night.*

CCLIV.

CCLIV.

AMOS.

IN *Tekoah*'s wide *Grove*, beneath a *Shade*,
By mingled *Sycamines* and *Cedars* made,
As *AMOS* ſate, the *brouzing Herds* to guard,
Amid the trembling *Leaves* a *Voice* he heard;
The *Voice of God*, which ſends him far away,
And bids him thus to *liſt'ning Nations* ſay.

Nor *Prophet* was I born, nor *Prophet* bred,
A *Stranger* to the *College*, meanly read
In all the *Learning* of the *mighty Dead*;
My Care, the *bleating Flocks* and *lowing Herd*,
Till *call'd* by God, and to this *Work* preferr'd;
Upon the great important *Meſſage* ſent,
To bid the loſt degen'rate Land *repent*.

The Lord from his own ſacred *Mount* will *roar*,
As a fierce *Lion* rouz'd from *Jordan*'s Shore:
Tremble the *Vallies* at the dreadful Noiſe,
And *Carmel*'s verdant Top ſhall *wither* at his Voice.

O fair *Damaſcus!* thy *Beth-Eden* mourn!
Thy *Captives* never, never ſhall return:

Ashdod and *Ekron* must with *Gaza* fall,
Nor antient *Tyre* shall save her tott'ring *Wall*.

My Sword obdurate *Edom* shall pursue,
Who *his* did in his *Brother*'s Blood imbrue.

Inhuman *Ammon*'s Avarice and Rage,
In conquer'd *Gilead* spar'd nor *Sex* nor *Age*:
They, to her *last Recesses* Nature chase,
And seize and murther all the *coming Race*.
Thus *Rabbah* wou'd her *Fields* enlarge in vain,
Too weak her ancient *Limits* to maintain:
Behold her *Walls* and stately *Houses* flame!
Heark! what loud warlike Shouts her *Sack* proclaim!
Tempestuous *Whirlwinds* round her *Turrets* roar,
Her *King*, her haughty *Princes* are no more.

On *Moab*'s *Cruelty* shall Vengeance wait;
Just *Plagues* attend her, and an equal *Fate*:
O *Kirioth!* see thy *Flames* invade the Sky,
And *Moab* shall with *Shouts* and *Tumults* die.

Apostate *Israel* shall with *Judah* mourn,
Nor will the Lord from his fierce *Anger* turn:

My

CCLIV.

My *Statutes* they forget, my *Laws* deſpiſe,
And like their *Fathers* follow after *Lies*.
Ingrate, unjuſt, intemperate and profane,
They truſt their *Bow*, their *Horſes* truſt in vain,
SAMARIA falls; fair *Sion*'s lofty Tow'r,
Behold, her *Doom* is fix'd, behold juſt *Flames* devour!

CCLV.

OBADIAH.

IN a deep *Vision*'s intellectual *Glass*,
What *was*, or *is*, or what shall *come to pass*,
Just *OBADIAH* sees, and does relate
The *Wrath* of Heav'n, and haughty *Edom*'s *Fate*.

Rumours of Wars invade proud *Edom*'s Coasts,
See a dread *Herald* from the Lord of Hosts
Summon to Battel all the Nations round,
And bids 'em *raze* it, *raze* it to the Ground:
In vain the *Cliffs* and craggy *Rocks* her Trust,
Swift from the *Clouds* she falls and tumbles in the *Dust*.

No more let *Esau*'s Sons their *Wisdom* boast!
'Tis vanish'd all, and *Strength* in *Teman* lost.
Basely betray'd by those who *Love* pretend,
And wounded by the *worst* of *Foes*--- a *Friend*.
O *righteous Heav'n!* how *just*, yet how *severe!*
Did *Esau* his afflicted *Brother* spare,
Or found he kind *Relief* and *Refuge* there?
In every *Pass* th' unnat'ral *Kinsmen* stood,
The *Stragglers* glean'd, and dy'd the Roads with *Blood*.
Whom from the *Sword* their *cruel Mercy* sav'd,
Betray'd, and to the barb'rous Foe *inslav'd*:

How

CCLV.

627

How loud their *Triumphs* when their *rival Town*
In *Flames*, the glorious *Temple* tumbling down!
How *cruelly officious* to deſtroy!
They ſhar'd the *Plunder*, and they ſhar'd the *Joy*.
The *Day* is haſt'ning which they cannot ſhun,
As *they* have done, muſt now to *them* be done.
A *Cup*, a deadly *Cup* of Wrath divine,
Large is the Draught, and *ſanguine-Red* the Wine,
For *them* and all the *Heathen* is prepar'd,
The *Dregs* of what before my *People* ſhar'd:
But ſtrong *Salvation* then ſhall *Sion* bleſs,
And *Iſrael* ſhall their *ancient Seats* poſſeſs:

The *Saviour* his tremendous *Scepter* sway,
The *Kingdoms* of the World, the World's dread
Lord obey.

CCLVI.

JONAH, Chap. I.

Jonah *commanded to go to* Nineveh: *He flees from the presence of the Lord: Is swallow'd by a Whale,* &c.

THO' Israel *God's First-born,* his *chosen Race,*
Tho' his *Pavilion* he in *Salem* place;
The *Nations* too their *Maker's Goodness* share,
Nobly *diffusive* as the *Sun* or *Air*;
His *Grief* to *punish,* his *Delight* to *spare:*
For this to *Nineveh* was *Jonah* sent,
To *bid* their vast *unnumber'd Crowds* repent:
A *hopeless Task!* when *Israel* won't *believe,*
How shou'd the *faithless Heathen* him receive?
A *Tyrian Bark* the *wayward Prophet* bore
A *different Course,* for the *Tartessian* shore.
In vain he from the *Omnipresent* flies,
The *Winds* and *Waves* in *Arms* against him *rise,*
And stop the *Fugitive,* nor *Oar,* nor *Sail*
Can *stem* the *Storm,* nor *nautic Art* prevail:

Their

Their *Course* is *lost*, they *lose* the *sight* of *Day*,
All *Hope* is gone, *for now the Sailors pray:*
On *Moloch* these, and these *Astarte* call,
On *Dagon* some, and some on mighty *Baal*;
Deaf to their *Pray'rs*, and helpless *Idols* all.
Jonah alone did still his *Cabin* keep,
(O *how cou'd* Jonah's *Guilt so calmly sleep!*)
Till *rouz'd*, among th' *affrighted Crew* he goes,
At once the *Danger* and the *Cause* he knows.
Glory he gave to *Heav'n*, and thus he said,
---I serve the *Hebrews God*, from *him* I *fled:*
Cease your *mistaken Pray'rs* and causless *Fear*,
This *Storm*, his *Messenger*, *arrests* me here.
Me, me, devoted to the raging Seas,
An *Off'ring* cast, you'll soon their Wrath appease:
Unwillingly they his *Request* perform,
They *heave* him o're, and with him *lose* the *Storm:*
---Nor is he yet beyond th' *Almighty's Care*,
Th' *Almighty* did a *monstrous Fish* prepare;
Which *seiz'd* him *falling*, whose *capacious Womb*,
Three dismal Days and Nights his *living Tomb.*
---*Vain Grecian Poets* hence, of *after-date*,
By *Tyrian Hercules* the *Fact* relate,
And *steal* their *Hero's Fame* from *Jonah's* wond'rous Fate.

CCLVII.

Jonah's *Prayer. He's cast out from the Whale's Belly.*

WHat cannot *Faith* and *Penitence* obtain?
Imprison'd Jonah *sues* not *here* in *vain*:
Nor did he in this *horrid Gaol* despair,
But thus to Heav'n directs his *fervent Pray'r*.
—When *sinking deep* beneath the *briny Wave*,
Th' *unfathom'd Ocean* my *untimely Grave*:
To thee, O God, I *cry'd*, nor *cry'd* too *late*,
Thou *sav'st* me from the *gaping Jaws of Fate*.
Beneath the *wat'ry World confin'd* I lay,
Where *rolling Waves forbad* the *sight of Day*:
The *Floods begirt*, the *Seas besieg'd* me round,
My *fainting Head* with *weedy Fillets* bound.
The *strong Foundations* of the *Mountains* steep,
The *wealthy Chambers* of the *aged Deep*,
The *massy Bars* that Earth's huge *Frame* support,
The *Mother-Water's* unfrequented *Court*,
Secrets to *mortal Eyes* before unknown,
Thou hast, O God! to me thy *Servant* shown:
Yet *still I live*, and hope for *happier Days*,
My God in his *High Temple* hope to *praise*:
Let others *fondly trust* in *Idols* vain,
The *stupid World adore* the *Gods* they *feign*;

As

CCLVII.

JONAH, Chap. II.

631

As *ſtupid* as their *ſenſleſs Deities*,
Leave *Truth* and *Mercy*, and *believe in Lies*;
To *thee* alone, my God! I'll *ſacrifice*;
Admiring Crowds ſhall hear my joyful *Songs*,
Salvation only to the Lord belongs.

Jehovah hears, agen he Light ſhall ſee,
He bids his *monſtrous Gaoler* ſet him *free*;
Who dares *detain* his *ſacred Gueſt* no more,
But *gently caſts him out upon the Oozy Shore.*

CCLVIII.

Jonah *preaches to* Nineveh : *Their Repentance*, &c.

TO *Nineveh* the *Sea-born Prophet* came,
He dares no longer *weak Excuses* frame,
War, War does from the Lord of Hosts *proclaim.*
Their *lofty Tow'rs*, said he, that *threat* the *Skies*,
These *Walls*, that with the *Pride* of *Babel*'s rise,
It must be so, their *Doom* as *sure* as *just*,
Shall soon *transvers'd*, be *buri'd* in the *Dust* :
Thy *Judge* allows thee *Forty Days Reprieve*,
Prepare, fair Town ! thou hast no *more to live !*

The *dreadful News* with *wise Affright* they hear,
Terror and *Guilt* in every *Face* appear :
Their trembling *Monarch* from the *Throne* descends,
His *Crown* laid by his *purple Robes* he rends,
A mournful *Court* their *Suppliant Prince* attends.
See where the *Royal Penitent* appears !
Behold the *Dress* his *untaught Sorrow* wears !
With *Sackcloth* cover'd, *Ashes* on his Head,
And *Dust* beneath for *Tyrian Carpets* spread.
A *strict* and *gen'ral Fast* he bids proclaim,
To God the *Glory* give, to Man the *Shame* :

Repent,

CCLVIII.

JONAH, Chap. III.

633

Repent, ye Sinners! thus the *Heralds* cry
Around the *ſpatious Streets--- Repent* or *Die!*
Who knows but *Heaven* may from its *Anger* turn,
And boundleſs *Pity comfort thoſe that mourn!*

This ſaw th' *All-high* from thoſe *etherial Plains,*
Where *thron'd* in *Glory undiſturb'd* he reigns:
Yet not *unmov'd* at *wretched Mortals* Cares,
He with a *gracious Ear* regards their *Pray'rs:*
The *Angels* of his *Vengeance,* who prepare,
To ſpread their *wrathful Vials* round the *Air,*

He

He *wills* away, they from their *Stations* come,
Mild *Mercy* pleads, and he *recalls* their *Doom*.

Thus can *true Sorrow* Heaven's juſt *Wrath* aſſuage,
A *Day's Repentance* thus may ſave an *impious Age*.

CCLIX.

JONAH, Chap. IV.

Jonah's *Gourd*, &c.

THE *Prophet* ſaw, and thus to *God* began,
(His *Faith*, the *Saint*, his *Paſſions* ſhew'd the *Man*,)
---And muſt I *bear* a baſe *Impoſtor*'s Name?
This, this was what I *fear'd before* I came:
I knew thy *Nature* to *Compaſſion* prone,
To thoſe *indulgent* who thy *Pow'r diſown*:
How oft thou lett'ſt the *ſentenc'd Sinner* live,
How *ſlow* to *Wrath*, how *eaſie* to *forgive*!
O take my *Life*--- my *hatred* and *diſdain*!
When *Honour* vaniſh'd *Life* itſelf's a *Pain*!
---Thus did *Amittai*'s *angry Son* complain;
Then *quits* the *Town*, a *leavy Booth* he made,
And ſate repos'd beneath its *ſhort-liv'd Shade*:

---For

---For ſoon the *mid-day Beams* with burning *Heat*,
Wither the *Boughs*, and on his *Temples* beat;
When God a *Gourd* of ſpeedy Growth prepares,
Which o're his *Head* a *pleaſing Arbor* rears;
Beneath whoſe *verdant Canopy* he lay,
Enjoy'd the *Breez* and ſhunn'd the *ſcorching Day*:
How *ling'ring* is our *Pain!* how *ſhort* our *Joys!*
A feeble *Worm* the with'ring *Gourd* deſtroys.

Aroſe the *Sun* with *fierce* and *ſultry Beams*,
And *pours* directly down his *golden Streams*;
As on his *burning Equinox* he rides,
And *equal Rays* to both the *Poles* divides:
Enrag'd the fainting *Prophet gaſps* for *Breath*,
His *Gourd* is gone, he asks the *Shades* of *Death*:
When thus that *Goodneſs* which the *Beſt* forbears,
And *Sinners* till full ripe for *Vengeance* ſpares;

Can *Jonah* for a *night-born Gourd* lament,
And ſhall not God for *Nineveh* relent!
The *Beaſts* themſelves the *common Makers* Care,
Shou'd he regardleſs them forget to ſpare,
Myriads of *Innocents* wou'd plead for Mercy there.

CCLX.

MICAH.

FUll of th' *inspiring God* MICAIAH sings,
Th' important Fates of *Empires* and of *Kings*.
Nations attend, and thou, O *Earth*, give Ear!
The *Lord* will from his *holy Place* appear,
The *Hills* shall *melt* as he descends in *State*,
The rifted *Vales* confess th' *unequal Weight*:
So, at the *Fire* does *Wax* in *drops* distil,
So falls a loud *Cascade* from some old hoary *Hill*.

For *Israel*'s Sins *Samaria*'s Army fled,
For *Judah*'s Crimes is *Sion* captive led:
Prophet and *Priest* are cruel and unjust,
Yet in the Lord with vain *Presumption* trust:
Where *Salem* was they ruin'd *Heaps* shall show,
And *Corn* shall in the *Streets* of *Sion* grow:
Yet a new *Race* of *Times* and *Men* shall rise,
When *Sion*'s *holy Hill* shall reach the *Skies*:
Thither shall *Nations* like a *Deluge* flow,
And to thy House, O God of *Jacob!* go.
The *Law* shall thence proceed, and circling round,
Extend to wond'ring *Natures* utmost *Bound*.
The Lord shall *judge the World*, while wide abroad
Strong Nations bend beneath his *Iron Rod*:

Their

CCLX.

637

Their *Swords* to *Plow-ſhares* turn'd, themſelves ſhall ſpare,
And *Mother-Earth* with fruitful *Labour* tear.
Their murd'ring *Spears* ſhall peaceful *Sickles* grow,
And reap the *Harveſt* which the *Sword* did ſow:
He to the groaning *World* ſhall *Peace* reſtore,
The *Trade* of *Blood*, and *Art* of *War* no more.
Beneath their mantling *Vines* ſupinely laid,
Or the broad *Fig-trees* cool refreſhing *Shade*
Shall peaceful *Nations* reſt, of none afraid.

O *Bethlehem!* now deſpis'd and ſcarcely known,
Yet doom'd to ſhare a *Scepter* and a *Throne!*

From

From thee the *Great Messiah* shall proceed,
His lov'd, his chosen *Flock* to *rule* and *feed*:
Who always *was* thro' boundless Ages *past*,
Whose glorious *Kingdom* shall to endless Ages last.

CCLXI.

NAHUM.

PRoud *Nineveh*'s just Doom by *Heav'n* is seal'd,
By Heav'n to favour'd *Nahum* thus reveal'd:

The Lord is *jealous*; If his *Anger* rise,
Wo, wo to his unequal *Enemies*?
Yet *slow* to *Wrath*, *unwillingly severe*,
His *Pow'r* can reach, tho' long his *Goodness* spare.
Before his *Face* tempestuous *Whirlwinds* meet,
The *Clouds* like Dust flie swift beneath his *Feet*.
He dries the *Seas*, he dries fair *Jordan*'s Bed,
Sweet *Carmel languishes*, and droops its *Head*,
And, whither *Lebanon*! are all thy *Glories* fled?
Tall *Mountains* shake, their mouldring *Tops* retire,
And run a dreadful Stream of *liquid Fire*.

Who can before his *Indignation* stand,
Or bear the *Weight* of his avenging *Hand*?
Yet *Mild* and *Good*! a *Fortress* to the Just,
He favours all who in his *Promise* trust;

But

CCLXI.

639

But in a wrathful *Deluge* pours on thoſe,
Whoſe deſp'rate *Madneſs* dares his *Strength* oppoſe;
With utter *Darkneſs* over-whelms his *Foes*.

Prepare, O *Nineveh!* with ſpeed prepare!
Thy Paſſes *guard*, and meet the *coming War!*
Behold thy *Streets* with crowding *Warriors* ſpred;
Red are their *Shields*, their dreadful *Arms* are *red*:
Behold thy glitt'ring *Chariots* ſcowr along
On *brazen Wheels*, and joſtle in the Throng;
Arm'd with *keen Death*, a dreadful-comly Sight,
Like *flaming Torches* ſeen thro' gloomy *Night*.

So

So roars the *Thunder* which vex'd *Ether* drives,
So *Lightning flashes* when the Clouds it *rives*.
Muster thy Strength in vain, thy *Warriors* call!
In vain they *march* to guard thy tott'ring Wall,
With luckless haste, they *stumble* and they *fall*.
The *Rivers* ample Gates are open flown,
The Street's a *Pool*, thy *Palace* over-thrown:
Proud Nineveh's *no more*, they run, they fly,
Her *Tow'rs* are won---*stand! stand!* in vain they cry,
The *base* and *brave* alike inglorious die.
How infinite the *Spoil!* what *Sums* untold!
What *Mines* of Silver, and what *Loads* of Gold!
How *empty* now, how waste her *Streets* appear!
Tremble the *Knees*, and melts the *Heart* for fear;
All *Loins* are pain'd, and every ghastly *Face*
The depth of *Horror* and *Despair* betrays.
No more is heard the kingly *Lions* roar,
His *Whelps* must range the *Forest* now no more:
No more he for his *Lioness* shall slay,
Or fill his *Dens* with *Ravine* and with *Prey*:
The *Lion's Whelps* shall by the Sword expire,
The *Chariots* all consum'd in Clouds of *Smoak* and *Fire*.

CCLXII.

HABAKKUK.

THis dismal *Scene* of *things* just Heav'n foreshows,
To *HABAKKUK*, this heavy *Weight* of *Woes*:
---O Lord! how *long* shall I, *how long* in vain,
Of *Grievance* and of *Violence* complain?
Justice has left the World, and in her place
Rapine and *Wrong* appear with open Face.

Behold, ye trembling *Nations*, and regard!
What scarcely will obtain *Belief* when *heard*;
So *strange*, so wond'rous *strange*, will I perform,
The *Chaldees* come, and driving like a *Storm*,
Bitter and *wide*, the guilty *Land* o're thrown,
Shall *revel* in the *Dwellings not their own.*
Swifter than spotted *Pards* their *Horses* spring,
Swifter than *Eagles shooting* on the *Wing*.
Fiercer than Evening *Wolves*, they rage and bound,
And with unnumber'd *Squadrons* beat the Ground.

O Lord! what *Mortal* can sustain to hear
Thy awful *Voice*, and not *dissolve* for fear!
Revive thy *Work*, thy pard'ning Pow'r proclaim!
Thy *Truth* and boundless *Goodness* still the same.

Jehovah came from *Teman*'s trembling Coasts,
From *Paran* Hills appear'd the Lord of Hosts:
From *Pole* to *Pole amazing Splendor* broke,
And conscious *Earth* with dire *Convulsions* shook.
The *Plague* and *Fire*, his dreadful *Ministers*,
When he with *unrepenting Mortals* wars,
Fly swift before, from *East* to *West* he *strode*,
The *groaning World* beneath confess'd the God.
The *Nations* fled like *Dust* before his *Face*,
And *Everlasting Hills* forgot their Place.
I saw th' afflicted *Tents* of *Cushan mourn*,
Did God his Wrath against the *Rivers* turn,
Or did old *Father Ocean* him displease,
That thus he smites the *Rivers* and the *Seas*?
He on the *Chariots* of *Salvation* came,
His Chariots *wheel'd*, his Horses *wing'd* with Flame;
Drove thro' the *hizzing Waves*, the *Waves* retire,
And Fear and Wonder at th' *invading Fire*.
Thy *Bow* did naked in the *Heav'ns* appear,
Like some *red Comet* shone thy long protended *Spear*:
Thy poignant *Arrows* flew, how *dreadful Bright*!
And cast a mingled *Gleam* of *Shades* and *Light*.
The solid *Mountains* first the *Signal* saw,
And *trembled* as unknowing Nature's Law.

The

CCLXII.

643

The *Sun*, as pass'd the *Belt* his Steeds he drives,
The *Moon*, as thro' a Silver *Cloud* she *dives*,
Stop in *mid-Heav'n*, a *Breach* unknown before,
And thought their endless *Circuit* now was o're:
Trembled my *Bowels* when I heard the Noise,
Quiver'd my *Lips* at thy *tremendous Voice*:
So shall I in the *Day* of *Trouble* rest,
When hostile *Troops* the wasted Land infest.
Tho' the broad *Fig-tree* shou'd deny to bear,
And *Olive* but deceive the Planter's Care;

No lovely blushing Fruit the *Vines* adorn,
The widow'd *Fields* lament their blasted *Corn*:
Tho' strange *Diseases* sweep the *Desert-Fold*,
And empty *Stalls* no lowing *Heifers* hold;
Yet I'll in God my *Strength*, and *Saviour*, joy,
And his high *Praises* shall my tuneful *Harp* employ.

CCLXIII.

ZEPHANIAH.

THE *Word of God* was thus declar'd by thee,
O Son of *Cushi*, Heaven-lov'd *ZEPHANIE*!
Nothing that moves shall my just *Wrath* withstand,
I'll sweep the *Sea* and *Air*, and sweep the *Land*:
Vain *Idols* with their *Worshippers* shall fall,
Nor *Dagon* shall escape, nor thund'ring *Baal*.
The Name of *Chemarim* shall be no more,
All who the glitt'ring *Host* of *Heav'n* adore,
Who have by *me*, alike, and *Moloch* sworn,
Who curs'd *Apostates* from my *Altars* turn;
Whose *Wealth*, or *Pleasure* is their God alone,
Who serve too *many* Gods or serve not *one*;

All,

CCLXIII.

645.

All, all ſhall *die* and periſh from the *Land*,
The *Day* of *God*, the dreadful Day's at hand;
Jehovah has prepar'd his ſolemn *Feaſt*,
Already bidden every trembling *Gueſt*:
Princes alike, and *Peaſants* great and ſmall,
Theſe for Deceit, and *thoſe* for Pride ſhall fall.

Mercy of Heav'n! what *Shrieks*, what Noiſe of War,
What diſmal *Yells* invade us from afar!
What *craſhings* from the *Hills* and *Gates* are heard!
He comes, he comes, his *Vengeance* is prepar'd,

He comes with *Flaming Torches* rais'd on high,
To search for those who his just Wrath *defie*,
Those *Wretches* who his *Providence* deny.
A *Day* of Wrath, of Trouble and Distress!
Of Desolation, Darkness, Gloominess!
Heark how the clanging *Trumpets* brazen Sound,
Does from the *Walls* and lofty *Tow'rs* rebound!
The *Walls* and lofty *Tow'rs* shall strike the Ground.
What *Ravage* Sin has made in *human Kind!*
They *grope* at Noon, and stumble like the *Blind:*
Their *Blood* is in the Streets like *Water* shed,
Their *Fields*, like *Dung*, with *Carcasses* are spred.
The glitt'ring *Ore* from distant *Tarshish* sought,
And cross the Seas in dang'rous Voy'ges brought;
Or *rough*, or vex'd in *Mints* and purging *Flame*,
And forc'd to wear its Master's *Stamp* and *Name*,
Despis'd and trampled in that wrathful *Day*,
When none shall for his *Life* a *Ransom* pay:
Gaza and *Ashkalon* a *Desart* then,
Nor *Ekron* more shall know the *Steps* of *Men:*
The warlike *Crethites* shall be captive led,
And peaceful *Flocks* in their strong Mansions fed:
Moab and *Ammon*, who my Land revile,
Like *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*'s curs'd Soil;
Chemosh and *Milcom* then in vain shall frown,
In vain shall lean their *hungry Nostrils down:*

No

No grateful *Smoak* of *Incenſe* more ſhall riſe,
No fuming *Odour* from the *Sacrifice*:
The Lord himſelf ſhall *reign* from Shore to Shore,
And *Iſlands* yet *unknown*, his Sov'reign Pow'r adore.

CCLXIV.

HAGGAI.

HAGGAI inſpir'd, his *Meſſage* thus begun,
To great *Zerubbabel*, *Salathiel*'s Son;
Who *Judah*'s *princely Lion* firmly bore,
And *Joſhua* who the ſacred *Miter* wore.

Thus ſaith the Lord! --- How long with baſe *Delay*,
How long will this *unthankful People* ſay,
'Tis yet too ſoon, the *Temple* yet may ſtay:
Why ſhou'd ſuch needleſs *Haſte* and *Care* be ſhown,
To build the *Houſe of God*, when ſcarcely built our *own*?

And is it *Time* for you with impious *Pride*,
In Houſes floor'd with *Cedar* to reſide,
While *God*'s bleſs'd *Houſe* neglected lies, and waſte,
Its ancient *Honours* in the *Duſt* defac'd?

Thus saith the Lord--- upon your *Ways* reflect,
And count the *Gains* of your profane *Neglect!*
Much have ye *sown* with unavailing *Toil*,
For all is lost on an *ungrateful Soil*:
You *eat*, but still *desire*, your Food accurs'd,
You *drink* in vain, for still you gasp for *Thirst*:
Nor *Cloaths* nor *Wages* usual Succour grant,
For still *unwarm'd*, *unbless'd* you pine and want:
The wrathful *Heav'ns* deny refreshing *Dews*,
While *Earth* does her expected *Fruit* refuse:
I call'd a *Drought* to plague the guilty *Land*,
It heard, it came with *speed* at my *Command*;
It came, the *grassy Spires* no more adorn
The *blasted Hills*, the *Wine*, and *Oil*, and *Corn*;
And *Beasts*, and *Men*, and *thirsty Earth* in vain,
Look up to angry *Heav'n*, and *gasp* for *Rain*.

Ye, who in fair *Jerusalem* reside,
Ascend your *Olive-bearing Mountains* side!
Hew down the *Pines*, and with repeated Strokes,
Th' eternal *Cedars* fell, and aged *Oaks*:
Late, tho' it be, my slighted *House* repair,
And I agen will place my *Glory* there.

Once

CCLXIV.

649.

Once more I'll *ſhake* this *univerſal Frame*,
As when the *Law* from trembling *Sinai* came:
This *Houſe*, tho' there no *Gold* or *Silver* ſhine,
This Houſe ſhall, *Solomon!* out-rival thine,
Adorn'd by me with *Glories* more *divine*:
The *PRINCE OF PEACE* ſhall to his *Houſe* repair,
And *longing Nations* ſee the Great *Meſſiah* there.

CCLXV.

ZECHARIAH.

OLD *Barachiah*'s Son to *Judah* came,
And did these deep *mysterious Truths* proclaim:

Dark was the *Night*, and gloomy all the *Skies*,
When loe! these *visionary Scenes* arise,
And chase the *Shades*, and strike my wond'ring *Eyes*.

I saw a *Warrior* riding o're the *Plain*,
Red was his *Steed*, and *Red* its flaming *Mane*:
At length he stopp'd, *confess'd* to *fuller View*,
Behind him *Coursers* praunc'd of *various Hiew*:
What these, and their *Employments* I enquire,
An Angel thus complies with my *Desire*.

The *World's not left unheeded*: *These* are they,
Who all this habitable *Globe* survey:
The News they bring from off their spatious *Round*,
That *still* as Death, and *Quiet* all they found:
The *Seraph* thus--- and from my bless'd *Employ*,
No *Tidings* yet of long expected Joy?
How long must *Sion* mourn, which drown'd in *Tears*
Has born the *Wrath* of Heav'n for *Seventy rolling Years*?

Th' *Eter-*

CCLXV.

ZECHERIAH, Chap. I, II.

651.

Th' *Eternal* heard with *Mercy* in his *Eyes*,
And to the heav'nly *Guardian* thus replies:

Nor are their *Travels* or their Griefs unknown,
Nor unconcern'd I view the ſacred Town;
Long has it ſuffer'd under *Heathen Rage*,
Which neither *Time* nor *Miſeries* aſſwage;
But I to *Salem* am with *Peace* return'd,
My *Houſe* ſhall there be *built*, I'll *comfort thoſe that mourn'd*;
What *Colonies* ſhall thence increaſing ſpread,
Like plenteous *Streams* from ſome large *Fountain's* Head?

No

No more the *Gentiles* shall their *Arms* employ,
My *Heritage* to *scatter* and *destroy*:
Jerusalem shall raise her *Head* agen,
And see beneath unnumber'd *Beasts* and *Men*;
No *Gates* or *Walls* for her *Defence* desire,
God will her *Glory* be, and *God* her *Wall of Fire*.

CCLXVI.

ZECHARIAH.

These *Scenes* in *Air*, and *Night* no sooner close,
When more *surprizing* far and *strange* arose,
Which his bright *Guardian* to the Prophet shows.
Joshua the *Pontiff* shows, but *mean* and *poor*,
And far unlike the *Character* he bore.
While *near* him, (ah too *near!*) insulting stood,
Th' *Eternal Foe* to him and all that's *Good*:
To whom Great *Michael*, *calmly* thus *severe*,
---The *Lord*, who his *Jerusalem* will spare,
The *Lord rebuke thee Satan!* and thy *Rage*,
Which dares his *sacred Priest* with impious Arms engage;
Who late from *Babel*'s cruel Bondage came,
Sav'd like a *Brand* snatch'd from the *crackling Flame*;

Then

CCLXVI.

ZECHARIAH, Chap. III, IV.

Then thus purſues--- That *ſordid* mean *array*,
Thoſe *misbecoming Veſtments* take away!
His Body with the pureſt *Linen* grac'd,
And a fair *Miter* on his *Brow* be plac'd!
---'Tis done--- Agen the *Watcher* ſilence breaks,
And thus the Son of *Joſedech* beſpeaks.

Thus ſaith the Lord--- If *Virtue's* ſhining way,
Thou ſtill wilt *tread*, and ſtill my *Laws* obey;
Thou ſhalt on my *Tribunal* ſit, and thence
Impartial *Juſtice* to my Land diſpenſe:

Nor

Nor shalt thou only to my *Courts* repair,
But *fix* thy *blissful Habitation* there.
Thou and thy *Brethren* of Great *Aaron's Race*,
Who with sweet *Incense* fill my Holy Place:
How much *admir'd!* What *Wonders* will I do,
For my *twice-ransom'd People*, and for *You?*
Behold the promis'd *BRANCH* of *Jesse's* Stem,
It *shoots*, it *blooms*, to wear the *Diadem*.
My *sev'n Archangels* who the World survey,
Protect the *Good*, and my Commands obey;
With watchful *Eyes* shall o're my *House* preside,
And Great *Zerubbabel* its faithful *Builder* guide.

CCLXVII.

MALACHI.

GReat *MALACHI* important *Tidings* brings,
The *Harbinger* before the *King* of *Kings*.
Last of the mystic *Prophet's* sacred *Line*,
E're *Law* to *Gospel*, *Shades* to *Light* resign.

Behold the *Day*, the dreadful *Day* is near,
Rejoyce ye *Just*, he cries, ye *Impious*, fear!
A *Day* like that on cursed *Sodom* came,
I see its *Dawn*, how *red* with vengeful *Flame!*
This *crystal Vault* shall like a *Furnace* glow,
All *dismal*, as the *Lake* of *Pain* below.

No

CCLXVII.

655.

No formal *Hypocrite* ſhall then have place,
Like *ſtubble* fully dri'd before th' *Almighty*'s Face;
Lewd *Atheiſts* then ſhall own a *God* too late,
Trembling with *Horror* of approaching *Fate*.

But you who *fear* me, whom th' unjuſt *deſpiſe*,
Lift up your *Heads*, lift up with Joy your *Eyes*!
And ſee the *Sun of Righteouſneſs* ariſe!
He comes, he comes, th' *expected Saviour* brings
Peace and *Salvation* underneath his Wings;
At length the dark, the tedious *Night*'s expir'd,
The happy *Day*'s arriv'd ſo long deſir'd:

You

You *talk'd*, and wish'd, and hop'd, nor hop'd in vain,
I number'd all your *Sighs*, and knew your *Pain*:
My *Jewels* you, whom near my *Breast* I'll wear,
You, as a *Father* spares his *Son*, I'll spare.
Mingled no more amongst an impious *Crowd*,
The *scorn* of *Fools*, and *laughter* of the *Proud*.
Loose from their *Chains* shall you, triumphant go,
And trample like the *Dust* on each insulting *Foe*!

AN

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APOCRYPHA,

Which having been uſually admitted into theſe Collections, are only preſented with their ſeveral STORIES; tho' the ſame are denied any Place in the Sacred Canon.

APOCRYPHA.

I.

TOBIT, Chap. I. Ver. 18, 19. Chap. II. from Ver. 2. to 10.

669

Chap. I. Ver. 1. *The words of* Tobit, *&c.*

C. II. v. 2. *When I saw abundance of meat, I said to my son, Go, and bring what poor man soever thou shalt find out of our brethren, who is mindful of the Lord; and lo, I tarry for thee.*

3. *But he came again, and said, Father, one of our nation is strangled, and is cast out in the market-place.*

4. *Then before I had tasted of any meat, I start up, and took him up into a room, until the going down of the sun.*

7. *Therefore I wept: and after the going down of the sun, I went and made a grave and buried him.*

II.

II.

TOBIT, Chap. VI.

671

Ver. 2. *When the young man went down to wash himself, a fish leaped out of the river, and would have devoured him.*

3. *Then the angel said unto him, Take the fish: and the young man laid hold of the fish, and drew it to land.*

4. *To whom the angel said, Open the fish, and take the heart, and the liver, and the gall, and put them up safely.*

5. *So the young man did as the angel commanded him; and when they had rosted the fish, they did eat it,* &c.

III.

III.

TOBIT, Chap. VIII.

673.

Ver. 2. Tobias *took the aſhes of the perfumes, and put the heart and the liver of the fiſh thereupon, and made a ſmoke* therewith.

3. *The which ſmell, when the evil ſpirit had ſmelled, he fled into the utmoſt parts of* Egypt, *and the angel bound him.*

4. *And after that they were both ſhut in together,* Tobias *aroſe out of the bed, and ſaid, Siſter, ariſe, and let us pray, that God would have pity on us.*

5. *Then began* Tobias *to ſay, Bleſſed art thou, O God of our fathers, and bleſſed is thy holy and glorious name for ever, let the heavens bleſs thee, and all thy creatures,* &c.

8. *And ſhe ſaid with him,* Amen.

IV.

TOBIT, Chap. XI.

675.

Ver. 10. Tobit *went forth toward the door, and ſtumbled: but his ſon ran unto him.*

11. *And took hold of his father; and he ſtrake off the gall on his father's eyes, ſaying, Be of good hope, my father:*

12. *And when his eyes began to ſmart, he rubbed them;*

13. *And the whiteneſs pilled away from the corners of his eyes: and when he ſaw his ſon, he fell upon his neck.*

14. *And he wept and ſaid, Bleſſed art thou, O God, and bleſſed is thy name for ever, and bleſſed are all thine holy angels:*

15. *For thou haſt ſcourged and haſt taken pity* on me: *for behold, I ſee my ſon* Tobias.

V.

JUDITH, Chap. XIII.

677.

Ver: 6. Judith *came to the pillar of the bed which was at* Holofernes *head, and took down his fauchion from thence,*

7. *And approached to his bed, and took hold of his head, and ſaid, Strengthen me, O Lord God of* Iſrael *this day.*

8. *And ſhe ſmote twice upon his neck with all her might, and ſhe took away his head from him,*

9. *And tumbled his body down from the bed, and pulled down the canopy from the pillars, and anon after ſhe went forth, and gave* Holofernes *his head to her maid:*

10. *And ſhe put it in her bag of meat,* &c.

VI.

VI.

Wiſdom of SOLOMON.

679.

Chap. VI. Ver. 9. *Unto you therefore,* O kings, *do I ſpeak, that ye may learn wiſdom, and not fall away.*

12. *Wiſdom is glorious, and never fadeth away: yea, ſhe is eaſily ſeen of them that love her, and found of ſuch as ſeek her.*

21. *If your delight be then in thrones and ſcepters, O ye kings of the people, honour wiſdom, that ye may live for evermore.*

22. *As for wiſdom, what ſhe is, and how ſhe came up, I will tell you, and will not hide myſteries from you: but will ſeek her out from the beginning of her nativity, and bring the knowledge of her into light, and will not paſs over the truth.*

VII.

VII.

ECCLESIASTICUS.

Chap. I. Ver. 1. *All wisdom* cometh *from the Lord, and is with him for ever.*

XXIV. 3. *I came out of the mouth of the Most High, and covered the earth as a cloud.*

4. *I dwelt in high places, and my throne is in a cloudy pillar.*

5. *I alone compassed the circuit of heaven, and walked in the bottom of the deep.*

6. *In the waves of the sea, and in all the earth, and in every people, and nation, I got a possession.*

VIII.

SUSANNA.

683.

Ver. 15. Suſanna *went in with two maids only, and ſhe was deſirous to waſh herſelf in the garden: for it was hot.*

16. *And there was no body there ſave the two elders that hid themſelves, and watched her,* &c.

19. *When the maids were gone forth, the two elders roſe up, and ran unto her, ſaying,* &c.

22. *Then* Suſanna *ſighed, and ſaid, I am ſtreighted on every ſide: for if I do this thing, it is death unto me: and if I do it not, I cannot eſcape your hands.*

23. *It is better for me to fall into your hands, and not to do it, than to ſin in the ſight of the Lord.*

24. *With that* Suſanna *cried with a loud voice: and the two elders cried out againſt her.*

IX.

SUSANNA.

585.

Ver. 30. Suſanna *came with her father and mother, her children, and all her kindred.*

31. *Now* Suſanna *was a very delicate woman, and beauteous to behold.*

32. *And theſe wicked men commanded to uncover her* face *(for ſhe was covered) that they might be filled with her beauty.*

33. *Therefore her friends, and all that ſaw her wept.*

34. *Then the two elders ſtood up in the midſt of the people, and laid their hands upon her head.*

35. *And ſhe weeping, looked up towards heaven: for her heart truſted in the Lord.*

36. *And the elders ſaid, As we walk in the garden alone, this woman came in with two maids, and ſhut the garden-door, and ſent the maids away,* &c.

X.

SUSANNA.

687.

Ver. 59. *Then* Daniel *said, The angel of the Lord waiteth to destroy you.*

60. *With that all the assembly cried out with a loud voice, and praised God who saveth them that trust in him.*

61. *And they rose against the two elders, (for* Daniel *had convicted them of false witness by their own mouth)*

62. *And according to the law of* Moses, *they did unto them in such sort as they maliciously intended to do to their neighbour: and they put them to death. Thus the innocent blood was saved the same day.*

XI.

Bel and the *Dragon.*

Ver. 10. *The prieſts of* Bel *were threeſcore and ten, (beſide their wives and children) and the king went with* Daniel *into the temple of* Bel.

11. *So* Bel's *prieſts ſaid, Lo, we go out: but thou, O king, ſet on the meat, and make ready the wine, and ſhut the door faſt, and ſeal it with thine own ſignet.*

12. *And to morrow when thou comeſt in, if thou findeſt not that* Bel *hath eaten up all, we will ſuffer death; or elſe* Daniel *that ſpeaketh falſly againſt us.*

13. *And they little regarded it: for under the table they had made a privy entrance, whereby they entred in continually, and conſumed thoſe things.*

14. *So when they were gone forth, the king ſet meats before* Bel,

XII.

Bel and the *Dragon.*

699.

Ver. 18. *The king looked upon the table, and cried with a loud voice,* Great *art thou,* O Bel, *and with thee is no deceit at all.*

19. *Then laughed* Daniel, *and held the king that he ſhould not go in, and ſaid, Behold now the pavement, and mark well whoſe footſteps are theſe.*

20. *And the king ſaid, I ſee the footſteps of men, women, and children. And then the king was angry,*

21. *And took the prieſts with their wives and children, who ſhewed him the privy doors where they came in, and conſumed ſuch things as were upon the table.*

22. *Therefore the king ſlew them, and delivered* Bel *into* Daniel's *power, who deſtroyed him and his temple.*

XIII.

Bel and the *Dragon.*

Ver. 33. *There was in* Jewry *a prophet called* Habbacuc, *who had made pottage, and had broken bread in a bowl: and was going into the field, for to bring it to the reapers.*

34. *But the angel of the Lord said unto* Habbacuc, *Go carry the dinner that thou hast into* Babylon *unto* Daniel, *who is in the lions den.*

35. *And* Habbacuc *said, Lord, I never saw* Babylon: *neither do I know where the den is.*

36. *Then the angel of the Lord took him by the crown, and bare him by the hair of his head, and through the vehemency of his spirit, set him in* Babylon *over the den.*

XIV.

XIV.

I. MACCABEES, Chap. II. from Ver. 1. to Ver. 39.

Ver. 33. *The king's ſervants ſaid, Let that which you have done hitherto, ſuffice; come forth, and do according to the commandment of the king, and you ſhall live.*

34. *But they ſaid, We will not come forth, neither will we do the king's commandment, to profane the ſabbath-day.*

37. *---Let us die all in our innocency: heaven and earth ſhall teſtifie for us, that you put us to death wrongfully.*

38. *So they roſe up againſt them in battel on the ſabbath, and they ſlew them with their wives and children, and their cattel, to the number of a thouſand people.*

XV.

XV.

II. MACCABEES, Chap. III. from Ver. 7. to the End.

705.

Ver. 24. *As* Heliodorus *was in the treasury, the Lord of spirits, and the prince of all power caused a great apparition, so that all that presumed to come in with him, were astonished at the power of* God, *and fainted, and were sore afraid.*

25. *For there appeared unto them an horse with a terrible rider upon him, and adorned with a very fair covering, and he ran fiercely, and smote at* Heliodorus *with his forefeet, and it seemed that he that sat upon the horse had compleat harness of gold.*

26. *Moreover, two other young men appeared before him, notable in strength, excellent in beauty, and comely in apparel, who stood by him on either side, and scourged him continually, and gave him many sore stripes.*

XVI.

II. MACCABEES, Chap. VI. Ver. 12. to the End.

707.

Ver. 18. Eleazar *one of the principal ſcribes, an aged man, and of a well-favoured countenance, was conſtrained to open his mouth, and to eat ſwines fleſh.*

19. *But he chooſing rather to die glorioufly, than to live ſtained with ſuch an abomination, ſpit it forth, and came of his own accord to the torment.*

30. *But when he was ready to die with ſtripes, he groaned, and ſaid, It is manifeſt unto the Lord, that hath the holy knowledge, that whereas I might have been delivered from death, I now endure ſore pains in body, by being beaten: but in ſoul am well content to ſuffer theſe things, becauſe I fear him.*

XVII.

II. MACCABEES, Chap. VII.

709.

Ver. 3. *The king being in a rage, commanded pans and caldrons to be made hot.*

4. *Which forthwith being heated, he commanded to cut out the tongue of him that ſpake firſt, and to cut off the utmoſt parts of his body, the reſt of his brethren and his mother looking on.*

5. *Now when he was thus maimed in all his members, he commanded him being yet alive to be brought to the fire, and to be fryed in the pan: and as the vapour of the pan was for a good ſpace diſperſed, they exhorted one another with the mother to die manfully, ſaying,* &c.

20. *But the mother was marvellous above all, and worthy of honourable memory: for when ſhe ſaw her ſeven ſons ſlain in the ſpace of one day, ſhe bare it with a good courage, becauſe of the hope that ſhe had in the Lord.*

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